The Cost of County Cricket

(See page 502.)

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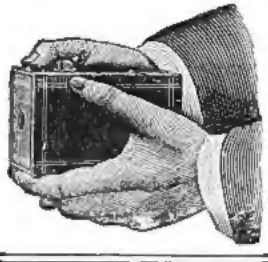

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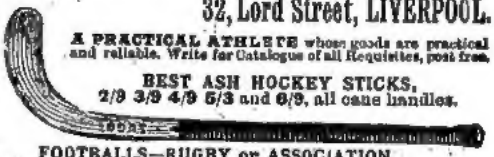

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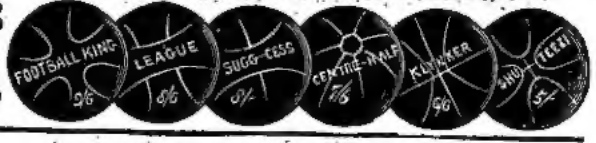

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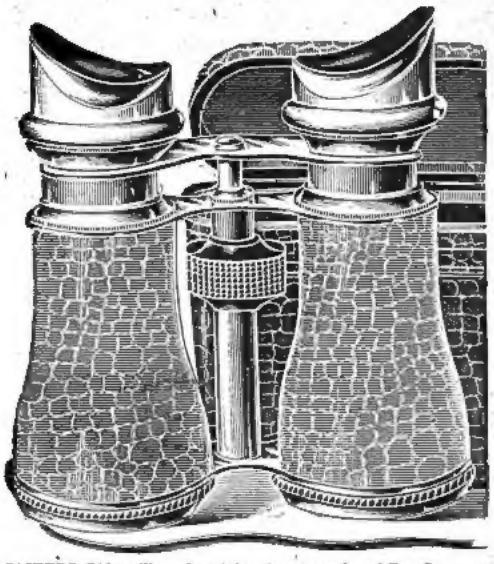

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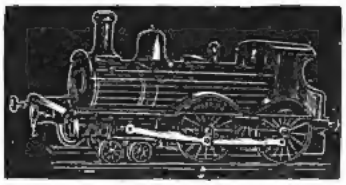

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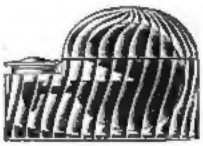

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THE CAPTAIN.

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DR. GORDON STABLES, R.N.

Author of "A Roving Commission."—(See "Editorial.")

DR GORDON STABLES, R.N.

HIS LIFE & WORK.

By W. W. Mayland.

DOCTOR GORDON STABLES has (your editor informs me) written a remarkably powerful sea story for THE CAPTAIN, and as this story will begin in the October number, I am about to herald its approach by telling you all about this popular yarn-spinner—about his career, his books, his "gipsy life," and the man himself.

Of course, I wanted to "discover" the doctor at home, and find out a little more about his remarkable life and adventures than tradition and *Who's who?* had already given us. I wanted to interview him. Nothing could be easier, I told myself. Drop a post-card to Twyford, Berks, and follow it up next day. A fast train from Paddington, a fly to "The Jungle," and the thing would be done, and my hero would be awaiting me at his own gates. My fly dropped me right under a row of splendid limes, that fronts an old-fashioned, two-winged house, buried in wisteria and ivy, and lying well back from the road. Carriage-drive in front, but one gate locked, because Newfoundland dogs, backed by St. Bernards and Great Danes, have an ugly habit of eating unwary strangers up.

I was kindly received, and ushered into a large and beautifully-furnished double drawing-room, the great French windows communicating with well-treed lawns and shrubberies. Plenty of evidence of the doctor here, but no doctor himself.

"The Jungle" is well-named, for in its gardens, lawns, and orchards grow almost every tree you could name, and yonder long row of lordly poplar trees can be seen all over Berkshire. "The Jungle" is a "wildery" and a birds' home *par excellence*. Over thirty different species of wild birds build and sing here in spring and summer, varying in size from the great white owl to the golden-crested wren. All the birds know the master, and come to his whistle, and some are fed from his hand, even on their nests; while in winter hundreds come for their daily dole. Wandering through the grounds with one of the doctor's sons I came to a cosy corner, where, each with a slab at its grave-head, on which are printed loving words, sleep beneath the brown-stemmed, waving pine trees, the doctor's favourite dogs. Among others the famous champion Newfoundland, "Theodore Nero," the champion collie, "Eily," and many other noted dogs of the day. The most recent grave is that of his celebrated and most beautiful St. Bernard, "Fair Helen of Troy," or "Lassie." She died last year, though young, and her death almost broke her master's heart. For years she had been his caravan guard and pet, and had even saved his life.

And this charming little bungalow, far down in the orchard, is the doctor's wigwam, in which he has in twenty years' time written over one hundred books. While hard at work in winter, it is his habit to rise at 4.30 a.m., have his cold tub, no matter how hard the frost may be, and get away down to his wigwam, where he works all day long at the open window, for this wiry Scot never goes near a fire. If snow has begun to fall the night before, he places a huge broom handy and sweeps himself down next morning (70yds. or more) to the mound on which the wigwam stands.

"But where is the doctor?" I asked.

"Oh, away on the road in his caravan!" replied my guide.

"A holiday cruise?"

"Well, yes; but he will be working nearly all the time, correcting proofs, completing books,

THIS IS "THE JUNGLE": DR. GORDON STABLES' RESIDENCE AT TWYFORD, BERKS.

writing for the magazines, sketching from Nature, and—and—everything."

From the serious way the boy pronounced the last word it was evident he was considerably impressed with his versatile father's working capabilities.

Well, at "The Jungle"—this beautiful green nest—anyone could be happy; but I wanted to see the bird himself, though all I could get was a clue—he was not going to caravan a thousand miles this year, only about five hundred, and he might be in Cambridge, and round that way; he might be found in the Fenlands, hunted down on the Norfolk Broads, or caught by the sea or elsewhere.

I am not easily disheartened, and, like the doctor himself, I am a cyclist.

"I will run the doctor to earth," said I.

But our "Gentleman Gipsy" had a long start of me. So the race began. He had been heard of at Peterboro', with his huge land yacht and noble horses; he was traced North and West Grantham-way, then he was lost in Lincolnshire, but faithfully followed through most of its lovely scenery, along its devious lanes, with their hedges of silver may and golden furse and broom. I nearly caught him at Skegness, and again at Wainfleet, Horncastle, Boston, and Donnington, but he dodged and doubled so, and never left word where he was going; through the Fenlands, and on to Lynn and Wells-next-Sea; all through Norfolk, till at North Walsham the scent grew hot, and when I sighted a cosy little camp at Mundesley-on-Sea, with the caravan itself, a tent, and a bungalow, I vaulted right off my "bike," tossed my dusty cap in the air, and shouted "Eureka!"

The meadow in which the "Wanderer Camp" stood was, on this bright day in July, starred over with goldie locks and ox-eye daisies, and gemmed with many a wild flower; hedges, banks, and trees around; the snow-white tent, the little bungalow, and the beautiful caravan—just the cosy spot to please a naturalist! Sunshine over everything; woods and cliffs in the distance; old-fashioned brick houses shimmering red through banks of foliage, and the sea moaning and sobbing at the foot of the cliff and within a stone's throw of the camp.

A little foothpath went winding—the doctor would not have it straight—up through the meadow, and a-down this, as I advanced, came

marching a tall figure in the Highland dress and tartan of his clan—the Gordons of Strathspey. In his hand a bundle of proofs, and gambling around him a beautiful flat-coated retriever, and a very knowing-looking black-and-tan terrier.

"Can you spare an hour to chat, doctor?" I asked, after introducing myself.

"Oh, yes, most certainly," he said, laughing, "and I can give you tea on the grass, and camp bread-and-butter, cut thick, you know."

This gallant naval surgeon is never averse to talking. His smile is not a made one, but takes complete possession for the time being of his whole face and the eyes from which the soul beams.

A man whom children, dogs, cats, and everything else that lives, all love, must have some good in him. He can spin you yarns for a whole night; and the fairy tales, all made on the spur of the moment, which he tells to any child he takes on his knee, soon make it very round-eyed indeed.

"Another cup? Yes, thanks; but this summer life of yours on the road surely is idyllic, doctor!"

"There is no other name for it," he says. "I'm the inventor of this caravan, and have travelled all over Great Britain for a dozen of years. Like to have a peep at our interior?"

He led the way up the back steps. The carriage, from stem to stern, measures about 20ft. by 7ft. You pass through the after cabin first, which does duty as pantry, kitchen, and spare bedroom. It is most complete, and is separated from the main saloon by folding doors prettily curtained. The saloon itself puts one in mind of the interior of a house-boat. It is a study in upholstery; everything is dainty and pretty, yet small; bookcase, table, china-cupboard, musical instruments, sofa and chairs, with curtains of crimson and orange; but the saloon can in five minutes' time be turned into a charming bedroom. The verandah is broad and wide, and at night is closed in with canvas—a third bedroom, usually occupied by a very large and beautiful dog. As the doctor lies in the most lonely situations at night, always stabling his horses, but sleeping in the caravan on grass, and never in a yard, both the dog and

THIS IS THE "WIGWAM" IN "THE JUNGLE" GROUNDS, WHERE THE DOCTOR WROTE "A ROVING COMMISSION" FOR "THE CAPTAIN."

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his trusty revolvers have more than once stood him in good stead.

"What first put the idea of gipsying into your head, doctor?"

"Well, some men are born wanderers, I suppose; but when only a child, and living in Scottish wilds, I used to positively envy the gipsy children I used to see leaning over the windows or doors of their caravans, and when I was put on sick leave from the Service and couldn't afford a yacht at sea, I took to literature and a land yacht, and I have never repented my choice of either. I have been twenty years a professional writer; but I wrote verses when eleven—just hymns, songs, and such like, you know. Later on, at fifteen or sixteen, I was writing things for the newspapers. I figure in Edwards' book as one of the modern Scottish poets—but there are tons of us. Yes, I love music; who that is fond of Nature does not? I ought to have stuck to my first love, the fiddle—but I have flirted with half-a-dozen other instruments. Dabbled in painting, too."

THIS IS THE "WANDERER CAMP" ON THE NORFOLK COAST. THE DOCTOR SPENDS HIS SUMMER MONTHS IN THIS "HOME ON WHEELS."

I think I had better give you here a sketch of the doctor's doings, so that you may know all about the man I was taking tea with.

Well, Dr. Gordon Stables was born at a pretty place called Aberchirder, in Banffshire, notable for the fact that from that village the first free minister left the Scottish Kirk. When Gordon was three years old, his father, having purchased some property in Aberdeenshire, quitted Aberchirder, and, there being no school in the neighbourhood, he got others to join him and founded one. It was good enough for children, but when Gordon was nine he was flogged until he was half dead for some childish antic. He was then taken away and sent to the parish school. Here he commenced his classical education, it being intended by his parents that he should eventually "wag his pow" in a pulpit. The school was a flogging one indoors and a fighting one in the play-ground. Often the teacher caned the whole school. But if Gordon Stables grew strong in fists, he also grew strong in intellect. The distance to school was three miles and a bittock, over a rough country. He took his time on the road, but

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carrying a burden of books, including a Latin and a Greek lexicon, through summer's sun and winter's snow, was, for a boy of ten, a tough job. However, he bore it without flinching, and although a love of Nature was probably born in him, there is no doubt that in these journeys to and fro he found ample scope for its development. He was a more practical naturalist at twelve than many men of forty, and though he knew no classification, he was familiar with the habits of every creature of the wilds that crept or crawled or swam or flew. But when he was thirteen, his country life ended, and he was sent to study at the grammar school of Aberdeen. He subsequently entered the University, and after three years' classical education doffed the scarlet toga. He refused, however, to be elevated to the pulpit. He was afraid to face its responsibilities. Thanks to his parents' teaching, he was early and deeply imbued with religion, and did not think himself "good enough for a clergyman." Gordon Stables wished to be a soldier, and had the offer of a cadetship; but his mother objected, and, like a dutiful son, he gave way. He abandoned the lance and adopted the lancet. Even as a medical student his love for a roving life impelled him to visit the Arctic regions on two occasions. Having finished his medical education, he took to sea in earnest, and in ten years obtained a fair insight into naval life in many lands When he was thirty-three, he was invalided on half pay, and, getting married two years later, settled down—as far as there is any settle in an incorrigible rover. Finding young children rise up around him, and that his half pay barely supported him, Dr. Stables began to consider how he could supplement his income. In a happy moment for the public, and for himself, he decided to try his hand at literature. When he arrived at this determination, he had written a book called "Medical Life in the Navy," but his knowledge of the conditions of literary success was strictly limited. He supplies a striking proof in support of the contention that previous training is not invariably necessary for authorship. He had scarcely any of the disappointments beginners usually suffer. At the outset his copy was accepted. *Chambers' Journal* was his literary father; then Cassell took him up; and, since, a great many others. The author has written, in twenty years, 105 books in all, mostly bulky, including books on popular medicine and science; books on tea, on cycling, baths, novels; boys' books of adventure; books on dogs, cats, and all the domestic animals, etc., etc. He writes for about a dozen London magazines, and contributes a weekly column to the National Press Agency on "Health and Home," etc.

THIS IS H.M.S. *Captain*, WHICH "TURNED TURTLE" IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.
But for a fluke, the doctor would have been serving as surgeon in her when she went down.

Dr. Gordon Stables attributes what he modestly calls "his little success" in the literary world to his love of Nature, and the quiet country, and to hard work. But he also owes a great deal to the conviction that he writes as he feels—that he will always stick up for children, and fight the battles of the lower animals against the tyrannical and selfish members of the human species. It is one of the great merits of his books that they are as healthy in tone as they are full of fun and animation.

"That first book of mine," the doctor put in, "was written while I was on leave. Officers are not supposed to write on Service matters. I wrote *too* much as I felt just then, and slated and chaffed my superiors. with the result I was

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not appointed to the *Captain*, as I expected to be. But, as you know, the *Captain* turned turtle in the Bay of Biscay, going down with all hands. If my first book was not a literary success, therefore, it succeeded in saving my life.

"My method of writing? I have none. My ideas of a coming book are jotted down in one of the bairn's exercise books. They are without form and void, but from this chaos the book evolves itself. I write very rapidly. 'Out of the fulness of the heart, the mouth speaketh,' you know. My best works, therefore, are those which have taken me the least time to write, and in which I have taken the greatest pleasure.

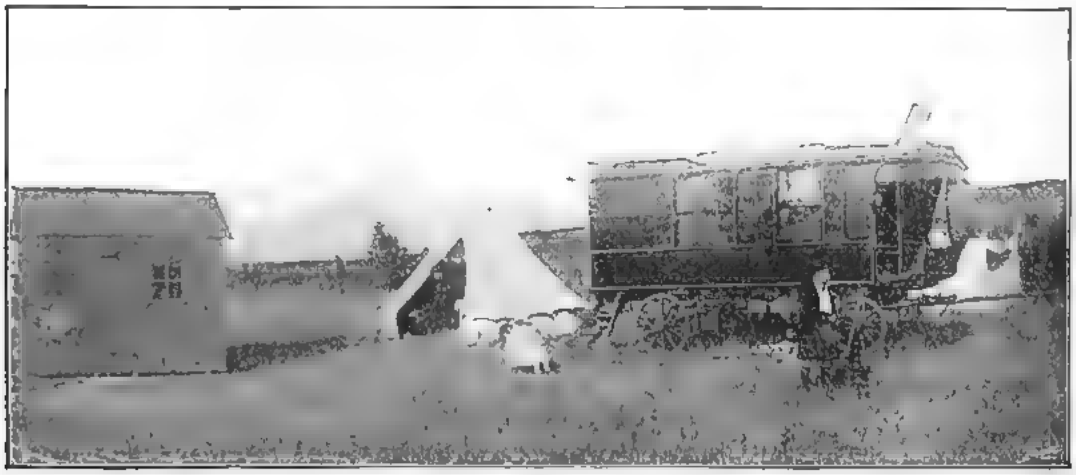
"Certainly, I have travelled a deal. Naval officers see the world thoroughly, and probably my knowledge of tropical and Arctic regions and sea life gives an atmosphere of reality to my stories. Moreover, I am a practical sailor, not a theoretical one. You cannot write well on that which you have to get up for the occasion.

"Oh, I entered the Service about the close of the great war between the American Federals and Confederates. I fear we British rather favoured the latter. In South Africa we were chummy ships with the *Alabama*, the *Georgia*, and *Florida*—all pirate ships, you might say. I knew Semmes well—a little pompous, but a good man, and brave. I knew Llewellyn, of course; he was the surgeon who went down with the ship rather than endanger the lives of the wounded. I think it may interest some of your young readers to know how we young fellows of H.M.S. *Penguin*—or two of us, at all events, saved the *Alabama* once. She was lying in Simon's Town, when word came that the big Federal, *Vanderbilt*, who could have blown her sky-high, was coming in to look for her. As fast as a fleet boat could pull, we conveyed the information to Semmes, and he was off in an hour. When the *Vanderbilt* came in, we told the lieutenant the *Alabama* had not long sailed for Teneriffe, and she went off next. Back came the *Alabama*, and we had real jolly times of it for a fortnight after. The *Alabama* had sixty four chronometers on board at that time; she took the chronometer from every vessel she destroyed, just as hunters take the tail of every unhappy fox they run to ground. It was fine fun, but rough on the Federals.

"We did a deal of cruising in the Indian Ocean, our headquarters being Zanzibar. We were for ever in chase of slavers, day and night; in a manner of speaking, the *Penguin* was a pirate, and the Arabs would any day rather have seen the devil. My adventures at sea and land are, of course, too numerous to tell. When I write my 'Auto.' it will be a strange book."

"And this story you have written specially for THE CAPTAIN?"

"'A Roving Commission'? Well, I mustn't puff my own wares, but I can tell you that I have taken more trouble over 'A Roving Commission' than I have over any other tale of a like nature. You see, it concerns naval warfare of to-day, and a big man-o'-war is such a stupendous affair, that one has to be very accurate and 'well-up' in all that concerns her, if one pens a romance around her. Well—if it don't get right hold of every laddie that reads it, I'll—*I'll eat my head!*"



ANOTHER VIEW OF "THE WANDERER."

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R.D.GOSSOP

By Walter Foster.

Illustrations by George Hawley

IT was on the homeward voyage from Muskat that Kirby picked up the silver disc with its cryptic inscription.

The *Aztec* had worked down to the latitude of Ras al Had, when she was overtaken by a regular gale. As it reached the full force of its fury, a dhow was sighted ahead, flying signals of distress, and, as it proved, not without cause, for, in one of her dips into the hollow of a sea, she failed to come up again. The *Aztec* stood on her original course, which chanced to bring her directly over the spot where the dhow had foundered—a fact testified to by the quantity of floating *débris* still eddying about. With the single exception of an eastern-looking mariner, lashed to a spar, all the dhow's people had been sucked down in her descent. At great personal risk, the sailor was got aboard, though, as it turned out, to little purpose. He was too far gone then to pull through, and ere he could be taken below, he drew his last breath.

In one of his pockets a few saturated papers sufficed to fix his identity; and Kirby discovered that the fellow was no other than Ali Merdan, a name he was familiar with from hearsay as belonging to the most daring and successful pirate affecting the Persian Gulf and Ocean. Besides the papers, he found, suspended round his neck, the disc of silver already referred to. The cryptograph was rudely engraved in three lines across the centre of the medal, and ran as under:—

The Raisin; flowing-sheet, shurquee;
The Lion; one hour; n. w.; fire-altar;
101 paces, Blue Stone.

Not much sense or coherency in those words, apparently, yet Kirby was satisfied they were not the meaningless jumble they were made to appear. So he set his wits to work to try to solve the enigma. The only word conveying any definite meaning was "shurquee." This was the denomination of a periodical wind blowing in the Persian Gulf for a space of three months from the south-east.

After puzzling a long time over the "Raisin," he finally decided it signified the island of Kishmis, which, being interpreted, means raisin. "Flowing sheet" and "shurqee" evidently claimed affinity. These three words gave him a start. Approach the island of Kishmis, during the shurquee, with flowing sheet—*i.e.*, from the south-east. The "Lion," he concluded, was inanimate, probably some point of rock or cliff bearing a strong resemblance to the king of beasts. Next there was "one hour." Out in those parts of the globe, he knew, they had a method of computing distance by time—an hour being something between three and four miles. Very well. Starting from the Lion, proceed three or four miles in a *north-easterly* direction, when the *fire-altar* will come in sight. These fire-altars, so far as his knowledge of them went, were simply rectangular columns of stone, and generally isolated. The 101 paces represented the radius of a circle, with the fire-altar for its centre. At some point on the circumference of that circle, the "Blue Stone" would fall. The essence of the cryptograph centred in the "Blue Stone," for he was morally certain it marked the site of the dead pirate's treasure. Of course, he determined to have a search for it.

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By the strength of his faith in the thing, he easily convinced others of its probability, and prevailed on two of his old school-fellows, Tom Hillary and Matthew Storm, to accompany him on his next voyage East; to participate in the hunt, and share in the spoils—if any.

At Gombroon, the *Aztec* was placed in the hands of the agents there, and Kirby was, for the time being, his own master. Chartering a small sloop, called the *Pasheh*, and suitably fitting her out, they set sail. It was then the season of the shurquee, and no difficulty was experienced in making the south-east of Kishmis with a "flowing sheet." They skirted along the coast-line little more than a league, when, their luck being auspicious, the "Lion" (*couchant*) was seen to rise out of the surf in the form of a great hummock of rock, jutting into the sea from the cliff-foot.

An exultant cheer broke from the throats of the three adventurers as the sight burst simultaneously on their vision; and, with feverish impatience, the little *Pasheh* was headed for the landmark.

There was neither town nor hamlet to be seen: the country appeared to be deserted — a circumstance affording them unmitigated satisfaction, inasmuch as they would be able to carry out their operations unseen and unmolested.

Entering a miniature bay, they sprang ashore and moored the sloop. They had brought with them a small tilt-cart in sections, and this they at once proceeded to put together. Then, throwing in spades and mattocks and a few other articles, they took their bearings from the Lion Rock, and got under weigh. They had not advanced more than a mile on their way when their early impressions regarding the desertedness of the country underwent a change; and they began to suspect that the little business they wished to transact would not prove quite such plain sailing as first appearances had led them to expect.

"What the deuce are those conical things dodging about behind those rocks and hillocks, George?" asked Hillary, alluding to certain mysterious little tufts which kept momentarily revealing themselves on their flanks and in advance.

"Conical things, Tom?" replied Kirby, with an annoyed look, coming to a halt with the cart. "Why, turbans"

"Turbans!" echoed Hillary, stamping with vexation. "Then we're watched, confound it?"

"Yes, Tom; worse luck. I'm afraid the Imaum of Muskat, or one of his satellites, has got wind of our intention to visit the island, and, wishing to know the reason, has preceded us with a few trusty spies. These Arabs are subtle beggars, and scent jiggery-pokery out of sight. Still, I guess we're not going to be beaten by a set of almond-coloured Orientals. What's to be done? Our plans must be reconstructed, that's certain. To openly prosecute the affair now that we are watched is not to be thought of for a moment. 'Twould merely be digging up the treasure (if there) for the benefit of the greedy Imaum. We must devise some scheme to bamboozle the swabs. . . . . Now, Hillary?"

Hillary stroked his nose a bit. "Couldn't we have come for geological specimens, or something o' that sort?" he suggested, presently. "There are a couple of small hammers in the cart. You and Storm get 'em out and begin to smite the rocks and quartz, and I'll bring up the rear with the waggon. How does that strike you?"

"It's as feasible as anything we can do under the circumstances, Tom," rejoined Kirby, reflectively. "It all depends whether we can tire out their patience. Let's hope the beggars are acquainted with the mineral-hunting genus. Either way, it's that or nothing!"

No genuine devotee of the science hammered and chipped and prodded with greater ostensible enthusiasm than did Kirby and his fellow-humbug. At the same time they bent their apparently careless course always north-west; and ere long a solitary column of granite or marble reared its lonely head above the surrounding plain — a sight which nearly threw them off their decorous deportment. Here, indubitably, was the fire altar, the goal of their pilgrimage! the vicinage of Ali Merdan's treasure—if it had existence!

How eager they were to ascertain straight away whether such were the case or not; and how those wretched turbans hanging on their flank inexorably forbade such a course! As no amount of geologising seemed to cause the spies' vigilance to relax, the disgusted trio had, perforce, to retrace their steps to the *Pasheh*.

The next day's doings proved another failure: the Arabs sticking to them like leeches. Hillary, who could ill brook delay or opposition, grew desperate, and proposed ignoring "the skunks" altogether, go through with the thing overtly, and risk the consequences. But Kirby shook his head, very decidedly."

"We must combat cunning and suspicion," he replied, "with bluff. Our geologising *ruse* has failed in its object, I admit, but I have an idea that we shall succeed in getting to windward of the land rats before long. Listen to me, my friends, and tell me what you think of this," and here, fearing, perchance, lest the ubiquitous

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spies should overhear and understand, he whispered for a few seconds in his companions' ears. Grins of intense gratification spread over the erstwhile gloomy countenances of Messrs. Hillary & Storm, and the skipper was the recipient of a couple of hearty slaps on the back. With inward chuckles of en joyment, they set forth for the fire-altar for the third time.

The turbaned gentlemen were becoming somewhat bored of watching the three idiots trailing the inevitable tilt-cart after them. They considered they must have gathered plenty of clippings to ballast the sloop. Still, they'd had their orders to watch the Britishers and dare not disobey them.

On this day, however, the monotony of the usual order of things was suddenly changed. The trio had come within a few score yards of the fire-altar, gathering mineral specimens with redoubled ardour, when one was observed to stagger, clutch at his heart, and sprawl lifelessly on the ground. With every token of solicitude and alarm, his friends ran to his assistance. Bringing him beneath the shade of the little cart, they propped up his head with hastily-improvised pillows, and, after a short confab, one raced back to the sloop. Three-quarters of an hour later he returned, carrying a neat mahogany case, which the Arabs rightly conjectured to be a small medicine chest. The box was opened, and several bottles and phials taken out; and from three or four of these, a carefully-measured draught was mixed and administered to the sick man. After this his companions watched him in intense anxiety. The spies watched also, curious to note the outcome of the geologist's struggle with death, although not much concerned as to the result. A couple of hours dragged away, and, judging from the ominous whisperings and dismal looks of the "doctors," it was pretty evident that matters were going but badly with the patient. As time went on, these indications became more and more portentous, and finally culminated in the laying of a white sheet or cloth over the recumbent figure on the grass. A sure sign, this, even to the Arabs! They bore up well, however, and waited with considerable interest for the next act.

THE ARABS STICKING TO THEM LIKE LEECHES.

It soon followed.

As soon as the acute poignancy of their grief

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and emotion had subsided sufficiently to allow of their carrying out the last solemn rites required of them by their departed comrade, the two dived beneath the tilt of the cart, and brought forth the implements necessary to execute their mournful task. In little more than an hour the sun would set, so that if they intended finishing their labours in daylight, they'd have to work with expedition.

Where would they inter their friend? the Arabs wondered. Ah! those Westerners were rather peculiar in their notions regarding burial. Apparently, they were not in the habit of selecting a spot haphazard in their country. They seemed to have ideas of exactitude combined with all due ceremony. It was really amusing to watch them. To begin with, it appeared essential that the grave should be near a conspicuous object, and not that only, but at a specific distance from it. One of the grave-diggers went up to the fire-altar holding the end of a cord in his hand, while his companion, running out with the other end till the line became tight, began slowly to walk round the column, after the manner of a mill-horse, solemnly cleaving the air with his free arm, and muttering volubly the while. Howbeit, his eyes were turned persistently earthwards.

Having circumambulated the altar once, he, on the second journey, dug his heel deeply into the turf close to a bluish-coloured stone, and went on again. This mummery concluded, they set to work with pick and shovel, excavating the soil round the blue stone.

By this time the spies had seen enough, and rapidly slunk away, leaving the Westerners to bury their dead in peace.

For so melancholy an office, the grave-diggers (Kirby and Hillary, to wit) seemed in particularly good spirits; their smothered laughs and chuckles often causing them to choke and catch their breath in a manner necessitating a temporary cessation of their labours.

"Think they've any suspicion of the genuineness of the business, George?" asked Hillary, in a low voice.

"Quite sure they haven't," was the response. "In fact, I don't suppose one of the swabs is concerning himself about us by this" (darkness had now settled on the scene). "They'll be extra keen in the morning, though."

"Let 'em" replied Hillary.

"We shall have to light the dark lantern, Tom," continued Kirby. "We can't work in

"IT'S PRECIOUS STONES OR A FRAUD, GEORDY, MY LAD," CRIED HILLARY, PANTING WITH EXCITEMENT.

this darkness." The lantern was trimmed and lit, and the work resumed.

"We're getting down now, old man," said Hillary, anon. "Phew! but I'm feeling horribly excited, George, d'ye know. What if there should be nothing after all, eh?"

"I shall be just as disappointed as yourself, Tom, if that's any consolation. A few seconds more will settle the question one way or the other, that's one comfort."

"Great thunderbolts, Geordy!" suddenly ejaculated the other, "my pick-point was deadened and stopped against *something* that stroke, sure as you're born. Turn the lantern this way. We're getting warm, as the children say at home. Go it, man; shovel out the dirt! Faster, faster! I can't stand this much longer, by Jove! There it is again. You heard that yourself? Iron, iron, iron! there's no mistaking the sound, even when embedded in the earth. Ah! there we are. Look! there's the top of it—a small casket. Dear old Ali! Five minutes more, and we'll have it up. Just loosen the soil all round it, and it'll come like a pannikin out of a bung-hole." Come it did—a strong iron box, less than a foot long, and some 7ins. or 8ins. wide, by 4ins. or 5ins. deep.

"It's precious stones or a fraud, Geordy, my lad," cried Hillary, panting with exertion and excitement. "I'm feeling thoroughly sick with hope and doubt and impatience. Still, I reckon it wouldn't be prudent to attempt opening it until we get aboard the *Pasheh* and well out at sea."

Hastily filling in the "grave," and beating the earth flat, they shoved the casket and digging implements into the cart, *whereupon the corpse rose to its feet and crawled under the tilt after box and tools!*

When daylight returned, the spies were once more on the prowl. But the sloop had just hoisted sail, and was beginning to effect an offing. This, however, did not surprise them, having regard to what had happened the previous afternoon; but when they counted *three* men aboard her, their faces suddenly lengthened. Bitterly chagrined, they knew intuitively that they had been "done" somehow, and not for nothing. Running wildly up and down the beach, they uttered piercing cries of rage and vexation; but beyond politely acknowledging these little attentions with grave inclinations of the head, Kirby & Company declined to come back.

As to their find, it proved a big one. Ali Merdan's treasure consisted of precious stones, both polished and uncut, and realised so splendid a figure on disposal that each man was placed in comfortable affluence for the rest of his days.

MORE SCHOOL FOOTBALL RESULTS.

SEASON 1899-1900. FINAL LIST.

RUGBY.

SCHOOL.	Matches Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points For	Points Against
Giggleswick	11	9	1	1	?	?
Leamington	7	3	4	0	?	?
Sedbergh	8	2	4	2	?	?
Wellington	9	3	6	0	70	108

ASSOCIATION.

SCHOOL.	Matches Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals For	Goals Against
Ackworth	23	12	8	3	74	68
Birmingham (King Edward's School)	18	9	8	1	?	?
Charterhouse	22	13	7	2	63	40
Ipswich	15	12	1	2	86	41
Malvern	8	6	2	0	21	15
Pocklington	7	3	2	2	?	?
Rossall	14	5	6	3	47	42
Sexey's School, Bruton	14	8	4	2	49	28

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SOME VEXED QUESTIONS.

By C. B. Fry.

HERE are several points which are continually turning up and causing disputes. Do runs made by an overthrow count to the batsman, or as extras, or what? I cannot understand why there should be any doubt about it. They count to the batsman, exactly as if they came from a hit out of the ground. Suppose you play a ball towards cover-point and run one, and cover, with the idea of running you out (which he won't, if you have not hesitated or danced first one way and then the other), has a tremendous fling at the wicket, and the ball misses it and goes to the boundary—you score five runs. The other day at Lord's, when the net round the ground was in use, Mr. S. H. Wood, of Derbyshire, played a ball past point; the ball just reached the boundary net, counting two, meanwhile the batsmen had run two, making four: the fieldsman who went after the ball thought he could run Mr. Wood out, so he shied at the wicket with all his might; the ball this time went to long-leg, reached the net, counting two again; meanwhile, the batsman had managed to run four more, making ten in all. So Mr. Wood

SCORED TEN FOR HIS STROKE.

You remember that when the M.C.C. tried the experiment of having a net round the ground, there were no boundaries, the ball being in play as long as it did not go over the net, but if it hit the net the batsman got a bonus of two runs. Once, in an inter-college match, I hit a ball bowled by Mr. F. A. Phillips, now of Somersetshire (or rather just at present of the Somersetshire Yeomanry at the Cape); it went to long-leg, across two other grounds, and we ran eight; then there was an overthrow into a hedge which counted four, so I got twelve. That was the first ball I had—Phillips clean bowled me with his next ball—this was the fastest bit of scoring I have ever done. One ball, twelve runs.

If a batsman, whilst running between the wickets, happens to hit the wicket with his bat, can he be out; if so, how? The answer is: No, no-how. You are not out unless you knock the bails off actually in the action of playing the ball, in which case, whether you break the wicket with your bat, foot, shirt, hat, or any part of yourself, you are out hit wicket. Having once finished your stroke.

YOU ARE AT LIBERTY TO KNOCK DOWN YOUR OWN WICKET

or the wicket the other end without incurring any penalty. There have been some funny incidents connected with hit wicket. Once, at the Oval, a batsman—Mr. Jephson, I think—had his bat broken in half by a fast ball; part of the bat was knocked into the wicket; the batsman was given out hit wicket. The case caused much discussion; but I consider the umpire was right. If the batsman had let the whole of his bat fly out of his hand into the wicket in making the stroke he would have been out; so, if he let half his bat go it would count the same. Of course, it was very hard luck. Here is a different case: Suppose in playing back you step within an inch or so of your wicket, finish your stroke without disturbing the wicket, but in starting to run your foot slips back and breaks the wicket, you are not out—at least the umpire would be wrong to give you out. This thing has happened to me twice: Once at Brighton, playing for Oxford against Sussex, I stepped back and hit one of old Humphrey's lobs hard to leg; the ground was wet and slippery and in starting to run my foot slid back and just knocked off the leg-bail. Curiously enough, the square-leg umpire was ducking his head to avoid the ball, and the bowler's umpire was watching to see whether the ball would reach the boundary. Consequently, neither could give a decision at all.

BUT I WAS NOT OUT.

At Lord's, in the Gentlemen *v.* Players match, the other day, I did the same thing, but my foot was closer to the wicket, and I broke the wicket in turning, immediately after hitting; so the umpire thought I had broken the wicket in making the stroke, and gave me out. In the very next match I played, against Surrey, I had made about 180, when, in playing a slow bowler, I stepped against the leg-stump, pressed it back about 3ins., but did not remove the bail!

If a bowler takes a wicket with the seventh ball of an over, has the batting side the right to appeal? This is rather a tough 'un. Of course the question is put badly. Anyone may appeal whensoever and on whatever point he likes; but what is meant is, would the umpire be right in giving the man "not out"? There is no rule bearing directly on the point. One rule says the over is to consist of six balls;

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another, that the umpires are sole judges of fair and unfair play. If the batsman, being bowled by the seventh ball, appeals to the umpire, there is nothing to prevent the umpire giving him "not out," if, on consulting the scorers, he finds he has made a mistake, for there is no direct rule bearing on the point; and even if there was, the umpire is perfectly at liberty to give the man "not out," for he is the

SOLE JUDGE OF FAIR AND UNFAIR PLAY,

and also can alter his decision if he likes. On the other hand, the umpire need not consult the scorer. He would not give a seventh ball in the over except by mistake, and he would be quite within his rights to stick to his opinion that only six had been bowled. If the umpire gives twelve balls, fancying they are only six, six they are in law. But there is a further point: the batsman must have known before the seventh ball was bowled that the umpire should have called over after the previous ball; then is the time to draw the umpire's attention to the error. If I were the umpire who gave seven balls by mistake, of which the seventh got a wicket, I should give the man "out." I should do this as a matter of equity, because suppose the batsman had scored four off the seventh ball, he would have said nothing about it. Even then, however, the case is a little askew, because the fielding side might appeal against the runs being scored. The umpire could, of course, annul the runs. But I hold that the appeal, if made, should be made before the seventh ball is delivered or not at all; and if the case occurred to me as umpire, I should stick to the seventh ball being included in the over.

THERE IS NO RULE TO PREVENT AN UMPIRE COUNTING FOUR AND THREE AS SIX.

May the umpire call "over" whilst the bowler is delivering the seventh ball? Yes, certainly. This might occur easily enough, for it might dawn on the umpire that he had made an error, and he could nullify it as long as he had not called "over," or, I fancy, according to the rule, even after calling "over."

Here is another problem case that I saw occur. The batsman played back to a bumping ball in such a manner that the ball fell from his bat inside his crease, and was going first-bounce into his wicket; but with a very quick twist of the wrist he cut the ball clear of the stumps, straight into short-slip's hands—the thing occurred in a twinkling. The fieldsmen sat down glad, for the man had made 160, but the man prepared to bat again. Then with a laugh the bowler appealed, but to his chagrin the umpire said "not out."

The umpire was right—the ball had hit the ground. There was a great discussion afterwards. Some thought the man should have been given "out"

BECAUSE HE WAS DEFENDING HIS WICKET,

but this is wrong. The batsman would not have been allowed to take any runs for the second stroke, suppose it had gone to the boundary, so clearly he could not be caught off it; since the ball had already hit the ground, it was just as if it had gone first bounce to a fielder. The only way the batsman could have been fairly "out" would have been if, on hitting the ball the second time, he had started to run: for he is allowed to hit the ball twice only with one idea, viz.: the defence of his wicket, and if he tries to run for his second stroke, he is clearly doing more than merely defending his wicket.

Rather a funny case was mentioned to me lately. A batsman hit a ball for three; on finishing the third run, he found the ball had been thrown in along the ground to the bowler's wicket, where he, of course, was then located; in sheer joy and lightheartedness he hit the ball away to the out-field. He was given out. It was contended that this was an incorrect decision on the ground that, though he hit the ball twice, he did not attempt to run after the second stroke. Not so; the umpire was right. The rule stands thus: "The striker is out if the ball be struck or be stopped by any part of his person and

HE WILFULLY STRIKE IT AGAIN,

except it be done for the purpose of guarding his wicket." Now, the batsman clearly could not be guarding his wicket when he had got to the bowler's end, so he was out right enough; unless the umpire regarded his hitting the ball as an involuntary action.

In another match the bowler sent down a ball which hit the batsman on the leg, and claimed for l.-b.-w. This claim was disallowed. As the ball lay on the ground the batsman purposely hit it out of his crease with the bat; he did not attempt a run; but he was given out. The batsman disputed the decision on the ground that he did not run. Now, this case was clearly one for the umpire's discretion. If the batsman was not guarding his wicket, he was out. But the probability is that the umpire, under the circumstances, could not possibly be sure that the batsman was not afraid the ball might roll into his wicket; I do not consider the

umpire was right to have given him out. It is worth noticing, that there is nothing said in the Laws of Cricket about "attempting to run." The point is, is the second stroke made to guard the wicket or not? Now, if the batsman tries to run, he clearly is doing more than guarding his wicket. But, if he does not attempt to run, how on earth can the umpire be sure the second stroke is not made under the impression, however absurdly mistaken, that the ball might run on to the wicket? Hence the attempt to run is in practice taken as the criterion of the batsman's intentions.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. D. Dixie. Glad to hear you like THE CAPTAIN and intend to patronise us. Just recommend the publication to your friends, of all sorts and ages. A cricket bat should be oiled two or three times a week in summer and once a month in winter. But bats differ: some need more oil than others. If you examine the wood you can detect at once whether it is dry or not. A bat of 2lbs. 4ozs. should suit you admirably. The one you mention is excellent. No, I do not think smoking is liable to make you lose weight. Smoking when too young is very bad for the heart; but at your age, unless indulged in to excess, I do not think it need hurt you. **A. R. Henry.**—I do not think there is a Middlesex County Club which can be joined by members who do not play for the county. Lord's ground and pavilion belong to the M.C.C., and Middlesex only uses it by arrangement. You had better write to the secretary of the Middlesex Club and find out whether there are any non-playing members. **Gillingham.**—Your case is dealt with above. The umpire was quite wrong. **E. G. Davies.**—Your measurements are all right. You are a growing person; I see no reason why you should not reach 6ft.; your careful life is much in your favour. Be careful you do not do too much of the artificial exercises; they are excellent if well regulated. Out-door athletics beat all others. What do I think of the Welsh race? Well, I do not know much about it. Some Welshmen are extremely fine players of Rugby football, and seem very hard and tough. The best fly-fisherman I ever met was a Welshman of the same name as yourself—a tremendous recommendation in my eyes, the fly-fishing skill. Then, again, I have heard Welsh choirs sing very beautifully. That's all I know. **Ralf Milbourne.**—The book you mean is called "The Book of Cricket"; you can get it from any bookseller; it is published by Geo. Newnes—the price is 12s. 6d., I think. I cannot give you hints on cricket in a letter. You should study the back numbers of THE CAPTAIN; they teem with hints on the game. There is a book on athletics in the "All England" series, by H. H. Griffin, which is good; price 1s. Then there is the Badminton volume on "Athletics," which is better, but much more expensive. There are some articles on athletics in back numbers of this magazine. **Sprinter.**—Cycling in moderation ought not to do any harm to your pace. But you should not do much riding within a week or two of your race. As to your time for 100yds., you must remember that the quality of the ground or track upon which you run makes a great difference—say 11 2-5ths secs. and under at your age on a grass track. **K. C. Broody.**—Thanks for your congratulations on the excellence of THE CAPTAIN. We get a deal of news of that sort, though I says it that shouldn't. Your development seems to me fine; no lack of symmetry either. You must write to "Cheiro," or some swell of that sort, about the character expressed by your handwriting; I am no judge of such matters. By the way, you should not write your little t's with a loop, nor your little d's. Your writing is upright almost to the extent of bending backwards; that should be a good sign. **George Pritchard.**—The bowling machine you mention is still to be got, I believe; I have seen it advertised in a catalogue lately, but cannot remember which. Write to any big maker of cricket goods. There is the ordinary catapult, which can be made to do good service if used with ingenuity. Then there is a most complicated machine, which is splendid but expensive. Have you ever tried a ball swinging on a string? This is very simple, and can be made with a piece of whipcord and an old ball: string it up to anything about 6ft. high, so that the ball when hit swings backwards and forwards about 1ft. from the ground. I taught myself a lot with this article. **H. D. B. H.**—Bowlers, especially slow ones, sometimes lose their pace from the pitch. Lack of practice would explain it, as your muscles lose their elasticity. If you are at all tired or overworked, nothing is more likely to happen. There is no reason why you should not recover your sting. **George Green.**—Take two or three ten-mile walks a week: begin, however, with shorter grinds of five miles or so, and gradually increase the distance. Do not diet yourself. Have a good rub down if you come back hot. **Periwinkle.**—Glad to have given you satisfaction. By all means let us hear about your match. **Sailor.**—(1) I do not know of a book to suit you, but see above. (2) As you do not mention your age I cannot say whether you are short for it. Oh! yes you do: no, you are all right. No, you are not heavy either. (3) Your writing might be improved. (4) Swimming. "All England" series, price 1s. **F. F. Peek.**—I do not know the district; but you can easily find out when you get there. Is the Crystal Palace far away? There is a splendid club there. **J. A. Rose.**—Time excellent. You should do well. Consult back numbers. **Young Fry.**—You will do. **Douglas S.**—Medicine, inside or out, no good; take plenty of exercise and don't trouble yourself about the calves. **S. N. Veitch.**—From Wisden's; Boynton's patent. Same place for gloves, or any other good maker. **Hampden.**—It counts as two wides. **M. S. Smith.**—You were out.

C. B. Fry.

THE ENGLISH SEAHOGS IN RECREATION

Being our French Contributor's Experiences of Yachting.

M. THE EDITOR, I make my sejour in your country in order that I may enregister my observances of your manners, of your character, of your pleasures, of your recreations. It is thus that I observe your cricket match—the game of barbarians; your feetball—the recreation of demons. But, I say to myself: "These English, they are not as the others; it must not to judge them at the earth; it must to see them upon the water." To be a French, it is to be just. It is necessary to use even a sea-hog with justice. But what to do? The observation shall be difficult. Ah, bah! Always a good French find himself assisted by the Providence.

A blow at the door. A letter? For me? Thousand thanks! It is the ecriture of my friend. Ah! Ah! A la bonne heure! He has then a yacht! It is the season of the vacancies; is it that I will voyage with him? Mon ami—I assure you that yes. The yacht, he say, is at a water-place—Brighton? No. Torquay?—No. Cowes? Again, no—n'importe—a water-place. All goes well. I shall make my observances; I shall join myself with him. We voyage together on the railway road. I am full of some anticipations. I shall be sailor—me! I ask my friend: "Your yacht; what is it that she is?—of how many masts?" "Of two," he say. "Ah! she is perhaps a göelette, how do you say?—schooner!" "No," he say, "she is not as that." "A brick?" "Ha! Ha!" he laugh. "By Jove! yes, she is that; but not as you mean; she is a yawl." "How then! She cannot perhaps be a brick and a yawl—all the two?" "Oh, yes, she can, m'sieu; but, no matter, she is a yawl." "Ah! and grand?" "No, m'sieu; quite small; about twelve tons." "And the screw?—How many?" "The screw! She is not at vapour; she has no screw." "No screw! Who then shall do the works, put the sail, clean the deck?" "Oh! *crew*, you mean. I have only one man, 'Bob'; but there shall be also a friend, Captain Rowden, who will come with us." "Ah! a captain of the marine, perhaps." "Marine! Oh, yes! he is a marine, right enough." "That goes well; the navigation shall be safe, is it not?" "Not if it depends on Jack Rowden," he reply; "but you will see when we arrive." "Is it that one can pass the night in the yacht?" "Yes," he say; "three can just sleep on board." "On board! but, my faith! I have no envy to sleep on board; a board is too hard, I prefer a mattress, me!" He laugh again in saying, "That will be all right"; but, ma foi! to sleep on a board; it is not all right—pas du tout!

Behold us at our destination. At the railroad

dock is the Captain Rowden—he is height, straight; not as an officer of the marine—he resemble a soldier; he has a long moustache; he has a glass of the eye: he address me as "mussoo"; he laugh always. We march on the promenade; the sea is bright, the sun shines, the breeze blows, the yachts march at sails, the people are many, they are gai; it is delectable. We reach the quai: at some steps a sailor in a little boat, on his breast the word *Popinjay*, what a droll of a name! it is the name of my friend's yacht. "Jump in, m'sieu," he say; "here we are!" "But how? we cannot, perhaps, go in this so feeble batiment?" "Oh! she will carry us, m'sieu, jump in." I do not jump; not at all; I enter with a precaution tout à fait remarqueable; the others also; very scarcely we swim. "Bob," for it is him, rows with the oars—the water enters—M. le Capitaine laugh in saying, "Makee plenty too muchee l'eau, hey mussoo!" He imagine that he speak the French. I bow with reserve. I do not comprend this officer of the marine, he is, perhaps, mocker. Enfin, the yacht. We grimp on the deck—it s very clean, very pretty, but my faith! it is small. We descend to the chamber (the cabane); one cannot stand erect; at each side a little couch. "Is it," I demand, "that one sleeps here?" "Yes, m'sieu, on these couches." "But my faith! there are not but two of them!" "No, but one shall sleep on the floor, it must to ruffitabitte." "How! ruffitabitte! I know not this word." "No matter, m'sieu, you will know it better presently." Upon the field Bob with our baggages. We lose no time; the squiff is attached by behind; Bob and my friend pull some ropes in making noises very singular, the sails rise, the yacht detach itself from the buoy, she march at sails. Enfin je suis marin, moi. My friend teach me the names, the aft, the forehead,* the boobyatch ("le atch de idiot, hey mussoo," the Capitaine Rowden say in explication), but I doubt myself of it; always he laugh—he is mocker, I am sure of it. My friend direct the yacht, she incline herself perfectly gently; the sea is even; it is tout à fait charmant. Bob smoke his pipe in front, we others sit on the side. All at a blow my friend give an order at high voice, and push the barre more strongly; the yacht turn herself, she tremble a moment, then she tumble on the other side. I also. Almost I am in the water. The Capitaine Rowden laugh in saying, "Better sit on the weather side, mussoo, le coté de weather, hey!" "I know not a so strange idiom in French; the weather; which, by example, is the side of the weather?" "Here, mussoo, where I am." "But, my faith! the weather is the same on both sides, is it not?" "Never mind, mussoo," he reply, "sit here, weather or no!" and he put himself to clatter in laughing. I do not comprend, but I am sure he is mocker.

By-bye the lunch. Good! the sea makes hungry. Bob is magician. From the profoundness of the boobyatch he produce the paté, the chicken, the sandvich of ham, the champagne, the Bordeaux, the eau de vie—in a word, a feast. All the world eats, talks, laughs, drinks. "A votre santé, m'sieu!" "Vive la camaraderie!" "Mussoo! I looks towards you! Je vois a vous, hey!" this from M. le Capitaine; always he is mocker. "Mes amis, again a little glass, vive la *Popinjay*!" We shake hands with effusion. "Heep, heep, hourrah!" We are some brothers. I propose to embrace them, but the yacht is not tranquil, my foot slip, I fall down the little stair, a glass in my hand; it breaks itself. Ah, the good wine! What damage! I am not hurt; I climb again the stair in looking behind of us. But, ma foi! what is this? What change! the sky is black, the wind appear to irritate itself, there is a gross swell, the waves are more large, the rain menaces us to fall. My friend regard the sky; he shake the head; he descend to the cabane. One moment and he mount again in saying, "By Jove! the glass has fallen." He has seen it then, the poor glass: I reply, "Mon ami, j'en suis très faché! I have fell, and with me the glass; it is, alas, breaked."

"The glass!" he say. "What glass? I speak of the barometer, it has fallen heavily." "Ah! what damage! It is not, I hope, that it is breaked also." "No, no, m'sieu, not the barometer, the mercury." "Oh! then it shall make the bad weather, n'est pas?" "Yes, m'sieu, I fear so; I think we must run to the nearest port." "Eh bien! for me it imports not, I have not fear, me; but as you will." Bob and my friend reduce the sails, the rain descends, the Capitaine Rowden, though of the marine, retire en bas. I remain on the deck; it becomes dark; the wind hurles, the waves roll, the yacht also—we approach the coast. The sea precipitate herself over the cheeks of the yacht; she roll and plunge as mad; she will, perhaps, give upon the rocks, but my friend hold the barre and direct her with an assurance tout à fait admirable. Enfin we enter a little bay, the water is more smooth; we advance with precaution. Bob throws the anchor, we abase the sails—behold us in safety. But we are humid and fatigued, it must to rest—"tur nin" as the english say. We descend to the cabane. M.

* Monsieur must surely mean forward—"forrard."

Rowden occupy a couch; he say he is malade, this capitaine of the marine, but I doubt myself of it. My friend offer me the other couch; he will couch himself on the floor, but I say "No, always the yacht roll, I shall tumble from the couch, it is me who will repose on the floor, 'on board' as you say." He give me a rug, a blanket, some cushions—earers, is it not? No, pillows! I have my surtout—it must to "ruffit-abitte." I couch myself, he also. I am fatigued but I cannot sleep, always the yacht roll—with her, me also. The capitaine snort as a sea-hog, he also roll. I am un peu malade. I have the ill at the head, the yacht will not be tranquil. Enfin I sleep. . . . . What is it that it is? A great blow on the breast! a great beast lance himself upon me! it grip me with its talons. I struggle with it; it is large and heavy; it is, perhaps, a bear. No, it is the capitaine of the marine; he has fell from his couch in sleeping. I hold him by the gorge—he wakes—he thinks me an ennemy; we roll over together. I explique the affaire; he rises, he is very cross, he feel on the floor for his couvertures. Enfin he take my surtout and my blanket, and return in gronding to his couch. I arrange myself with the rest. I have still a rug and a pillow. The yacht roll more than never. I perceive myself more worse, but again I sleep—no, not sleep—dose, is it not? I have some dreams—horrible. Again an avalanche of flesh fall upon me. I am buried under it—I cannot respire. I shall stuff myself. I make some efforts altogether frantiques. I disgage myself—it is my friend—he too is angry; he say I have all his clothes; he search in the obscurity, he take my pillow and my rug, and climb into his couch in gronding. Me, I have nothing. But I am a very great deal much more malade than never. I climb on the deck, the sun is rising—it must to go to the land—it is all near, vite! vite! or it shall be too late. I call to my friend; I say, "I am malade, malade, vite, mon ami, vite; permit me to go to the land!" *Trop tard! trop tard! I have the mal de mer* . . . . My friend come on high. He suffers not at all. He regard me in silence. Then he cry, "Bob, here, wake up! Get the boat alongside, and put the crutches in her. M'sieu is ill." I say, "Ah, yes, I am very ill, but I am not as that." "But I thought you wanted to go ashore, m'sieu."

AGAIN AN AVALANCHE OF FLESH FALL UPON ME. I AM BURIED UNDER IT—I CANNOT RESPIRE.

"That is just, but I am not boiteux, what you call cripple, that I should want the crutches." "Cripple! Who said you were cripple? but you can't row without crutches." "How? row? in France we do not row with crutches, we row with oars. I do not think it possible to row with crutches!" "I don't tnink it possible to row without them, m'sieu, but never mind, here is Bob with the boat; tumble in—he will row you to land." In truth, I tumble in—almost I tumble in the water; but to me it is equal. I lie in the boat, au fond; we reach the little quai of wood; the brave Bob assist me with his great arm. It is four hours and a half—we stagger along the quai—it is a solitude—we cross the road. See! a field of long grass. I can advance no more far. I cast myself in the long grass—for a space of time the ground wave up and down, but at last she rest tranquil—I also. I sleep like a dead.

* * * * *

A piece of ice in my ear! it is the nose of a dog of shepherd; he lick my face. I raise myself; the sun is on high; I regard the sea—the *Popinjay* rolling her sides in the water; I regard the land—a little town all near—without doubt, also, a hotel. I have hunger—Mon Dieu! how I have hunger! I empresse myself, but I am enough feeble. My feet are of lead, the road is white and powdrous, but at last I enter the town. Ah! quel bonheur! the hotel! It must to eat. Vite, vite, garçon, le dejeuner!

* * * * *

My friend find me on a couch with a cigarette. I am happy. "Come along, m'sieu; it makes good weather again; we sail at once." "But, no! S'cre nom d'un bomb! for me no more! Enough of yacht! I have the good breakfast. I prefer to guard it. The train parts in a half-hour—me also. I wish you good voyage; but me, I am not marsouin—sea-hog. Au revoir, mon ami. Adieu! Adieu!"

VIVE LA FRANCE.

CRICKET À LA RUSSE.

THERE is a quaint foot-note on the immortal match between All Muggleton and Dingley Dell, in Vredenski's Russian version of Pickwick (illustrated with Phiz's original drawings). The following is an exact translation of the pains-taking commentator's explanation :—

"The very complicated game of cricket requires some elucidation for Russian readers. It is played with two parties, of which each consists of eleven men. First of all two so-called 'wickets,' or fences are knocked into the ground at a distance of twenty paces one from the other. Each wicket consists of three vertically-planted sticks, on which is set another stick of smaller size. The parties cast lots, and then from one of the sides there go forth with cudgels two players, who stand beside the wickets. Each of them is bound to defend his own fence. With that object, each one measures the length of his cudgel from the wicket, and at that distance digs out a little pit, where he plants the thick end of his club. From the other side there proceed two so-called 'baulers' (*sic* Mr. Vv. pronounces this to rhyme with 'growlers'), who must endeavour to hit these fences with their ball. The other players of the second party, stationed for observation of the course of the game, are obliged to calculate and return the ball to the baulers, if it flies too far away. When the first bauler hurls the ball at the opposite wicket, there may happen three characteristic events. Either the bauler hits the wicket, or he does not hit it, and at the same time his blow will not be parried by the defender of the wicket; or, lastly, the thrown ball springs far away through the blow of the cudgel. In the first place, the awkward defender of the wicket altogether retires from the play, and in his place there comes a second player from the same party; in the second, the ball is taken up by the other bauler and thrown at the opposite wicket; in the third case, the baulers" (Vv. means fielder), "stationed for observation, run after the ball, pick it up and throw it to one of the fences. Meanwhile, in this last case, the defenders of the fences run across a few times from one wicket to the other, taking care at the same time not to disregard the hostile attack. The number of cross-runs made by them is noted down by special markers, and on them alone is based the victory of either side. As soon as one of the fences is knocked down, its defender must immediately leave the play, and his place is taken by one of the same same party of 'cricketists' (*sic*). When, in this way, all the members of one party have been obliged, one after the other, to leave the game, the turn arrives to the players of the opposite side. The victory eventually is decided by the number of cross-runs made by the 'cricketists' of both parties. It must be remarked that cricket is the national and most popular game of the English. In many towns special clubs are established for it, and it very often happens that one town there competes with another, choosing from its midst the best cricketists, and ranging them against the champions of the other little place. It is the custom also for wagers of huge sums to be laid on both sides."

Such, without addition or omission, is the literal rendering of our learned Russian's somewhat verbose, but not too complete, digression on the peculiarities of the "very complicated" game.

ARTHUR A. SYKES.

THE COST OF THE COUNTY CRICKET SEASON.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD MACFARLANE.

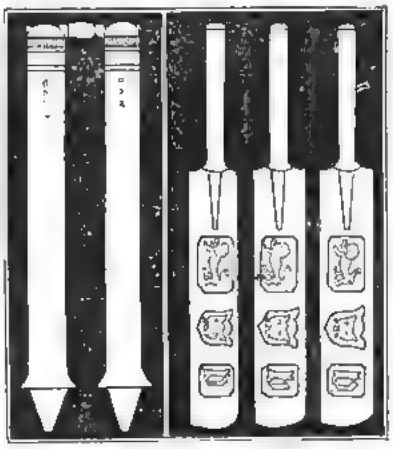


FIG. 1.

PERHAPS the most noteworthy characteristic of county cricket is the fact that it surpasses in cheapness any other method of providing relaxation yet devised. Even the football enthusiast who purchases healthy excitement at low rates has to pay for his amusement at the cost of 4d. an hour, whilst the frequenter of Lord's, Edgbaston, Trent Bridge, and other county cricket grounds, can enjoy six hours or more of sport at an outlay in many cases of less than 1d. an hour.

Taking one year with another, the English public, in the course of a season, collectively enjoy 730 years of amusement (this is premising that each individual who attends only watches the play during three hours) at a cost so small that if we were to take the sum in sovereigns and piled them up in 77 columns, which could be conveniently arranged on one page of this magazine, each of these columns would be but ¾in. over 4ft. in height: when we divide this quantity of the precious metal over fifteen first-class counties it is at once apparent that the expenditure of each club upon the fight for the county championship is utterly incommensurate with the enormous amount of pleasure the nation at large derives from that tournament of cricket giants. As a matter of fact, although the average sum spent by each county club is about £4,000 per annum, the actual expenditure varies according to the situation, etc., of the club between two solid gold regulation-sized stumps, *plus* one ditto ditto bail (£2,000), and three full-sized hall-marked (see Fig. 1) cricket bats, each worth more than £3,000, and each weighing over 55lbs., which would in comparison make the implement wielded, when he is at the wicket, by Carpenter, the Essex professional, who is notorious for his heavy bats, appear but a feather weight.

FIG. 2.

Although the sum spent on county cricket by the public is really so small that, if taken in sixpences (see Fig. 2), the coins would scarcely, if touching one another, form a ribbon joining the Lancashire County Ground at Old Trafford, with the Headingly Ground, Leeds, the said ribbon being but 34½ miles long; still, when we divide half the expenditure by the number of wickets falling during the season, and the other half by the number of runs scored in the course of 102 days' play, it is somewhat surprising to find that the cost per wicket works out at £6 10s. 1½d.; whilst each run scored means an expenditure of 4s. 10½d. In our third diagram, we see how the cost per wicket and per run fluctuates in the case of several counties; thus, when Lockwood performs the "hat trick," the feat is represented by an expenditure on the part of Surrey of close upon £39; but when Rhodes takes a wicket, the Yorkshire outlay is but £6 9s. 9d.; moreover, Hampshire captures wickets at £5 3s. 10d. each, and Middlesex, per Trott and Hearne, garners in a rich harvest at £4 a wicket. Runs, it will be noted, are comparatively cheap; when Abel, for instance, steers one of Bradley's "expresses" through the slips to the boundary, the feat represents an outlay of but £1 16s. 6d. on the part of the Surrey executive. J. T. Brown's "fifties" Yorkshire finds cheap at £12 2s. 8d. apiece, whilst, thanks to Major Poore and Captain Wynyard, Hampshire scores sixes with impunity at the cost of £1 per hit.

Although, if taken in sovereigns, the £72,500 which represents the income of our fifteen first-class county clubs from all sources, would but form a golden ribbon stretching in a straight line, either from the centre of Kennington Oval to the Elephant and Castle Station, or to Vincent Square (the cricket ground of Westminster School), or from the main entrance to Lord's to Paddington (G.W.R.) Station, or from Trafalgar Square to Ludgate Circus, it would, if converted into humble pence, give us a much finer run for our money. As a matter of fact, the Cricket Penny (see Fig. 4) is sufficiently large to form a ribbon of bronze, extending from Kennington Oval to the county ground at Taunton; from thence to the Trent Bridge Ground at Nottingham, and, finally, on to the Old Trafford Ground at Manchester—a total distance of 343 miles.

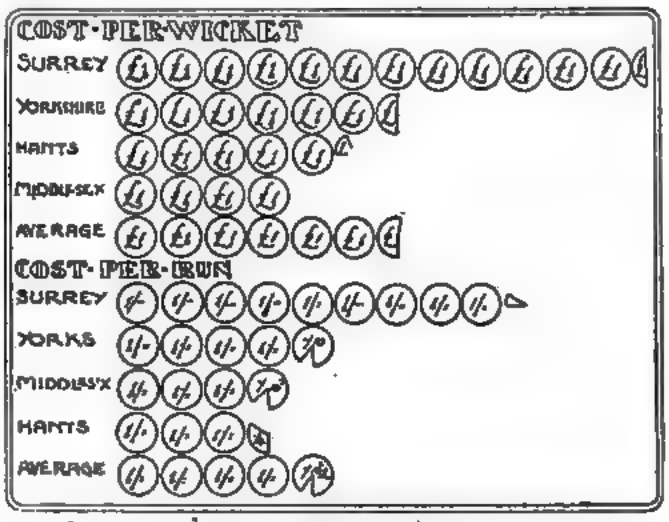


FIG. 3.—THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS THE COST PER WICKET OF THE SEVERAL COUNTIES.

In the course of last season the Lancashire executive spent something like £9,344, and attracted 206,742 paying spectators to their ground. We should, therefore, expect that in the course of the tournament to decide the county championship, that some 1,300,000 would pay their sixpences to witness the same, and the total receipts from the gate would appear to verify the supposition. If we further add 300,000 members and their friends to the total of spectators, we arrive at an aggregate of 1,600,000 visitors to our principal cricket grounds; and this number, if marshalled four abreast with one yard of space between each rank would extend from the Mansion House along the Great North Road almost to Northallerton—a distance of 227¼ miles, and would comprise a most notable and enthusiastic army.

This total of spectators, if spread over the 150 matches that last year comprised the tournament for the championship, would give an average of about 10,700 onlookers to each match, which many counties would be more than satisfied with, in view of the fact that they most frequently have smaller gates; in the Hants *v.* Yorkshire match at Southampton, last year, for instance, the receipts, representing 2,380 spectators, amounted to £59 9s. 8d., whilst the expenditure was £60 18s. 9d., or a small loss instead of the substantial gain that might confidently be expected from such an interesting fixture. The average receipts per match, from all sources, amount to about £480; the gate and stand receipts from the Yorkshire *v.* Surrey match at Leeds, however, totalled about £837.

If we divided the spectators into as many companies as there were days of county cricket last year, we should find that each company (in a military sense the "company" would comprise a "division" and a half) would contain 15,685 members, each of whom would be entertained for six hours, if he or she desired to spend that time watching the various matches, at an outlay of £580; which sum, if taken in sovereigns, and the greater part of these were melted down, would provide sufficient metal to make a solid gold cricket ball of regulation size, *plus* a column of sovereigns 5ins. high.

FIG. 4.—THE CRICKET PENNY IS SUFFICIENTLY LARGE TO FORM A RIBBON OF BRONZE EXTENDING FROM KENNINGTON OVAL TO TAUNTON.

The credit side of the balance sheet of our counties comprises many items, but one of the most interesting is that appearing as "Receipts from Card Business." That the

profit on the indispensable cricket card, which is retailed at one penny, is considerable, is obvious; but it is not generally known that, taking the average of the whole season, the actual cost of the card is but one-third of a penny. In the course of a season the receipts from the "Card Business" throughout the country amount to about £2,400, and the 576,000 cards, which this sum represents, would, if placed end to end, extend practically (see Fig. 5) from Birmingham to Bristol, a distance of 75 miles.

FIG. 6.—THIS DIAGRAM REPRESENTS THE CHEQUE FOR THE TOTAL SUM PAID BY JOHN BULL ESQ., FOR THE SEASON'S ENTERTAINMENT.

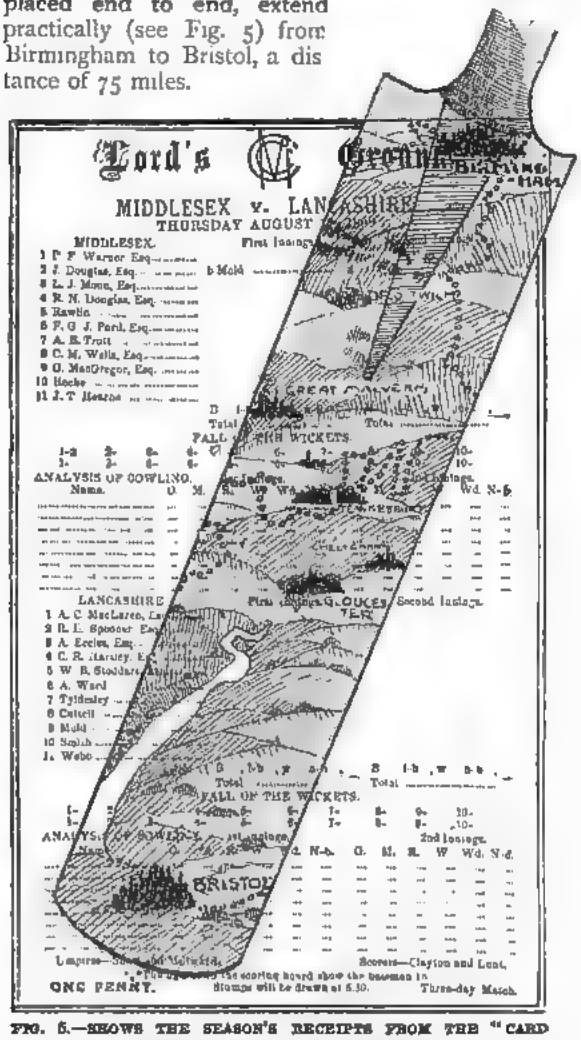
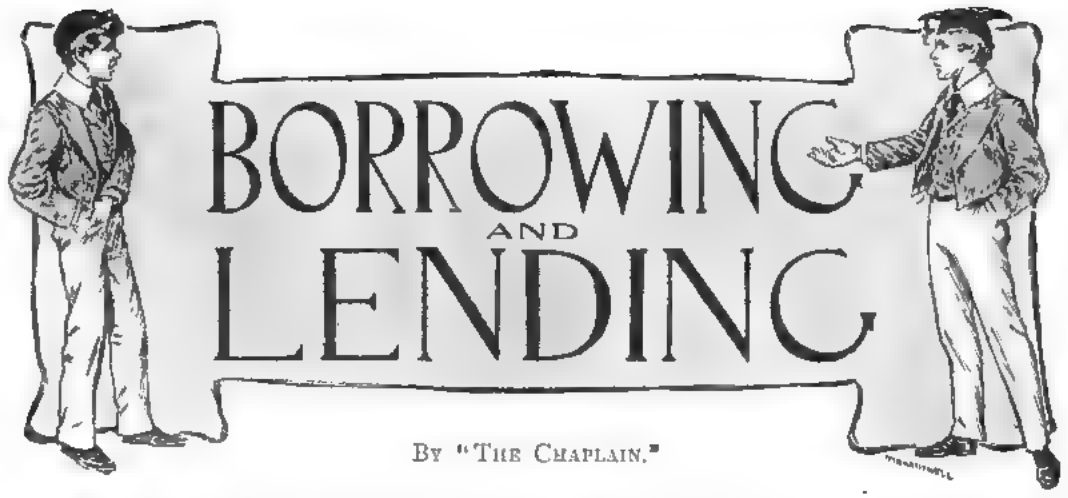


FIG. 5.—SHOWS THE SEASON'S RECEIPTS FROM THE "CARD BUSINESS" THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY AMOUNTS TO ABOUT £2,400, AND REPRESENTS 576,000 CARDS.

Our sixth diagram, which represents the cheque for the total sum paid by John Bull for his season's entertainment, is divided into three unequal parts, but in proportion to the sums received from subscriptions, gate and stand receipts, and all other sources respectively. It will be observed that the second item mentioned is by far the most important; indeed, the gate and stand receipts, broadly speaking, represent eleven-eighteenths of the total; the sum paid by refreshment caterers, the card business, and other miscellaneous items, rather less than three thirty-sixths; and the subscriptions rather more than eleven thirty-sixths.

In the course of a season over 2,000 papers in the United Kingdom daily chronicle, at varying lengths, the current history of the county championship. If we say that each of the 2,000 papers gives two columns per day to this subject, which must be well within the mark, at the end of seventeen weeks there will have been printed in our daily press a column on county cricket not less than 140 miles long, and equal to the distance between London and Shrewsbury, London and Sheffield, or London and Great Grimsby—no wonder that foreigners are impressed with the importance we place upon the result of the cricket championship! an importance, thanks to the sporting instinct of the British public, quite incommensurate with the sum we expend upon the same.

The author of this article desires to take the present opportunity of acknowledging the kindness of the Lancashire, Yorkshire, Hampshire, and other county secretaries, who courteously supplied him with the reports, balance sheets, etc., upon which the article is based.



BORROWING AND LENDING

By "The Chaplain."

The advice that Polonius gives to his son in *Hamlet:* "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," is a counsel of perfection.

It has been said that the best way of losing one's friends is to lend them money. There is some amount of truth in this. A certain shyness and reserve very often spring up between borrower and lender. The borrower feels a little humiliated at his position. He has been a suppliant, has received a favour, and is under an obligation. The lender, on his side, is conscious of the same awkwardness. In his very effort to relieve the situation from embarrassment he may seem, to the sensitive borrower, to be taking advantage of his position.

Now, the one and only way of avoiding this is for them to be constantly together. If you have borrowed money from a man, go and see him as often as you possibly can. Be quite straight with him. Treat him just the same as you did before. Of course, this only applies to people of fine feelings and delicate instincts. The rougher mortals feel no such embarrassments in the situation. Almost everyone who reads this will probably number among his acquaintance at least one specimen of the hardened borrower. He begins at school by borrowing "bobs" and "half-dollars" from his school-fellows, which he always conveniently forgets to repay, and he continues through life doing the same thing on a larger scale. He is distinctly a man to be avoided.

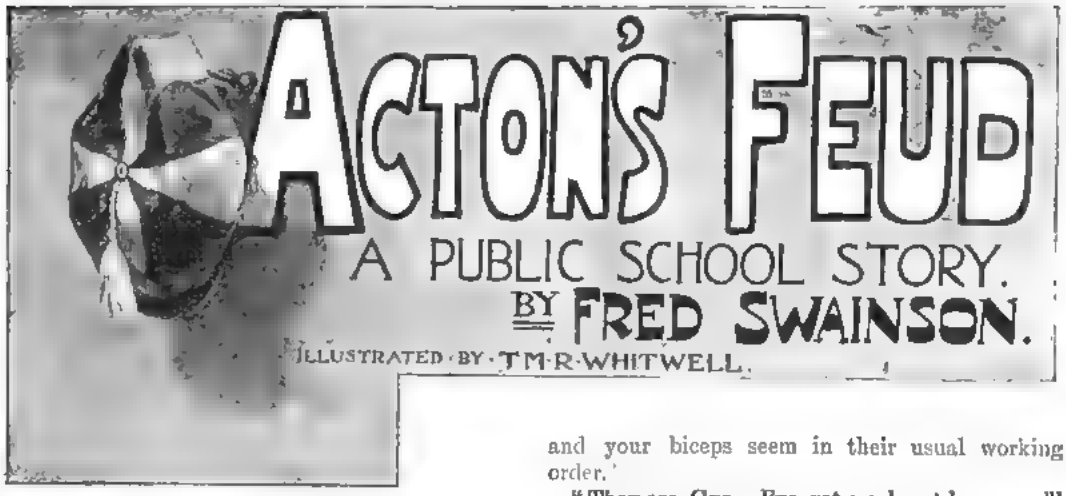
Then there is the happy-go-lucky man who is supremely careless about money matters, and most other matters as well. He is deficient in the sense of distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. He borrows every day of his life some thing or other, and genuinely forgets all about it.

There are times in the life of most boys and young men when the borrowing of a little money for a few weeks or months may save a great deal of unpleasantness. The over-scrupulous sometimes prefer to endure the unpleasantness, but the majority, who are not stoics, and who see no reason for making themselves miserable about a few pounds, which they can certainly repay later, feel there is no harm in going to their friends. If you are one of the majority, and are going to ask young Jones for a loan, just pay attention to these hints. First of all, be quite candid and straightforward. Don't go in and ask with a hang-dog look, as if you were committing a crime. Tell Jones that you are hard up, and that you want him to lend you so much until a certain date. When that date comes round make every effort in your power to be punctual in the repayment. If by some accident you cannot possibly repay on the day mentioned, don't avoid Jones, go straight to him and explain the circumstances frankly and openly.

If only borrowers adopted these tactics all unpleasantness would be saved. As it is, when a man borrows money from Jones, he straightway avoids him as much as possible. He puts on an air of melancholy before him, is very touchy, and if perchance he cannot pay at the right time he does not go near Jones at all.

A man cannot be too careful of his reputation; and the foundations of the reputation are laid at school and built up at college. The perfect gentleman is always most punctilious about money, and he is the one safe man, whether as a borrower or lender.

PHIL PULLED WITH FRENZIED, CONVULSIVE STRENGTH, ON THE OFF SIDE REIN (See page 61)



SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—XVI.)

The tale is related by Carr, captain of St. Amory's School. Acton, a fifth-form boy, and a brilliant full-back, is seen by Bourne (the "footer" captain) and Carr to deliberately trip one of the opposing team. On this account Bourne refuses to give him his colours. Thus the feud begins. As the matter of the "foul" (for the school's credit) is kept quiet by those who witnessed it, the school in general supposes that Acton is denied his "cap" on account of the existence of a private quarrel between himself and Bourne, who promptly becomes exceedingly unpopular. Acton, posing as a martyr, seizes the opportunity to win the goodwill of St. Amory's in every possible way, and as a beginning starts regenerating his house—"Biffen's," hitherto the slackest, both in school and out of it. At the end of the term a crowd of Amorians give vent to their feelings at the railway station by hooting Phil and [illegible]ing Acton to the echo. The following term Acton determines to strike at Bourne senior through the latter's young brother Jack. With this end in view he introduces him to a low sporting character named "Raffles of Rotherhithe," who, previously instructed by Acton, leads young Jack Bourne to transgress as many school laws as possible, eventually landing him very heavily in debt. Thus he is forced to borrow money from Acton, who explains to him that it is necessary for someone to accompany him to London, with reference to a betting transaction after "locking-up." Jack, in return for the loan, cannot refuse, though to be found out would mean expulsion. The journey to London and back is made in safety, and Acton lays awake imagining what will be Bourne senior's rage when he hears of Jack's escapade, which he does by means of a letter from Raffles, written ostensibly to Jack, but addressed to him. This leads to a fight, and Bourne successfully metes out to Acton the punishment he so richly deserves.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE REGENERATION OF TODD.

Todd had come back to St. Amory's in a very different frame of mind from that in which he had returned after the Perry fiasco. His three weeks' holiday had been no end enjoyable; and now, besides a coin or two in his pocket, he had a clean, crisp note in his purse. As he stepped out of the train at the station, the burly figure of Jim Cotton hove in sight, and an eleven-inch palm clapped Gus on the back.

"Hallo! old man. How goes it?"

"Oh!" said Gus, coughing; "I'm all right, Jim, and your biceps seem in their usual working order."

"They are, Gus. I've got a cab out here; we'll go on together."

"Rather! I must find someone to see to the traps, though."

"I've commandeered young Grim," said Jim, "and he'll see to them."

"Provident beggar! Here you are, Grim. Put mine into Taylor's cart, and here's a shilling for you."

Grim, who felt rather injured at being lagged by Cotton so early in the term, just at the moment, too, when he had caught sight of Wilson staggering along with a heavy hat-box, etc., seized Jim's and Gus' effects. Todd's modest *douceur*, however, took off the rough edge of his displeasure.

After tea, Cotton and Todd strolled about, and finally came to anchor behind the nets, where some of the Sixth were already at practice.

"Phil Bourne's good for a hundred at Lord's," said Jim critically, watching Phil's clean, crisp cutting with interest.

"There's Acton out, too,"

"Raw," said Jim. "Biffen's beauty has never been taught to hold his bat, that is evident. Footer is more his line, I take it."

"Are you going to have a try for the eleven, Jim, this year?"

"I'll see how things shape. If Phil Bourne gives me the hint that I have a chance I'll take it, of course."

"Will he give Acton the hint, think you?"

"I shouldn't say so," said Jim, as Acton's stumps waltzed out of the ground for the fourth time. "He can't play slows for toffee."

"Rum affair about the footer cap," said Gus.

"Rather so. But I believe Phil Bourne is as straight as a die. I'm not so sure of Acton, though. I fancy there's something to be explained

about the cap. By-the-way, Gus, are you going to loaf about this term as usual? Taylor's house side really does want bigger fellows than it's got."

"No!" said Gus. "I'm no good at cricket, nor croquet, nor any other game; nor do I really care a song about them. All the same, I'm not going to loaf."

"What is the idea?" said Jim, curiously.

"I'm going to have a shot for the history medal, and I mean to crawl up into the first three in the Fifth."

"And you'll do 'em, Toddy," said Jim, admiringly. "You're not quite such an ass as you once were."

"Well, I'll work evenly and regularly, and, perhaps, pull off one or other of them."

"I go, you know, at midsummer. Then I'm to cram somewhere for the Army. Taylor's been advising a treble dose of mathematics, and I think I'll oblige him this time."

"Taylor's not half a bad fellow," said Gus.

"Oh, you're a monomaniac on that subject, Gus! Once you felt ill if you met Taylor or Corker on your pavement."

Jim Cotton was right. Gus was now a vastly different fellow from the shiftless, lazy, elusive Gus of old; he worked evenly and steadily onward, and, in consequence, his name danced delightfully near the top of the weekly form lists of the Fifth Form. He, however, did not sap everlastingly, but on half holidays lounged luxuriantly on the school benches, watching the cricket going on in the bright sunshine, or he would take his rod and have an afternoon among the perch in the Lodestone, that apology for a stream. Fishing was Gus' ideal of athleticism; the exercise was gentle, and you sometimes had half a dozen perch for your trouble. Gus argued there was nothing to show for an eight hours' fag at cricket in a broiling sun.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHY BIFFEN'S LOST.

After the Lord's match there were two burning subjects of conversation: Who should be captain in my place? and which house should be the cock house at cricket? Every house captain looked with dread upon the house of Corker, great alike at cricket and footer, and it was agreed that very probably Phil Bourne would once more lead his men on to victory. Biffen's house did not stand much chance, for there was no superlative Acton at cricket; but it was, indeed, mainly through his efforts that Biffen's was as good as it was. You may remember that Acton had taken under his patronage those dark-skinned dervishes, Singh Ram and Runjit Mehtah. They were unquestionably the best pair of fellows in the school in strictly gymnastic work; and when summer came they showed that they would, sooner or later, do something startling with the bat. The Biffenite captain, Dick Worcester, did not altogether relish their proficiency. "It's just my luck to have my eleven filled up with niggers," he observed to Acton in half-humorous disgust; but Biffenites pinned their faith on Worcester, the dervishes, and Acton, and, to the huge delight of Grim, Rogers, Wilson, Thurston, and other enthusiastic junior Biffenites, the resurrected house survived the first two rounds. The third round they were to meet Taylor's lot, a good house, and the hopes of Grim & Co. were tinged with considerable doubt.

On the particular afternoon when this important match was to be played Todd had strolled off to the Lodestone stream, laden with all the necessary tackle for the slaying of a few innocent perch. The year's final lists of the forms were due also in the evening on the various notice boards.

Gus had redeemed his promise made at the beginning of the term, and had worked hard for a prominent position on the list, and his attempt to capture the history medal had been, he thought, fairly satisfactory. He would soon know his fate, however, in both directions. Meanwhile, to allay his anxiety as to the results he had unpatriotically given the cricket fields a wide berth, and thus deprived Taylor's of the privilege of his cheer in the house match. He and Cotton had an invitation to dine with Taylor that evening, so, after telling Jim his programme for the afternoon, he had trudged down the lane which Jack Bourne knew so well.

The afternoon was hot: the one o'clock sun made Gus think that perhaps there was more cruelty than usual in luring the fishes out of the cool waters of the Lodestone; but, nevertheless, he philosophically baited his hook, and cast forth. The sport was not exciting, and by-and-bye Gus found himself wondering, not why the fish were so shy, but whence came the faint, delicate perfume of cigars, which undoubtedly reached his nostrils? The Lodestone Farm was a quarter of a mile away, and obviously the scent could not travel thus far, and since Gus was alone on the banks of the stream, running sluggishly towards the moat, the constant whiffs of cigars reaching him seemed somewhat mysterious. Gus looked again carefully, but could see no one, and yet there was undoubtedly someone smoking very near him.

"Well, it *is* odd," said Gus, for the *ninth* time sniffing the "tainted breeze." Curiosity piqued

"HULLO!" SAID GUS, "WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU DOING?"

the fisher to trace the mystery. He reconnoitred carefully, and presently fancied he could hear the faint murmur of voices. This proceeded from the boat-house, wherein Hill moored the moat punt. "I'll just make a reconnaissance in force," said Gus, putting down his rod. Arrived at the punt-house, Gus peeped in through the slightly open door, and discovered no less important personages than Runjit Mehtah and "Burnt Lamb." The two dervishes were lolling luxuriantly on the punt cushions, each smoking a fine fat cigar, and the combined efforts of the two gave quite an Oriental air of magnificence to the ramshackle boat-house.

"Hallo!" said Gus. "What the deuce are you doing?"

The cigars nearly fell from the mouth of each of the smokers as Gus appeared on the scene, but when the smokers made out Todd's face through the haze, Mehtah said, with much relief:—

"Oh, talking."

"That isn't quite a true bill," said Gus. "Your Flora Fina de Cabbagios keep the fish from biting."

"Have one," said Burnt Lamb, hospitably offering Todd a cigar.

"No thanks. Is this punt-house your usual lounge?"

"Sometimes," said Mehtah. "We can't do without our smoke, and we can't do it, you know, at the school."

"No, that you jolly well can't, my dusky Othello. But aren't you two booked for the House's this afternoon? I thought you were the backbone of Biffen's."

"The match is not for an hour yet," said Lamb.

"Oh, yes," said Mehtah, "we're going to sit on your house this afternoon, Todd."

At this most interesting point of the conversation the door of the punt-house was violently slammed to, and Gus was propelled forward clean into the punt and received hurriedly into the

unexpectant arms of "Burnt Lamb." Before any of the three could understand what had happened there was a hurried fumbling with the staple and pin of the punt-house door from the outside, and then an equally hurried retreat of footsteps. "Well, I'm hanged!" said Gus, after he had picked himself up and tried the door. "We're locked in."

Young Rogers and Wilson, who had done this fell deed, hoped there was no doubt about the locking. This couple of ornaments had immediately after dinner snatched their caps and ran on past the Lodestone Farm for a particular purpose. They had found a yellowhammer's nest a day or so before, containing one solitary egg, and their hurried run was for the purpose of seeing if there was any increase, and if so—well, the usual result. They were anxious to get back to the cricket field in time to shout and generally give their house a leg-up when the Houser with Taylor's commenced, and their friend Grim had strict orders to bag them each seats, front row, in the pavilion. They had been busy blowing eggs for pretty well twenty minutes, and, as they were lazily returning schoolwards, they caught sight of Gus watching his float.

"There's Gus Todd trying to hook tiddlers," said Rogers.

"Shy a stone," suggested Wilson, "and wake em up."

"Rot! There's no cover."

"It's only Todd," said Wilson. "What's the odds?"

"Yes, but not quite the old ass. Better get home."

Keeping well out of sight, the two cronies had watched with curiosity Todd's manœuvres as he tried to run the cigar smokers to earth. When Gus entered the punt-house, a bright idea struck Wilson.

"Say, Rogers, remember Toddy locking us in the laboratory last term? Two hundred Virgil."

"Ah!" said Rogers, catching the meaning of Wilson's remark instanter; "if we only could cork him up there for the afternoon! That would pay him out for Merishall's call-over lines."

"We'll chance it," said Wilson. "If we can't do it, well, we didn't know Gussy was in—eh?"

"Rather! That is the exact fable we'll serve out to Todd, if necessary."

Breaking cover, the young Biffenites had secured the door of the punt-house without any difficulty, and then had run for dear life.

"Golly!" said Rogers, pulling up when well out of sight of the boat-house; "we did that rather neat, eh? Hanged if Toddy wasn't smoking like a chimney. Did you twig his weed?"

"Regular stench," said Wilson. "Toddy will have to swim out through the front way, or howl for help. The punt is sure to be locked."

"He'll have to take a header off the punt into the moat, and that isn't crystal, exactly."

"Six yards of mud is about the figure," said Wilson, almost hysterically.

"I say, old man, if we'd only been able to bottle up Jim Cotton along with his chum! What price Biffen's for the Houser, then?"

"*If*," said Wilson, wistfully. "Wouldn't the dervishes walk into Taylor's bowling, if Bully wasn't there to sling them in?"

"Never mind," said Rogers, hardly daring to contemplate the ravishing prospect of Taylor's house without Cotton, "the dervishes are sure to come out strong this afternoon. Let 'em once get their eye in, and either of 'em is good enough for a hundred."

The two young Biffenites found the faithful Grim holding the fort in the front bench of the pavilion against the ardent assaults of some Taylorian juniors, who could not see what Grim wanted with three seats. The fellows of the two houses were rapidly lining up for the match, and Dick Worcester had sent to Biffen's making affectionate enquiries for the dervishes. By-and-bye, word was brought to Worcester that the two were not to be found in the neighbourhood; and a further hurried search by anxious Biffenites, headed by Rogers and Wilson, had a like result.

"Isn't it awful, Grimmy?" said Rogers. "Where can the idiots be?"

Worcester and Acton had a consultation. "If they don't turn up in time we'll make a start without 'em."

"If we have to go in we may give 'em up. We can't bat substitutes."

"No fear!" said Dick. "Cotton isn't likely to hear of that, and, besides, it's just like the rotten thing you might expect from those niggers."

Acton smiled. "All right, old chap. Put in Grim and Rogers in their place. The little beggars will be as keen as mustard."

So Grim and Rogers had the honour of representing their house, since the dervishes did not turn up. Rogers when he shut the door on Todd, did not guess that he had shut up Biffen's crack bats too. That Biffen's lost the match, and made no sort of show against Cotton's bowling may also, perhaps, be attributed to the inadvertent imprisonment of Mehtah and "Lamb."

The imprisoned trio had not had a very lively time that afternoon in the punt-house. The door remained obstinately shut, and neither Todd nor his two companions relished a swim in the moat as the price of freedom. The dervishes took matters very calmly; the desire to play for Biffen's was not strong enough to counterbalance the

natural shrinking from a header into the duck-weed and a run home in wet clothes. Singh Ram had a final try at the door, and then murmured—so Gus said—"Kismet," and relit his half-smoked cigar. Todd, indeed, shouted lustily; but when he realised that, by contributing to the escape of the dervishes, he might contribute to the downfall of his own house, he stopped himself in the middle of an unearthly howl. For three hours Gus remained a half-voluntary prisoner; but, when he judged it safe, he created such a pandemonium that young Hill hurried out of the farm stable, thinking there must be some weird tragedy taking place at the punt-house. He had hurried across and let the trio out.

The dervishes got a mixed reception from Biffen's crowd. Worcester was almost eloquent in his language, and Acton was calmly indifferent.

"But I tell you, Worcester, some beast locked us in the punt-house."

"I wish they'd kept you there," said Dick, unmollified.

Whilst Worcester was swallowing his tea, Rogers and Wilson craved audience. Their faces were as long as fiddles.

"Oh, Worcester!" began Rogers, tremulously, "we've come to tell you that it was we who lost Biffen's the houser."

"Why, Wilson didn't play, and you caught Cotton," said Dick, astonished.

"But we locked the dervishes in the punt-house—we thought there was only Todd inside."

"Oh, you did, you little beggars, did you?" said Worcester, considering the doleful and grief-stricken Biffenites. "Well, here's a shilling for each of you if you keep it dark. I'm dencedly glad the dervishes didn't play. I'd rather lose a dozen housers than feel the niggers were indispensable. Now, cut; and next time you bottle 'em up, see they don't get out."

"Golly!" said Rogers, as the two left Worcester to his tea. "I suppose the sun's affected Worcester's brain."

Whilst the dervishes were explaining matters to Worcester the other prisoner was elbowing his way into the crowd around the Fifth Form notice board, whereon were pinned the final lists. Jim Cotton was planted squarely before the board, eyeing the contents with huge delight, and when he caught sight of the struggling Gus he haled him vigorously forward.

"Here you are, Gus! By Jove, Toddy, you've done it this time, you old Perry fizzler!"

Gus eyed the list with delighted eyes.

This is what he saw: "First—Todd, A. V. R.—history medal, and chemistry prize."

Need I say anything more of either Todd or Cotton? Todd entered the Sixth when the summer holidays were over, and Phil Bourne writes me often and tells me what a big gun Todd is in the schools. Jim Cotton was entered upon the roll call of some celebrated "crammer" near the Crystal Palace. If cramming' hearts *could* be broken, Jim, I should say, will accomplish the feat. But if ever James Cotton *does* get into the Army he will never disgrace his regiment.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE END OF THE FEUD.

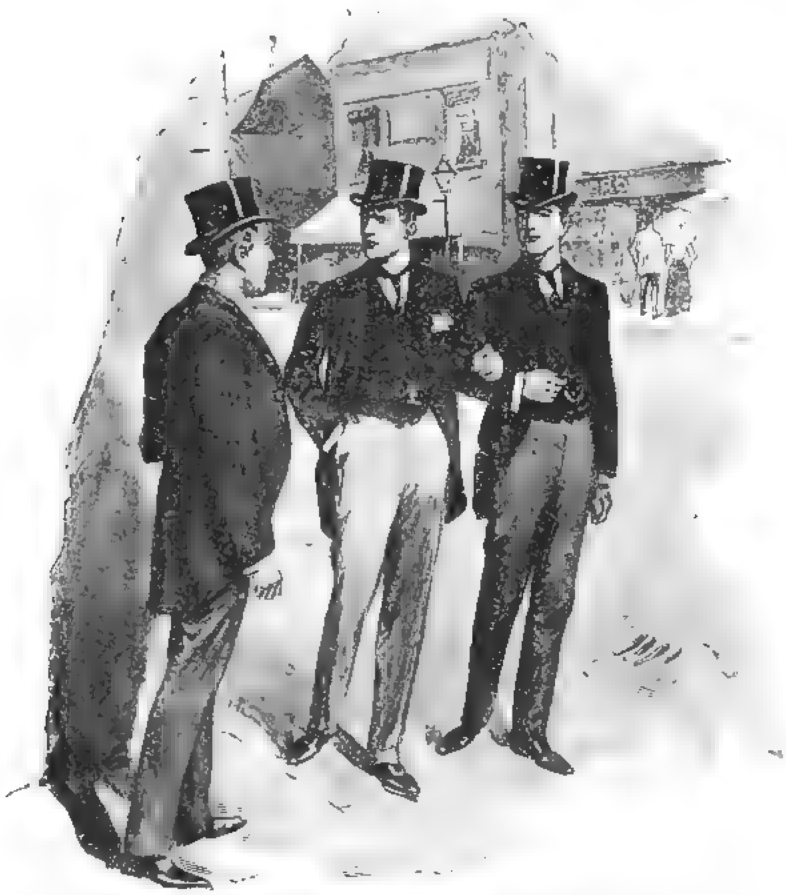
KNOWING Acton's pride — his overwhelming pride—I never expected to see him back at St. Amory's. I expected that he would almost have moved heaven and earth and got himself taken off the school books and gone to complete his education somewhere else rather than come back to the old place where he had had such a signal thrashing. But, of course, he knew jolly well that we four had our tongues tied, and that the knowledge of his defeat was, so to speak, strictly private property; and that is why, I am pretty sure, he turned up again.

He strolled up and down the High, arm-in-arm with Worcester, in high good humour, on the day we returned; but when I turned the corner and came upon him *vis-à-vis* he gave me a long, level, steady look of hatred, which told me that he had nursed his wrath to keep it warm. His look made me thoughtful. Young Jack Bourne, too, came sailing along—a breezy miniature copy of Phil, his brother—but when he caught sight of his former patron he blushed like a girl and scuttled into the first available yard.

He was not particularly anxious to meet Acton, for Phil in the holidays had given Jack a pretty correct inkling of Acton's character, and he began to see—in fact, he did see—that Raffles and the shooting and the billiards, and the hocus pocus of "hedging on Grape Shot," and the trip to London, etc., was only one involved, elaborate plot to strike at Phil. Jack now fully realised that he had played a very innocent fly to Acton's consummate spider, and he now, when there wasn't any very pressing necessity, determined to give the spider's parlour a very wide berth indeed. Acton saw Jack's little manœuvre and smiled gently. He was genuinely fond of Jack, but young Bourne had served his purpose; and now, thought Acton, philosophically, "Jack looks upon me as a monster of iniquity and he won't cultivate my acquaintance." And Phil? Well, Phil regarded the incident as "closed," and paid no heed to his enemy's bitter looks, but divided his attention between his books and cricket, keeping, perhaps unnecessarily, a bright outlook upon Master Jack

Phil's unpopularity had somewhat abated, for his victory in the rackets had given him a good leg up in the estimation of his fellows; but still there was the uneasy feeling that in the matter of the "footer" cap his conduct was shady, or at least dubious.

I was awfully sorry to see this, for I myself was leaving at midsummer, and in my own mind I had always looked upon Phil to take up the captaincy. He would have made, in my opinion, the *beau ideal* of a captain, for he was a gentleman, a scholar, and an athlete. But the other monitors, or at least many of them, did not look upon Phil with enthusiasm, and his election for the captaincy did not now seem the sure thing it had done a few months before.



WHEN I TURNED THE CORNER AND CAME UPON HIM *vis-à-vis* HE GAVE ME A LONG, LEVEL, STEADY LOOK OF HATRED.

At St. Amory's the monitors elect a captain, and Corker confirms the appointment if he thinks their choice suitable, but he insists that he must be well up in the Sixth, and not a mere athlete.

Now, Phil's ambition was to be Captain of St. Amory's, as his father had been before him, and when the home authorities finally decided that I was to go to Cambridge in the Michaelmas term Phil hoped and desired to step into my shoes. He had one great lever to move the fellows in his favour, he was much the best cricketer in the school and deservedly Captain of the Eleven, and, besides that, was one of the best all-round fellows in Sixth Form work. But Phil did not in the least hint that the captaincy was his soul's desire: he determined to merit it, and then leave the matter in the hands of the school. So, from the very beginning of the term, he read hard and played hard, and he left his mark on the class lists and the scoring board in very unmistakable fashion.

And now Acton came like an evil genius on the scene. In a word, he had determined that if he could in any way baulk poor Phil's ambition, he would. If by his means he could put Phil out of the running for the captaincy it should be done. If he could succeed, this success would make up and to spare for his two former defeats. Therefore, warily and cautiously, he set to work.

Acton himself was not much of a cricketer; the game was not, as it were, second nature to him, as it was to Phil, but he was a very smart field—cover was his position—and he could slog heavily, and often with success. He threw himself heartily into the game, and crept rapidly up the ladder of improvement, until Biffen's whispered that their shining light stood a good chance of getting into the Eleven. "That is," said Biffen's crowd, "if Bourne will run straight and give a good man his flannels. But after the 'footer' fraud, what can

one expect?" I heard of this, and straightway told Phil.

"Oh, they need not fear. If Acton deserves his flannels he will get them. I've nothing whatever against his cricket."

Acton learned this, and instantly his new-found zeal for cricket slackened considerably. "Oh!" said he to himself, "I can't blister you there, Bourne, eh? I can't pose as the deserving cricketer kept out of the Eleven by a jealous cad of a captain, eh? So I'll try another tack to keep you in evil odour, Mr. Bourne."

Acton did not turn up at the nets that night, and when Worcester noticed this, Acton calmly sailed on his new tack.

"What's the good of sweating away at the nets, Dick? I'll not get my flannels in any case."

"Oh, yes, you will. Bourne has said he's got nothing against your cricket."

"And you believe that, Dick?" said Acton, with a whistle of contemptuous incredulity.

"I do," said Dick. "But you are not exactly quite the flier at cricket that you are at 'footer,' so you can't afford to slack up now."

"I've got private knowledge," said Acton, with a filthy lie, "that I won't get 'em in any case, so I shall not try."

Dick was considerably upset by this, and Acton's sudden stoppage of practice after an intense beginning made his lie seem a good imitation of truth, and gave Worcester food for bitter thoughts against Phil. Acton worked "the-no-good-to-try" dodge carefully and artistically; he never actually said his lie openly, or Phil would have nailed it to the counter, but, like a second Iago, he dropped little barbed insinuations here, little double-edged sayings there, until Biffenites to a man believed there would be a repetition of the "footer" cap over again, and the school generally drifted back to aloofness as far as Phil was concerned.

Acton laid himself out to be excessively friendly with the monitors, and just as he entered into their good graces, Phil drifted out of them—in fact, to be friendly with Acton was the same thing as being cool towards Bourne. Phil made splendid scores Saturday after Saturday, but the enthusiasm which his fine play should have called out was wanting.

"Why don't you cheer your captain, Tom?" I overheard a father say to his young hopeful.

"No fear!" said the frenzied Biffenite. "Bourne is a beast!"

In fact, the only one who seemed to derive any pleasure from Bourne's prowess in the field was Acton himself. He used to sit near the flag staff, and when Phil made his splendid late cut, whose applause was so generous as his? whose joy so great? Acton's manœuvres were on the highest artistic levels, I can assure you, and in the eyes of the fellows generally, his was a case of persecuted forgiving virtue. Acton, too, kept in old Corker's good books, and his achievements in the way of classics made the old master beam upon him with his keen blue eye.

I saw with dismay how persistently unpopular Phil remained, and I heard the charms of Acton sung daily by monitor after monitor, until I saw that Acton had captured the whole body bar Phil's own staunch friends, Baines, Roberts and Vercoe. And then it dawned upon me that Acton was making a bid for the captaincy himself, and when I had convinced myself that this was his object, I felt angrier than I can remember. I thereupon wrote to Aspinall, gave him a full, true, and particular account of Acton's campaign against Phil, and asked him to release me—and Phil—from our promise of secrecy regarding the football match accident. His reply comforted me, and I knew that, come what might, I had a thunderbolt in my pocket in Aspinall's letter, which could knock Acton off the Captain's chair if he tried for that blissful seat.

I told him so, to save trouble later on, and he heard me out with a far from pretty sneer, which, however, did not quite conceal his chagrin. But though I made sure of his being out of the hunt, I could not make sure of Phil being elected, and in a short time Mivart was mentioned casually as the likeliest fellow to take my place. I have nothing whatever to say against Mivart; he was a good fellow, but he was not quite up to Phil's level.

Phil knew of these subterranean workings of his enemy, but he was too proud a fellow to try and make any headway against the mining. "If they elect Mivart they will elect a good man, that is all, though I'd give a lot, old man, to take your place."

Thus things went on until Lord's came and ended in the usual draw. Phil's selection of the Eleven was in every way satisfactory, and his score for first wicket had made St. Amory's safe from defeat, but despite all his unpopularity was pronounced.

The election was going to take place in a week, and Mivart, thanks to Acton's careful "nursing," was evidently going to romp home in the election with something like a sixteen to four majority. Vercoe determined to propose Phil, and Baines was only too delighted to second it; but Phil's cronies had no more hope of his success than Phil had himself.

Thoroughly dispirited and disheartened, Phil, on the last Saturday of the term—the election for the

captaincy was to be held that night—had left the cricket-field in sheer weariness of spirit, and was moodily strolling down the road towards the old Lodestone Farm when, behind him, he fancied he heard shouting. He turned round, and down the long stretch of white road he saw a cloud of dust rolling with terrific speed towards him. For one moment he wondered what ever was the matter, but out of the dust he could see the flashing of carriage wheels and the glitter of harness, and the shining coats of a couple of horses. The carriage came rocking towards him at a terrible rate, sometimes the wheels on one side off the road altogether; the horses had their heads up, and Phil could hear their terrified snorting as they thundered towards him. There was no sign of coachman or footman.

"A runaway," said Phil, backing into the hedge. "They'll come a cropper at the little bridge. What a smash up there'll be!" As the runaway horses, galloping like the Furies, came nearer, Phil saw something which made his blood run cold. "Heaven!" he cried, darting out from the hedge, "there's a lady in the carriage!" Phil was frozen with horror. "She will be smashed to pieces at the bridge."

Half a mile down the long white road Phil glanced to the little bridge where the road narrowed to meet the low stone walls, and he knew as well as though he saw it that the carriage would catch the bridge, and be shivered to matchwood. The horses must be stopped before they reached it, or the lady would be killed. Without thinking of the terrible risk he ran, he sprang out into the middle of the road and waved his arms frantically at the horses moving like a thunderbolt towards him. But they were too maddened with terror to heed this waving apparition in their path, and Phil, in the very nick of time, just jumped aside and avoided the carriage-pole, pointed like a living lance at his breast.

As the horses whirled past he clutched madly at the loose reins, see-sawing in the air. He held them, and the leather slid through his frenzied grasp, cutting his palms to the bone. When he reached the loop he was jerked off his feet with a terrible shock, and was whirled along the dusty road, the carriage wheels grinding, crunching and skidding within a foot of his head. Luckily, the reins held, and when, after being dragged a hundred yards or so, and half choked by the thick dust, he managed to scramble to his feet, he pulled, with frenzied, convulsive strength, on the off-side rein. The horses swerved to the fearful saw on their jaws, and pulled nearly into the left hand hedge. Phil's desperate idea was to overturn the carriage into the hedge before the horses could reach the bridge, for he felt he could no more pull them up than he dare let them go. There was a chance for the lady if she were overturned into the bank or hedge, but none whatever if she were thrown at the bridge. In a minute or so the carriage lurched horribly sideways; there was a grinding crash, and the carriage overturned bodily into the bank. The lady was shot out, and the next minute the horses' hoofs were making tooth picks of the wrecked carriage.

Phil darted up the bank, and found the lady dazed and bruised, but he was overjoyed to see that she wasn't dead.

"Are you much hurt?"

"No, I don't think so," she said, with a brave smile, "but I expected to be killed any minute. You are a brave man, sir, to risk your life for a stranger."

Phil said in his old style: "Not at all. I'm glad, though, that I did turn the brutes in time."

In a minute or two there was a small crowd. Half-a-dozen stray cyclists had wheeled up, and with their help Phil got out the horses, dreadfully cut about the legs and shivering with terror, from the wreckage. Down the dusty road were men running for dear life, and ahead of all Phil caught sight of a well-known athletic figure running like a deer, and in another minute Acton was asking the lady in panting bursts if she were not really hurt.

"No, John; not in the least. I owe my life to this gentleman here, who pulled the horses into the bank before they could reach the bridge."

Acton wheeled round with a face beaming with gratitude; but when he saw Bourne standing there, rather uneasy at being the object of so much praise, his face went deathly white. He stared at Bourne in an ecstacy of astonishment and shame. A thousand thoughts rushed through his mind, but he stammered out:

"Bourne! I can never thank you enough for saving my mother's life, but will you shake my hand?"

Phil put out his own unhesitatingly, and in that moment all hatred vanished from Acton's heart. He recognised that Phil was a braver and a better fellow than he.

"Of course!" said Mrs. Acton. "How blind of me not to see that the gentleman is one of your schoolfellows, John!"

"Mother," said Acton, "this is Phil Bourne, who, I hope, from this day will consider me his friend. A better fellow doesn't breathe in St. Amory's."

"Draw it mild, Acton," said Phil blushing.

"Not at all," said Acton excitedly.

Phil, to escape Acton's unstinted praises

asked Mrs. Acton how the horses had managed to bolt.

"While I was at the station yard, talking to John, a piece of newspaper whirled up in the horses' faces and startled them. They jumped forward in terror, and threw off the coachman with the sudden start. In another moment they were tearing along, and ran until you so bravely overturned us."

"You will come and have tea with mother and me," said Acton, "in my den?"

"Oh, do!" said Mrs. Acton. "I'm delighted to see you and John such friends."

The two "friends" looked down on the ground rather guiltily, but Phil said, "I shall be only too delighted."

The trio walked back along the road—a happy trio they were too—and a melancholy procession of injured horses and an angry coachman closed their rear. The tea in Acton's room was very successful, and I should fancy Grim did more hard staring and hard thinking when he saw Phil amicably seated with his feet under Acton's table, than he ever did before. The minute he had permission to go he flew down the corridor and exploded bomb shell after bomb shell among wondering Amorians.

"Acton and Phil Bourne teaing together like two birds on a bough!" he gasped.

"That would be a funny sight," said Cherry. "Birds don't take tea."

"Go away and write an epilogue, Fruity. Teaing together, you fellows, as friendly as Rogers and I might."

"Only that," said Rogers, with a general wink, "my opinion is that Grimmy has been on the drink and has seen double." Incredulity and wonder were the dominant notes among Amorians for the next two hours.

Acton and Bourne walked to the station together with Mrs. Acton; and when she had gone to town and they were strolling back to the school Acton said:—

"Bourne, I've been an arrant cad since I came to St. Amory's, and if those horses hadn't bolted with mater, and you had not turned up in time to save her, I should certainly have gone on being a cad until the end of the chapter. But now I'm going to dry up. I suppose you know that you aren't popular among the fellows?"

"Rather!" said Phil, gloomily.

"And you know that you owe all this to me?"

"Only too well, Acton."

"Well, I'm going to make what amends I can. Have you any objection to my proposing you as Captain to-night?"

"Acton, you are a brick," said Phil, "but you're too late now. I don't stand a ghost of a chance against Mivart."

"And I'll get Mivart to second you. I can put all the fellows straight concerning you, and, by Jove, it's the least I can do! I'll make a clean breast of it to them all to-night before the election comes on."

"Oh, no you won't! I'd rather lose the captaincy than that. Besides, Aspinall asked me not to do anything bar refuse you your cap."

"I've been an insufferable cad," said Acton, with a hot blush, "but you shall be Captain in any case."

Acton saw Mivart, and whether he told him the whole history of his quarrel with Bourne or not, I cannot say; anyhow, Acton prevailed on him to second Phil. Mivart was a very good fellow, as I said before, and he thoroughly believed that Bourne would make a better Captain than he himself would, so he said he would be delighted to back Phil up to any extent since Phil was not now the jealous bounder he had so long been considered.

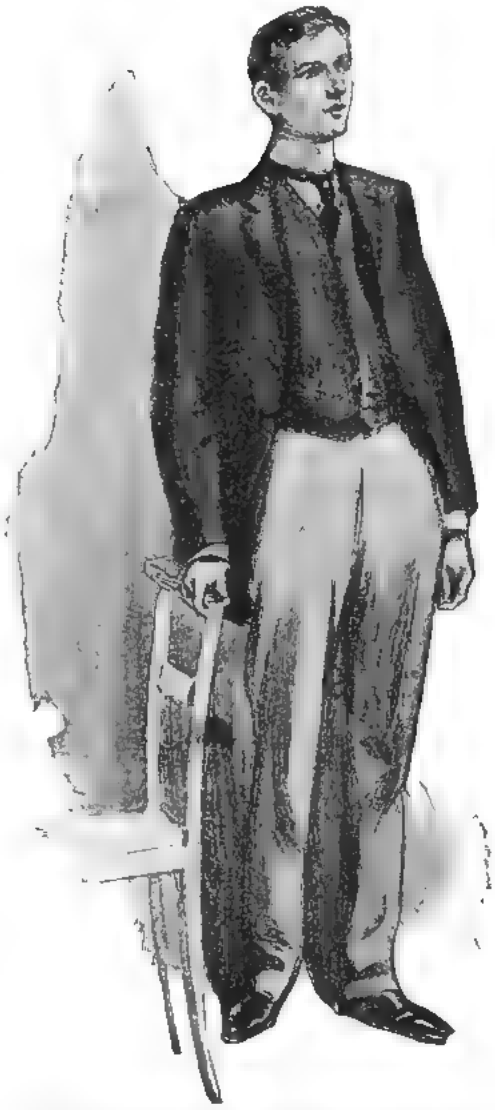
I myself, as the retiring Captain, took the chair in the Sixth Form room to see the election of my successor through with all due solemnity. Acton got up, and though he was very nervous, he said out straight what he had resolved to say. "I propose Phil Bourne for Captain in place of Carr, and I'll tell you why. I consider him the most suitable fellow to take our old Captain's place. Many of you may be—will be—surprised to hear me propose Bourne, for between us two, as you all know, there has been no love lost. But in all the dreary business I have been the utter cad and Bourne the other thing. He brought upon himself any amount of bad feeling because he would not give me my 'footer' cap. I did not deserve it"—someone here said "rot!" emphatically—"not because I wasn't good enough a player, but for another reason, which, much as I should shy at telling you, I would tell, only Bourne begged me not to. It is his and Carr's and another fellow's secret as much as mine, so I feel I had better not say it. But, believe me, in the business I was an utter cad, and instead of bringing all that row about my cap upon Bourne's head I ought to have burned my boots and never kicked a football again. There's another matter, this time strictly between Bourne and self, in which I did him as big an injury as one fellow can do another. He gave me a sound thrashing for it on the morning that you fellows went away last term, and Carr and Vercoe here assisted us in our little mill. No one ever deserved a thrashing as I deserved that one, and now I'm glad I got it. It was Bourne's only score against me. Fact is," said Acton, with a grim smile, "I'd rather meet another Jarvis than Bourne."

The fellows opened their eyes and wondered what next.

"This term I've worked the whole school, and especially you monitors, against Bourne, to make his chance of getting the captaincy a very rocky one. And I think I pretty well succeeded. And how does Bourne reply to this? This afternoon he risks his life to save my mother from being killed when her horses bolted. You all liked Bourne before I appeared on the scene, with good reason, and I do hope you will all give him your votes, for, and I say it absolutely sure of its truth, the best fellow in St. Amory's is Bourne. That is all I can say."

Mivart got up before the fellows had time to recover from their astonishment, and said:—

"I have great pleasure in seconding Acton's proposal. I, too, consider Bourne out and out the best fellow to take Carr's place. Whilst Phil was under a cloud I was willing to stand for Captain, but since we all know now that he stands where he did, the only proper thing to do is to give him the unanimous vote, for I do not mean to stand at all."



ACTON GOT UP, AND THOUGH HE WAS VERY NERVOUS, HE SAID OUT STRAIGHT WHAT HE HAD RESOLVED TO SAY.

The fellows blankly voted for Bourne, and, as Grim would be sure to say, "the proposition was carried *nem. con.*"

That evening Corker confirmed Phil's appointment, and I spent as happy an evening as I can remember. Acton said he should not come back to St. Amory's again, as his record was too black to be used as a convenient reference, but Phil and I and all the fellows told him we should be only too glad to let by-gones be by-gones, and that he had really done the square thing at the last.

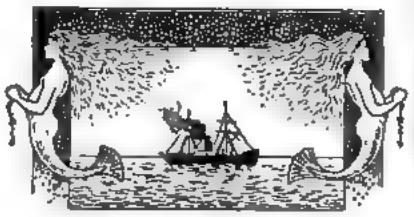
He did come back, and Phil's letters to me tell me that his old enemy is one of the most popular — deservedly — in the school, and his best friend. They are inseparable, play back together at "footer," and are variously called Gemini, Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan, as the case may be.

Biffen's are still cock-house at "footer"; Acton is going in again for the "heavy"—this time without the Coon's help—and those "niggers," Singh Ram and Runjit Mehtah, to Worcester's intense disgust, are the representatives of St. Amory's in gymnastics; and, altogether, Biffen's House is, thanks to Acton's help, perhaps the most distinguished in the school.

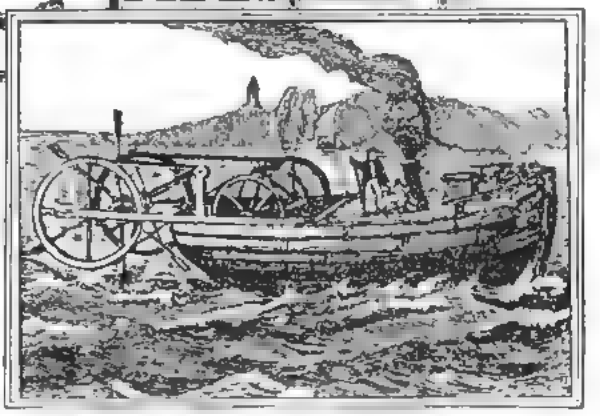
(THE END.)

Fred Swainson

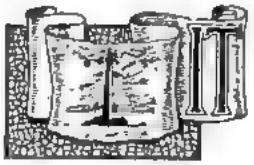
THE STORY OF OUR STEAMSHIPS



Author of "The Beginnings of the Railway," etc.



THE "CHARLOTTE DUNDAS," 1802, INVENTED BY SYMINGTON.



IS certainly to be marvelled at that steam was used as a means of locomotion on the sea long before it was used for that same purpose on the land. The only reason that can be given for this is that England's power always was, as it still is, on the sea, and so, naturally, inventors turned their thoughts in the direction of those things which would bring them most fame and wealth. Inventors set to work, and a steamship was the result, and even a steamer had successfully crossed the wide expanse of the Atlantic Ocean several years before the opening of the first railway line in 1825.

The first idea of steam navigation (an idea only) was conceived by one Jonothan Hulls, who, in 1737, issued a pamphlet with the following title:—

A description and draught of a new invented machine for carrying vessels or ships out of or in to any harbour, port or river, against wind or tide, or in a calm, for which His Majesty George II. has granted his letters patent for the space of fourteen years.

By JONOTHAN HULLS.

But a vessel answering to the description set forth in the pamphlet was never constructed. Fifty years later an American named John Fitch, who was born at Windsor, Connecticut, on January 21st, 1743, formed a company for the purpose of navigating by steam, and in 1787 a steamer designed by him was launched on the Delaware. This continued until 1790, when the game was found to be a losing one, and the company was dissolved. In 1793 he endeavoured to introduce his invention into France, but met with no success. He returned from Europe to his native country, and, meeting with nothing but disappointment, committed suicide in 1798. So much for two non-successes; we will now turn to the first success, and for that Scotland must be sought out, and there we shall find the real inventor of steam navigation.

Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, in Dumfrieshire, had made several attempts to propel a boat without oars or sails, by means of paddle wheels worked by horses. This was in 1785-6

William Symington, of Leadhills, in Lanarkshire, had, in 1786, constructed a small model of a steam *carriage* which he submitted to the inspection of several learned gentlemen in Edinburgh.

James Taylor was a schoolfellow of Symington, and tutor to Miller's family. Now Mr. Taylor informed Mr. Miller that his (Taylor's) friend, Mr. Symington, had constructed a carriage which would go by steam. This piece of information greatly interested Mr. Miller, who went off at once to Edinburgh to see Mr. Symington's invention. He was gladly shown it, and in the course of conversation mentioned to Symington his various experiments in navigation by means of paddles worked by horses. Thereupon the idea struck Symington that his steam engine could take the place of the horses and apply the necessary rotary motion to the paddles. This he propounded to Mr. Miller, with the result that, in 1788 the first steamer was set afloat on Dalswinton Lake. This was

but a year or so after James Fitch's steamer was launched on the Delaware.

Such is the complicated history of the first steamer, each of the above-named gentlemen, it is said, claiming the invention as theirs.

Miller had invented the paddles.

Symington provided the steam power.

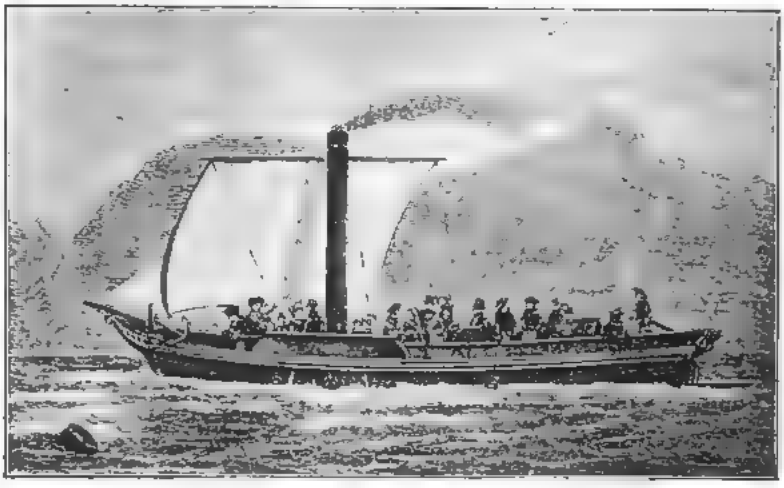
Said Miller: "What would be the use of the steam without the paddles?" Said Symington: "Without the steam, the paddles are useless."

Unfortunately, this squabbling led to the separation of Miller and Symington. The former was in a good position—a banker, in fact, and therefore was able to pursue his course with ease; but it was not so with Symington, who had not sufficient means to further perfect his engine. By the aid of Lord Dundas, however, he was introduced to the Duke of Bridgewater, hoping thereby to obtain the Duke's patronage, for he was interested in many canals. The interview was very successful, and he obtained the order to build several steamers for use on the Duke's canals. But unhappily the Duke suddenly died, and Symington's hopes were shattered. However, he had built one steamer called the *Charlotte Dundas*, which was launched in 1802 in the Forth and Clyde Canal. The trial was successful, but steam towing was abandoned for fear of destroying the banks of the canal. Still more misfortunes followed the man who really must have the credit for the invention of the steamer, as will be shown later on, and he died in 1831. It was due to him that the steamer was introduced into America in 1807 by Robert Fulton. Fulton was in England, watching some of the experiments which were being made by Symington under the patronage of Lord Dundas. Symington, complying with this complete stranger's request, allowed Fulton to make full drawings of the vessel, and moreover explained the whole construction to him. In return, he received the promise from Fulton that, when introduced into America, the construction of the vessels should be in his (Symington's) hands. In spite of this, it is said that Fulton never afterwards acknowledged his indebtedness to Symington.

Previous to this, no steamer had ventured out on the sea; all the experiments and trials had taken place, either on a lake, on a river, or in a canal. It was in January, 1812, that Henry Bell of Helensburgh, another Scotchman and a friend of Symington, constructed the *Comet*, a steamboat of about twenty-five tons, propelled by an engine of three-horse power at a rate of seven miles an hour.

It is interesting to know that the first steamer in the British Navy was also called the *Comet*.

Bell's *Comet* first began to steam up the Clyde, but later on it took to the open sea and steamed all round the Scotch coast. After a few trips she was found unfitted for such a rough coast, and was eventually broken up, and a new *Comet* was built by subscription in 1821. This new steamer ran successfully for some years, but on October 21, 1825, it came into collision with another steamer off Gourock and was sunk, seventy lives being lost in the catastrophe.



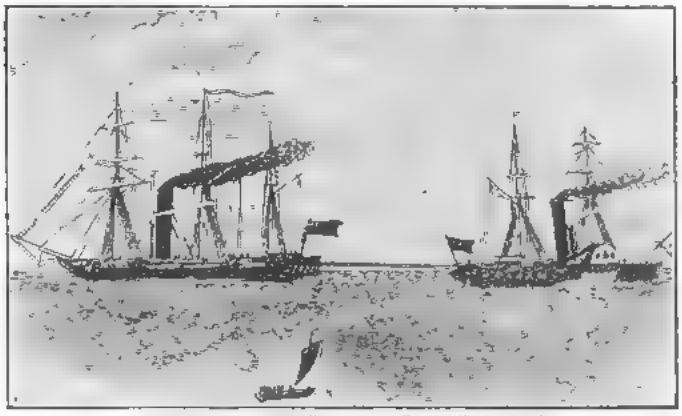
MR. HENRY BELL'S STEAMER, THE COMET, 1811.
This steamboat, of 25 tons, was propelled by an engine of 3-h.p. at a rate of seven miles an hour.

Quickly in the wake of the pioneer steamer came several others, mostly hailing from Scotland, and then a steamer named the *Margery*, after having plied in the Clyde, was bought by a London firm, and ran in the Thames from London to Gravesend. Later on this steamer was purchased by a French company for the Seine, and thus it was that the *Margery* was the first steamer to cross the Channel.

In 1818 the first steamer crossed the great expanse of the Atlantic Ocean. The passage took thirty-two days. The steamer, however, was a Dutch one, called the *Curaçoa*, and

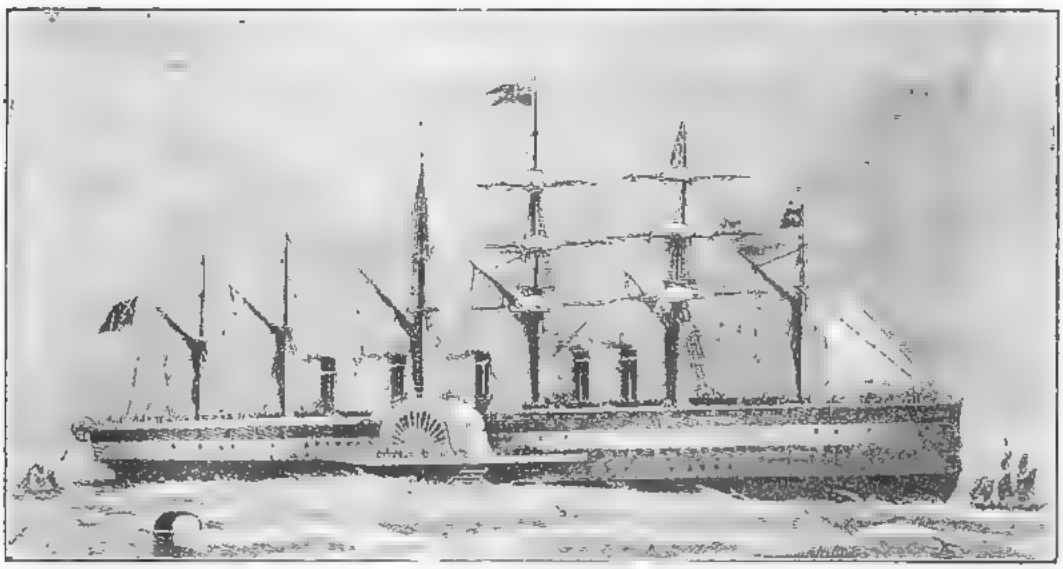
started from Holland for Surinam. The first steamer to cross from the other side of the Atlantic was the *Savannah* She started from New York on 20th May, 1819, and arrived at Liverpool in twenty-nine days eleven hours, and thus beat the Dutch record by a few days. It is interesting to note, however, that for only eighty-eight hours did the paddles work, all the rest of the journey being done by the aid of the wind.

For several years after this, however, no attempt at all was made to lower the record. It was reserved to that great engineer, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, who had just been appointed as engineer to the newly-made Great Western Railway, to accomplish this. As early as 1835 he suggested to the directorate of the company that they should make a much longer vessel than had been previously constructed—one which could contain sufficient coal for a journey of two to three thousand miles, and run it between Bristol and New York. His suggestion was seriously considered and later on adopted, and, designed by Brunel, the *Great Western* steamship was constructed at Bristol under his supervision. Her length was 212ft. between the perpendiculars, 35ft. 4ins. broad, and had a displacement of 2,300 tons, and was propelled by paddles. She was launched July 19th, 1837, and was the first steamship built which made *regular* voyages across the Atlantic.



THE TRIAL OF THE "RATTLER" AND "ALECTO."
Which proved that the "screw-propeller" was superior to the paddle-wheel.

Brunel now turned his attention to the construction of an iron steamer, using for the first time in a large ship, the "screw propeller," which has now displaced the old paddle wheels. The efficiency of the screw propeller had just been proved by the Admiralty, the *Rattler* being built for the Government, under Brunel's guidance, with the screw. A paddle-wheel steamer, the *Alecto*, was brought into requisition, and a curious test was applied to



THE "GREAT EASTERN," 1857.
The largest steamer ever built, until the *Oceanic* was launched January 14, 1899.

both, to prove the quality of their relative towing powers. They were secured stern to stern by ropes, and then they exerted their full strength, each pulling in opposite directions. The trial took place in 1844, in the North Sea, during a calm, and the *Rattler* succeeded, by the superior resources of its propeller, in dragging after her the reluctant and resisting *Alecto*, at a speed of two miles and eight-tenths per hour.

The superiority of the screw propeller thus being proved, Brunel decided to fit his new steamer with it. The *Great Britain* was its name, and besides being the first large vessel to use the screw propeller, it was the first constructed iron boat, and the largest vessel afloat at the time. She made her first voyage from Liverpool to New York in August, 1845. A year later she was run down off the Irish coast, on the rocks at Dundrum Bay, and laid there nearly a year before any attempts were made to get her off. But eventually this was done, and she was employed in the Australian trade. Soon after this, the master mind of Brunel began to meditate on a vaster project still, the construction of a vessel large enough to carry all the coal necessary for a long outward voyage, and if no coal could be obtained at the outward port, sufficient for the homeward one, too! In 1852 he laid his scheme before the directorate, and the result was the *Great Eastern*, which, until the *Oceanic* was launched on January 14th, 1899, was the largest vessel ever built—of course, this in point of size only.

THE P. & O. "RIPON" LEAVING THE SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS FOR THE CRIMEA.

The *Great Eastern* was not complete until 1857, and on November 3rd, an unsuccessful attempt was made to launch her. It was not until January 31st of the following year that she was properly launched, and she then lay in the Thames for over eighteen months. On 7th September, 1859, she steamed down the river, and when just past the Nore a terrible explosion occurred, in which seven persons were killed and several severely wounded. On June 17th, 1860, she set to sea again, and this time this unfortunate vessel was more successful, for she made the trip to America in eleven days. In 1861 she met a terrible storm off the Irish coast, and was severely damaged. A truly unfortunate vessel was this leviathan, as we have briefly shown above. In 1864 it was sold to the American Telegraph Cable Company to carry the cable whilst it was being laid down across the ocean. Its selling price was £25,000, or a thirtieth of its cost.

The Government were slow to recognise the value of the steam over the old sailer, and it was not until 1837 that the first contract was signed for the conveyance of the mails by steamers. This first contract was with the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Co., or the "P. and O.," as it is called for short, the largest of all the great steamship companies. Their first steamer, the *William Fawcett*, of 200 tons burthen, was built in 1829, and a comparison of it with the magnificent liner pictured on page 130 of the May CAPTAIN, in Mr. J. A. Kay's excellent article, goes to show the rapid strides made in the construction of our ocean greyhounds.

This company was one of the first to act as transports for our soldiers in time of war, and the accompanying illustration of the *Ripon* leaving Southampton Docks for the Crimea in 1854, carrying the Grenadier Guards, will, at this time, prove interesting.

The Cunard line was started in 1838, and was the first steamship company to run a regular service to America. The P. and O.

steam mail service having been inaugurated, tenders were invited for the conveyance of the mails to America by steam also. Samuel Cunard, a quaker of Halifax, Nova Scotia, hearing of it, sailed for England to find a capitalist who would help him to carry out his project. At Liverpool he met Sir George Burns and Mr. David McIver, and in a couple of days the Cunard Company was floated with a capital of £200,000, and their mail service tender was accepted.

"BRITANNIA," 1840.
The first boat belonging to the Cunard Line to carry the mails to America. July, 1840.

The *Britannia* was their first boat, which left the Mersey on July 4th, 1840, and reached Boston in fourteen days eight hours.

Then the Americans started a line of their own; and then came the race, in which the Cunarders were beaten in everything but the comfort of their vessels.

Disaster, however, followed the American firm—a series of terrible accidents happened to her ships, and in 1858 the company failed, and the English line held sway. Competition still existed amongst the British steamship companies, but to deal with that, interesting though it be, would require more space than is at our disposal.

The White Star line, another famous transatlantic line, was founded in 1860, and is, perhaps, best known to our readers as being the owner of the *Oceanic*, above referred to, which bears the same name as the first of the White Star liners, and which was also built by the same firm, Messrs. Harland & Wolff, of Belfast. All steamers bearing names ending in "ic" belong to this company.

The following table, taken from the *Daily Chronicle* of January 11th, 1899, shows clearly where the greatness of our greatest steamer, the *Oceanic*, lies. It is in her motive power that she far excels any other steamer yet launched.

STEAMER.	LAUNCHED.	HORSE-POWER.
Great Eastern	1858	2,600
Etruria	1884	14,500
Umbria	1884	14,500
Majestic	1889	16,000
Teutonic	1889	16,000
Campania	1893	30,000
Lucania	1895	30,000
Wilhelm der Grosse ...	1893	28,000
Oceanic	1899	45,000

Also, she is to be compared with two of our latest ironclads, *Powerful* and *Terrible*, whose horse-power is only 25,000. Says the writer in the paper above mentioned: "What shall we reach in another score of years, for no one can believe that the *Oceanic* is the last word of either Messrs. Harland & Wolff, or of the shipbuilding trade of the United Kingdom. There is no finality in this business."

PROBABLE INVENTIONS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

(Below we publish a list of some of the most amusing "inventions" forecast by our readers in May Competition I.)

(1) There will be no need to sleep, owing to a discovery by one of the most famous scientists of the day.

(2) No one will have newspapers; by a combination of electricity, lenses, and mirrors you will be able to read the news from the table-cloth.

(3) A clock that speaks the hours.

(4) Meals put into little tabloids.

(5) Brimless ladies' sailor hats.

(6) A machine for carving chickens.

(7) Automatic figures to act as ambulance men and nurses when fighting people like the Boers.

(8) A machine to prevent women gossiping.

(9) A telephotoelectrophono microscopograph. By means of this invention you will be able to photograph microbes in Mexico (although you are in London) and hear what they are saying to each other.

(10) A railway to Mars.

(11) Handkerchiefs marked with owner's photograph.

(12) A patent appliance which, if a man swears, will fine him by snatching a shilling out of his pocket and throwing it to a beggar.

MUGGINS' PRETTY SISTER.

By a Fourth Form Chap.

Sketches by E. F. Skinner.

HIS name was Muggins, to begin with, which was bad enough (I don't think fellows ought to be saddled with their fathers' beastly names if they don't like them; fancy being called *Muggins!*), and he was the worst little funk in the school; why, you'd only got to twist his wrist just the least bit round the wrong way and he'd howl blue murder; and then when the fellows found out that it rhymed with Juggins, he might just as well have gone and drowned himself at once. It was young Foster Minor who nosed it out, and he wrote a spiffing verse about it; but Muggins didn't like it, so the fellows shouted it out at him whenever he ventured to come out into the playground, and he used to skulk about indoors all day. He was an awful little muff; he couldn't stand a word of chaff, and, of course, that made the fellows tease his life out; and young Foster wrote another verse better than the first, but when four of the chaps joined hands and sang it round him, Mug. just sat down and blubbed.

Of course, after that, you couldn't expect any of us to have anything to do with him, and Foster Minor moved his seat away from him, and young Burke did the same from the other side; and when Muggins saw what they had done he looked as if he'd jolly well like to sit and blub all through class—like a girl.

If it hadn't been for that pretty sister of his, he might have been sitting there still—he was an awful little duffer.

It was young Burke who found it out.

"I say, you fellows," he yelled one morning in the playground, "what d'you think? Juggins has got a sister!"

"*How* wonderful!" exclaimed Wingfield, in that curl-of-the-lip sort of way he's got. "Did you hear that, you chaps? A *sister*, just fancy!"

"Oh, you may sneer and try to be funny," said Burke, getting huffy; "just you wait till you see her photo!"

He wouldn't tell us any more after that—Wingfield always put his monkey up—and we couldn't get him to open his mouth, till I sat on his chest, and Wright held his ankles, and Morrison twisted his wrists round the wrong way. Then he said things.

"What—about—Muggins'—sister?" I asked, getting up and sitting down again between every word as heavily as I could. I weigh 9st. 6lbs.

"Ugh!" grunted Burke, and that was all, though his face was jolly red, and his eyes looked bulgy. Burke always was an obstinate little beggar. Morrison doubled up his elbow and knocked it twice with the ruler—hard. Burke gave a sort of groan. "I give in, you beastly bullies," he gasped. I jumped on his chest once more, just to punish him for saying that, and he said I had injured his lungs for life, but I don't believe I had; anyhow, he had no business to call names. So then we let him get up.

"Well, what about Muggins' sister?" said Morrison, holding his ear in case he tried to make a bolt.

"Let go my ear," said Burke.

"What about Muggins' sister?" said Morrison, pinching it a little harder to hurry him.

"I only meant she was so jolly pretty," said Burke, sulkily. And then he gave a sudden wriggle, and ducked down, and before we could stop him he had bunked for the house. "Go and ask him to show you her photo, if you want to know!" he yelled back over his shoulder.

So we did. I went too, not because I wanted to see a beastly girl, I think all girls are rot, but I didn't believe Muggins' sister *could* be pretty, and so I wanted to find out.

Muggins was in the school-room, and he looked rather funky when he saw Morrison and Wingfield and Wright and me coming in, and he got up in a hurry to go. But Morrison called him back.

"Don't go, Muggy," he said, "we've only come to see your precious sister."

Muggins went as red as fire, and turned his back, and pretended to be looking for something in his desk.

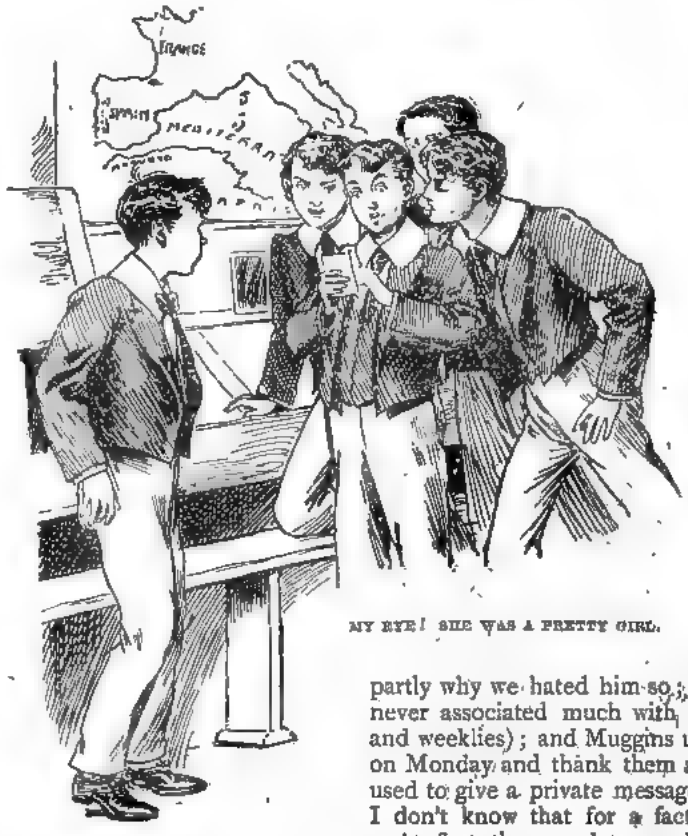
"I don't know what you mean: I haven't got a sister," he said, sulkily.

"You needn't get such a . olour over it," I said. "You look like a beastly lobster; and you needn't tell us any lies either. Burke has told us all about her, so trot her out, my beauty, and let's see if she's got a mug like yours."

So then he began to fumble unwillingly in his pocket, and presently he pulled out a photo and handed it to us.

"Oh, you mean that," he said, as if it had quite slipped his memory that he had a sister at all.

My eye! she was a pretty girl. I don't care a hang for girls, myself; I think they are rot, and I can't see what there is about them to make even decent chaps get spooney on them, and ass around, and go scarlet and look idiots if you so much as mention their name; but I will own that Muggins' sister had got the very prettiest face I ever saw. It was one of those medium-sized photos—"cart" something or other, I think they call them, and coloured, and she had a heap of light, fluffy, golden curls all round her face, and very big blue eyes, and a little nose and mouth, and a complexion that Foster Minor said was milk and roses; and, besides, she was smiling, and had a dimple each side. She'd got her head on one side, though, and I thought that made her look affected, but the fellows wouldn't own it; and I said I didn't think a young girl like her ought to have those big pearls round her neck, the mater wouldn't think of letting Nellie I was jolly well sure, but the fellows said "Rot!"



MY EYE! SHE WAS A PRETTY GIRL.

You wouldn't believe what a difference that photo made to Muggins. At first he seemed rather ashamed of it, and got red and huffy if you only mentioned it—I think he was afraid they were getting at him; but when he found that they didn't chaff, and stopped ragging him, and one after another came up and asked to look at his "beautiful sister," he began to get quite cocky and put on airs, and at last he refused to show it at all under a penny a head. But he promised to let Foster Minor have three looks free a day, if he'd give him his solemn oath to tear up all those verses he'd written about him, and to punch every kid's head that he heard saying them. And Foster promised and thanked him gratefully.

Foster was about the worst of the lot over that sister, though I think about half the Fifth and jolly well all the Fourth said they were dying of love for her, and I guess Mug. had never been so rich in his life as when it came into his head to charge a penny for every look. I know for a fact that young Allan (one of the Third kids) gave him every penny of his pocket money for two weeks running, and wanted to swop his guinea bat, and his white mice, and his best knife, with him for that photo. But Muggins wouldn't.

And then the chaps took to buying sweets and all sorts of things for Muggins to take home on Saturday. (Muggins was a weekly boarder, you know; that is partly why we hated him so; the real boarders never associated much with the beastly dailies and weeklies); and Muggins used to come back on Monday and thank them all, and I think he used to give a private message to each one, but I don't know that for a fact.

At first they used to send flowers too, but Muggins told them his sister didn't care much for flowers, she liked sweets best, and then tarts; and after that it was as much as he could do to carry all the bags on Saturday—but he didn't seem to mind.

I never knew fellows could be such asses as those chaps were over that pretty sister of Muggins'. Muggins wanted me to have a pennyworth at first, but I told him that girls were rot, and that I'd punch his head if he ever asked me again, so he didn't. But Foster Minor, who was a jolly decent little chap as a rule, was clean

gone on her—it made me sick to hear him. But when I found out that just by saying her name (Muggins wouldn't tell us at first, he said he didn't know, but when I pinched him for a lie, he yelled out that it was "Marguerite") as I passed, I could make the whole Fourth look like a row of lobsters, it wasn't so bad, only disgusting.

Anyhow, it was jolly fine for Muggins—instead of laughing at him and chivvying him, and calling him Juggins, the fellows couldn't make enough fuss of him; and when I jawed them they only looked red, and said well he wasn't half a bad chap really, and anyhow he'd got the prettiest sister in the school; and young Burke got cheeky and said it was all jolly fine for me to talk, but everyone knew the grapes were sour. So I punched his head for that and made him fight me. He got a jolly licking, and that made me feel better.

Luckily it was near the end of the term, and I knew Muggins wasn't coming back next term, so it couldn't go on much longer.

WHEN HE FELT HOW COLD THE WATER WAS HE YELLED BLUE MURDER, AND PRAYED ME TO SAVE HIM

But the fellows all cadged to get asked down to Muggins' place in the holidays, and young Allan wrote a long letter (he stayed in all Saturday afternoon to do it) and folded it up and hid it in amongst a pound of the best chocolates, and gave it to Muggins to give his sister. I don't know for certain what he said, but Muggins was grinning very much on Monday, and he gave him his sister's love and said she thanked him very much for the chocolates, but she was afraid she could not invite him down as she had never seen him, and besides, she couldn't love him because he had got red hair.

Young Allan talked a lot of rot and uttered "dark threats of suicide," as they say in the story books. When I told him that he hadn't the pluck to do it, he turned straight round and ran and jumped into Hendley Pond, and he couldn't swim a stroke; but when he felt how cold the water was he yelled blue murder, and prayed me to save him, and so I hauled him out. But he was jolly wet and miserable, and he had such a cold next morning that the matron kept him in bed for a week, and he was quite proud.

The day before the end of the term Muggins raffled the photo, and he got 13s. 9¾d. for it. It was Foster Minor who got it, which was jolly hard for the rest, as it was Foster who only put in the 9¾d. instead of a shilling, as that was all he had left; but Muggins let him for fear he should write some more verses if he didn't.

And if it hadn't have been for his father——. But this is how it all came out: you know the day after the prize-giving, lots of the daily and weekly boarders' fathers come over to fetch them home, and the Head gives them cake and wine and makes himself pleasant generally. Well, Muggins senior turned up in the morning, in their dog-cart, and the Doc. had him in into the big schoolroom, where all the boys and masters had collected, some of them just going, some of them talking to their paters and uncles, and most of the real boarders just sitting about, not going till the afternoon train; and the old Doc. fussing around amongst them all — doing the polite and the paternal.

He was jolly nice and amiable to Muggins, when he came in ready;

said he was sorry he wasn't coming back and all that, and patted him on the shoulder and told him to be sure and behave prettily to his sister in the holidays. Muggins senior looked up and laughed when the Doc. said that.

"His sister!" he said laughing, "unfortunately, he hasn't one."

Lord! you should have seen the sensation that little sentence made. All the boys in the room seemed to hear it, I don't know how, but, anyhow, they all stopped talking suddenly and turned and stared at Muggins and his pater and the Doc.

I happened to be looking at Muggins when the Doc. said that, and you never saw such a sight as his face was in your life: first it went crimson, and then as white as chalk, then an unholy-looking gray, and finished up by becoming streaky. And he gave a funny little croaking laugh that wasn't a laugh at all, and he said:

"There's only me and my little brother in the family, sir."

Didn't the old Doc. stare! You see, even he had heard something or other about that precious sister of Muggins; and he stared at Muggins, then pulled out his gold-rimmed glasses and polished them up, and peered at him through them; and then he said, in a puzzled sort of way:—

"You *are* Walter Muggins, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," said Muggins, rather faintly, and I could see he was wriggling all over with terror.

"And you haven't any sister?" went on the old Doc., looking quite bewildered.

"No, sir," whispered Muggins, looking quite sick.

"Of course not! What do you mean?" said Muggins senior, sharply.

Then there was a dreadful pause, and suddenly in the silence (some of them said afterwards that it was young Allan, but I would stake my davy it was Foster Minor):—

"Then who is Marguerite?" said a voice in a despairing sort of way.

Muggins looked up for just a second, and when he saw all those eyes staring and glaring at him, he just gave a sort of abject howl, and ducked his head down on his arm and began to blub.

Didn't Muggins senior look jolly wild! I shouldn't have cared to have him for a father; he didn't look the sort that would stand much nonsense. Perhaps that was what had made Mug. such a funky little beast.

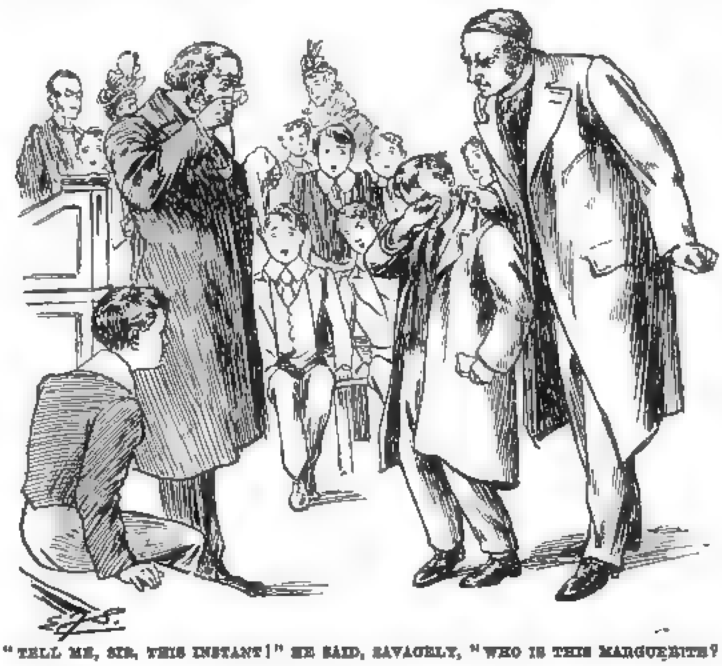
"What do you mean by all this, sir?" he said shortly. "Who is Marguerite?"

Mug. blubbed so hard that he couldn't answer.

"Answer me, sir!" said his pater.

"I—don't—know!" gasped Mug., and blubbed worse than ever.

Jove! it was ripping to see all those boys' faces. You might have knocked half of them down with a feather when he came out with that, and I had to stuff my handkerchief halfway down my throat to keep me from exploding. I wouldn't have missed it for a fiver.



"TELL ME, SIR, THIS INSTANT!" HE SAID, SAVAGELY, "WHO IS THIS MARGUERITE?"

"Explain, sir!" said Muggins senior curtly.

"I—never said—she—was my sister," blubbed Muggins. "Burke said she—was,—and I said no—she wasn't—at first—b-but they didn't—believe—and—and so I—let them think so! I wish I was dead; oh, I do!"

The old Doc. looked touched—he always was a tender-hearted old bounder, and hated to cane any of us unless it was for anything shady, and then he was rampant—but Muggins senior didn't; he just took hold of the poor beggar's shoulder and shook him till he howled.

"Tell me, sir, this instant!" he said savagely. "Who is this Marguerite?"

"Ow!" howled Muggins, "I-- I—*got her out of—a penny-in-the-slot machine!*"

And when he said that, it was too much for me, and I went off like a bottle of ginger-beer in the hot weather, and, of course, I had to bunk out of the room, and so I missed the end, which was jolly hard lines.

But the fellows told me all about it afterwards. They said the old Head pitied Mug. because he blubbed so; he was afraid he would make himself ill, and he wanted to take him away and give him time to recover; but Muggins senior wouldn't hear of it, and he made him blab it all out before the whole school, every word.

Of course, when we came to think of it, he *hadn't* told us a lie in the first instance; it was all that ass of a Burke taking things for granted in that way. At first Mug. had never dreamt of keeping it up and taking us all in like that; but when he found how polite the chaps had grown all of a sudden, and then what a jolly fine thing he made of it, the beggar was only too glad to keep mum, and I don't wonder either.

But to think that the beautiful, amiable Marguerite, who was so fond of sweets and tarts should be only a penny auto-photo after all! Jove! didn't it make me ache! and wasn't it a glorious sell for those fellows, and didn't they look fools—it makes me split again whenever I think of it!

It served them jolly well right, too, for being such beastly spoons, though I didn't think Muggins had it in him to do it; but it was the best joke I ever knew, and I was jolly glad, because I always said that all girls were rot!

MARION WARD.

"MY PROFESSION."

(Contributed by readers of "The Captain."

BANKING.

As it is the aim of agriculturists to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, so the system of banking has increased the powers of real coins of the realm by adding to them an enormous increment of fictitious money in the shape of credit, which makes innumerable transactions possible which were not so formerly; and banks have become a necessity of the age. Their four great functions are:—To exchange money, lend money, borrow money, and transmit money.

The large number of banks which now exist form a regular network of communication throughout and for the benefit of the country, and the distribution of its wealth where it is needed.

A youth generally enters a bank when he is about seventeen years old, and in most offices is apprenticed for from three to five years, at the end of which time he becomes a clerk, and ascends by annual "rises" until he reaches the end of a scale of salary, after which his promotion depends on his ability. If he has a pleasant manner and smart appearance, he is then probably made a cashier; and afterwards a good knowledge of the system of the books and management of the office procures for him the post of accountant.

The next step is to the increased responsibility of a manager. The final goal after this is attained by very few—the position of general manager of the head office and branches.

In head offices, however, there are posts such as heads of departments (Bill Departments, Advance Departments, etc.); and every bank has a certain number of inspectors, whose work is to go around the branches seeing that everything is straight and in order.

The checking system is a very strong one, and comparatively few cases of fraud occur inside a bank, considering the number of officials: for instance, the cashiers—who are in charge of the money—are not allowed to do any work in connection with the chief books.

Most banks encourage their clerks by offering a pecuniary incentive to them to pass the examinations in banking practice and law, of which there are two—the preliminary and final. These are promoted by the Institute of Bankers, who also publish a monthly magazine containing the current questions and judgments of the day, and who protect bankers generally.

The chief drawback to the clerk is the groove into which he glides, owing to the mechanical work he is engaged upon; and it is well to try and overcome that tendency, and take an intelligent interest in the work of the other departments of the office in his spare moments, and keep well posted up in the constantly increasing law cases (as they affect banking) of the day: all of which will pave the way to the less mechanical, but more lucrative, posts at the top of the ladder.

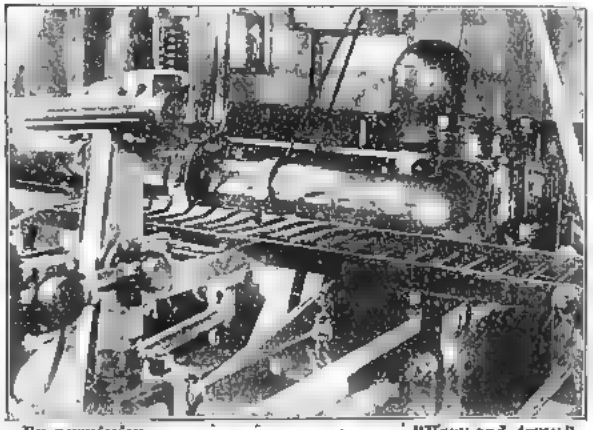
VAUGHAN BOWEN.

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

CONDUCTED BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

No. XII.—ENGINEERS, CONSTRUCTORS, AND MARINES IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

FROM the large number of letters that reach me every week containing questions about the profession of engineer in the Royal Navy, I gather that this branch of the Service is very popular with many of my readers. As regards pay, position, and pension, the position of the naval engineer has much improved of late years, and offers excellent prospects for anyone who has a liking for mechanical and scientific studies, and who is not afraid of hard manual work. The engineer in the Navy now ranks as a commissioned officer. He is on the same footing as the lieutenant and captain of the vessel. Although his training is longer and more thorough than that of any other naval officer, the cost of qualifying is not so great, which accounts for the popularity of the profession with many parents who cannot afford the many expenses incidental to the life of a "middy."



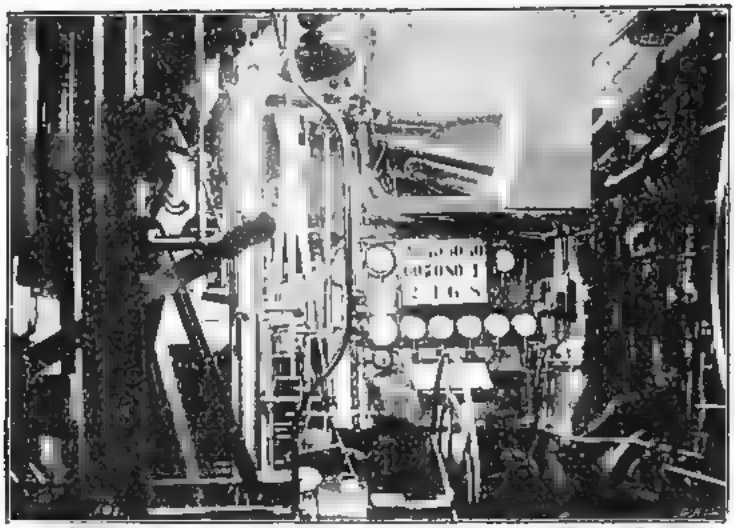
By permission "*Navy and Army.*"

HYDRAULIC ENGINE ROOM OF H.M.S. "TRAFALGAR."

Most of the vacancies for engineer students in the Navy are filled by means of competitive examinations. These examinations are open to the sons of all British subjects, or of parents naturalised in the United Kingdom. A few nominations are given by the Lords of the Admiralty to the sons of officers of the Navy or Army, and also three studentships are annually given to the sons of colonials on the recommendation of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Candidates must be not less than fourteen and not more than seventeen years of age. The examinations take place before the Civil Service Commissioners in the month of April in London, Liverpool, Portsmouth, Devonport, Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Edinburgh, and Dublin. An entrance fee of £1 must be paid by each candidate. The subjects for examination are—Arithmetic, English (including handwriting), grammar and dictation, and reading aloud. These have first place on the list, and any candidate failing to pass in all of these will be disqualified. Stammering or indistinct enunciation will disqualify. The further subjects are French, or German, or Italian (translation into English); Latin; elementary chemistry and physics; geography (including physical geography); algebra up to quadratic equations; Euclid, Books I.—IV., and Book VI., and definitions of Book V.; drawing (freehand). To pass the examinations successfully, at least 45 per cent. of the total marks must be obtained. Successful candidates have to pass a very severe medical examination, have to be revaccinated, and must produce certificates of age and character.

An engineer student, then, has his name entered on the books of the guardship of the depôtshipat Devonport, where he undergoes a training of five years, residing at the training school at Keyham. The educational fees are £40 per year, except in the case of the students nominated by the Board of Admiralty, who are received at £25 a year. In addition to this, a special outfit has to be purchased, which will cost about £15, and a sum of something like £25 per year must be allowed for renewal of uniform and other clothes, washing, and subscriptions to various funds and clubs. Students receive a small allowance during their training, 1s. per week during the first year, 2s. per week for the second year, and increasing every year up to 8s. a week in the fifth. Each student, whose conduct and progress have been satisfactory, is allowed six weeks' leave on full pay each year—four weeks at midsummer, and two weeks at Christmas.

At the end of the second year a preliminary examination is held, when those who fail to



By permission *"Navy and Army."*

FORE ENGINE ROOM OF H.M.S. "TRAFALGAR."

obtain 40 per cent. of the total number of marks will be discharged, unless they are allowed, owing to some good cause, to remain in the lower division for another year. But no student is permitted to remain for more than six years.

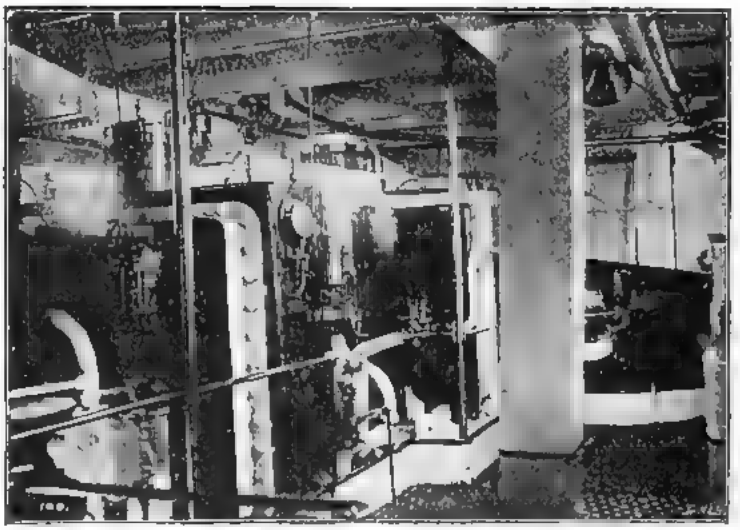
At the final examination, held at the end of the fifth year, the future position of the student depends upon his place in the list. Promotion goes by seniority, and the measure of success in this examination will greatly affect his prospects. The students are divided into three classes, according to order of merit. Those who obtain 60 per cent. of the total number of marks will join the Royal Naval College at Greenwich for further instruction, which means better pay and opportunities of quicker promotion. Students in the second or third classes remain in the Steam Reserve at Devonport, and are appointed to ships as vacancies occur. Those who score under 30 per cent. at the final examination are no longer retained.

Students at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, are again examined at the end of their first session there, and are granted first, second or third class certificates, by which count twelve, six, or three months of the probationary time of promotion.

There is also another way of entering the Navy as an engineer, viz., by direct appointment, when the candidate becomes a probationary assistant-engineer. To enter in this manner the candidate must have passed a full course in engineering at some recognised college. He must be a British subject, and be between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-three, and he must pass the requisite examination at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, in June.

As for the pay of this branch of the service, it is as follows: Assistant engineers receive 7s. 6d. per day, and after five years' service are eligible for the position of engineer, when they receive from 9s. to 12s. per day, according to length of service. They may rise, as vacancies occur, to fleet, staff, and chief engineers, with pay ranging from 14s. to £1 6s. per day, and inspectors of machines with £1 15s. per day. Extra pay is given on active service to engineers in charge.

It will thus be seen that the engineer student becomes immediately self-supporting and has a certain prospect of a pension.



By permission *"Navy and Army."*

ENGINE ROOM—DRIVER'S DECK—OF H.M.S. "TRAFALGAR."

STUDENTS IN NAVAL CONSTRUCTION.

The corps of naval constructors is recruited from the ranks of the engineer students. Two appointments are given yearly to the students who at the end of the second year of their training at Devonport have shown special ability. Students appointed must enter into a bond of £500 to serve as assistant constructors, and not to leave the Navy for seven years after they have finished their training. They are liable to serve at any foreign naval establishment, and may also be required to go to sea for a term, when they rank as assistant engineer, and receive a sum of £50 for uniform and outfit.

They serve four years as third-class assistant constructors, and then, if their characters be satisfactory, they become second-class assistants. The pay of third-class assistant constructors is £110 to £150 per year; second class, £160 to £240; first class, £250 to £300. Constructors receive £400 to £550 and a house; chief constructors, £700 to £850 and a house. The senior chief constructor receives £850 to £1,000; and the Director of Naval Construction, who is also Assistant Controller of the Navy and a most important official, receives from £1,500 to £1,800.

The Naval Construction branch of the Service grows more and more important every year, and will continue to do so while improved methods of ship building are discovered.

ROYAL MARINE OFFICERS.

The time when the Marines were looked upon as the most fitting branch of the Service for the fool of the family has long gone past, and a commission now in the Royal Marine Artillery involves a good deal of ability and hard work. The examinations for candidates for the Marines take place twice a year, in June and November, before the Civil Service Commissioners. Candidates must be in sound health, from 16 to 18 years of age, and of pure European birth. Applications for this branch of the Navy must be made to the Secretary, Civil Service Commissioners, Westminster, S.W., who will supply the requisite forms to be filled up. The candidate's name must also be sent in to the Secretary of the Admiralty.

After being appointed, a candidate goes to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich as second lieutenant. At the end of the first session an examination has to be passed; and at the end of the second session, if his conduct has been satisfactory, he will go to *H.M.S. Excellent* for naval gunnery and torpedo instruction. On passing an examination in these subjects, he can obtain the rank of lieutenant. Second lieutenants receive 5s. 3d. a day while at Greenwich.

Candidates for the Royal Marine Light Infantry must undergo the same preliminaries as for the Marine Artillery, but the limit of age is higher, viz., from seventeen to nineteen, and for University graduates from seventeen to twenty-two.

Each successful candidate for Royal Marine officers must pay the sum of £80 to the Accountant-General of the Navy to provide for his outfit on joining his division. The pay in this service is the same as that for Infantry officers, 5s. 3d. to 18s. per day.

In all these appointments I have mentioned it may seem that the boy's life who takes them up must consist of nothing but eternal examinations. To some extent this is true. For several years the boy who wishes to get on in the Navy must be content to bide his time and study hard, in the full assurance that there is a "good time a-coming" when examination days are over. It must be remembered, too, that all these exams. are gone through in his very early days, and that there are plenty of compensations for any hardships that may be necessary.

The appointments dealt with by no means bring to an end the resources of our Navy in the matter of professions. As might be expected in a country whose proud boast is that she is mistress of the seas, our Royal Navy offers a very large number of lucrative posts of all kinds.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. L.—I certainly think it possible, especially from what you tell me of yourself, for you to teach yourself such subjects as Latin and French, by giving up a few hours each day to them. Of course, it is always more difficult to do these things by oneself than with the aid of teachers, and it would be well, especially with the French, to get some good instructor who will help you with the accent and teach you a colloquial use of the language. As you are still so young, you have plenty of time before you, and if you manage to teach yourself Pitman's Shorthand and to learn type-writing in the week, you will certainly have more than average ability, and ought to succeed in your ambition of rising to "higher things." **W. E. M.**—I should most certainly advise you to adopt the profession of chartered accountant. Even if, at the end of your articleship, you have no money to buy a partnership, the profession offers several advantages. At the end of your articles, if you have made yourself useful to your employer he will most probably offer you a position as assistant. Besides this, there are various posts open to fully qualified chartered accountants without any necessary capital. Every public body requires expert accountants, and also borough auditors, at good salaries. Again, there are positions in the Colonies and in India open to qualified accountants, advertised frequently in the *Times* and Colonial papers. For these reasons I have no hesitation in advising you to adopt this profession. **P. M. B.**—I cannot tell you the exact cost of getting into the Army through the Militia, as it depends very largely upon what Militia regiment you join, and as to whether you are living at home or not, and whether you are devoting your whole time to the Militia work or are engaged in some other employment. As you probably know, the Militia is embodied every year for a period of three months, and it is during that time that the greatest expense is incurred by an officer, since he has to pay various mess dues, and to contribute generally towards the financial prosperity of his regiment; but, in no case, I think, need a man exceed his pay by more than £150 per annum in any Militia regiment, and usually by not nearly so much.

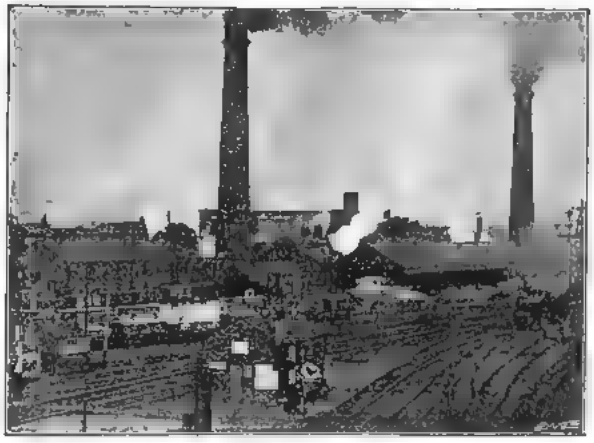
CHEAP PHOTOGRAPHY.

By R. C. Howlden *(Winner of this month's "Special Page" prize.)*

The following notes may prove acceptable to those photographic readers of The Captain who do not possess an unlimited amount of pocket-money.

Serviceable *developing dishes* may be made of wood if lined with American cloth, or treated to a liberal coating of enamel on the inside—the enamel being of the two the more durable.

A very good *dark-room lamp* can be made out of a small biscuit tin if a hole be cut in one end, so as to allow the smoke to escape and a suitable cowl (procurable at any tin-smith's for about 2d.) soldered over it. The part forming the lid of the tin should also have a square opening cut in it, and either a piece of ruby glass or fabric fastened to the inner side. The tin, when closed in the ordinary way, should then be perfectly light tight, except for the ruby light. A candle will serve as an illuminant, and a coat of Brunswick black applied to the outside of the tin will greatly improve the general appearance.



SMOKE AND STEAM.
Sent by Bernard J. Bolling.

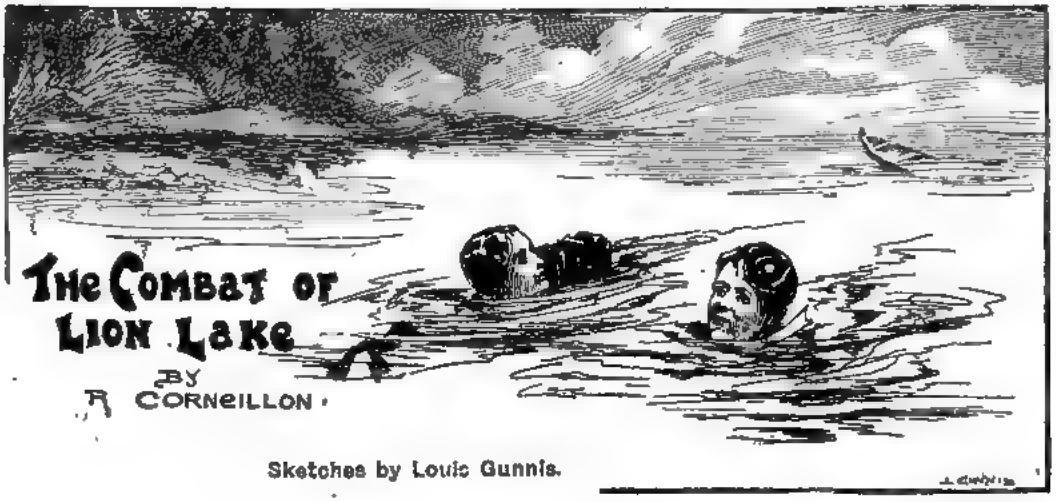
A cigar-box will serve as a *drying rack* if the lid and bottom are removed and some corrugated cardboard (to be obtained at any chemist's) glued along each side of the inside of the box; two narrow strips of wood should be glued to the bottom, so as to render the four sides rigid, and loops of wire placed at each end will serve as handles.

Often more than one *vignetting glass* is required. By using slow plates duplicates can easily be made by means of contact printing by gas or lamp light. The first print results in what is known as an Egyptian vignette, that is, a black instead of a white shading at the edges. By placing a slow plate in contact with this, one then gets the ordinary vignetting glass. Greater density may be obtained by means of an intensifier. Sometimes a slight veil forms over the transparent parts; this, however, can be removed by the judicious application of the ferricyanide of potassium and hypo. reducer, care being taken to confine its action to the transparent portions only.

If one does not fasten the *tripod screw* to the top of the tripod by means of a piece of cord or string it is apt to get lost. And if this happens a long way from home, often one's photographic outing is brought to an abrupt termination. But this need not be so. For if one takes a piece of soft wood just a little larger than the missing screw, and cuts a thread in it by twisting it round and round in the bush of the camera, it will be found sufficient to hold the camera steady. Many damages to the camera are apt to result from the *tripod points slipping* on a polished floor, but they can be prevented from doing so by spreading a rug or mat on the floor, and, in addition to this, by tying equal lengths of cord to each leg, and knotting them together at a convenient distance.

Having the *camera bellows tested and mended* is often rather expensive. To do it for yourself, place your head under the focussing-cloth in the usual manner, previously capping the lens. Close the eyes for a second or two, so as to get used to the darkness. Any small holes will be plainly visible. The easiest way of mending them is to stick pieces of black court plaster over the holes—both inside and out.

An excellent *negative washer* can be contrived as follows:—Take a fairly large dish, and place the plate to be washed in one corner of it. Now turn on the tap, so as to get a small but steady stream, and arrange it so that the water does not fall directly on the plate, but into the opposite corner of the dish. Then get a piece of wood cut in the shape of a wedge, and place it underneath the dish just below the corner where the water falls in. In this way all the water has to wash the surface of the negative.



Sketches by Louis Gunnis.

THE "Hotel of the Lions" stood on a pine-clad rise just outside the quaint little German town, and its windows commanded a view of red-roofed houses, narrow streets, where the fattest of policemen walked, and, beyond, lindens and more pine trees, that rimmed the placid waters of Lion Lake.

Dick and Tod, friends and fellow-pupils of Mr. Davenant, were not concerned with the scenery. Dick sat on the table, Tod reclined among dictionaries on the sofa. They were supposed to be turning English verse into Latin, Dick doing the intellectual part of stringing words into lines, Tod the manual labour of looking out meanings. A German waiter might come in, because their room was the best room in the "Hotel of the Lions," and when Mr. Davenant was out—as at present—the landlord was in a perpetual terror of what Dick and Tod might be after. Just at present Dick was yawning at the English verse which had to be translated.

"*Quel* drivel!" he said, lazily. "I don't know what's gone wrong with Dav. He gets a letter, sets us this jibbering rot, and scuttles out. We may be dukes at Latin verse, but I'm bothered if we can do this. Just listen."

He read in an affected voice, with his hand on his heart—

> Shall Love call down the climber from his height?
> Or tempt the warrior from the woundy fray,
> Where with brave sword he mischief doth requite
> On Paynim knights and heathen of Cathay?
> Shall she not rather on the uttermost peaks
> Wave her 'kerchief to his far off fainting eyes—

He broke off, disgusted with the sentiment.

"What is 'heathen of Cathay' in Latin?" asked Tod, despairingly.

"That's easy enough," said Dick. "The incredulous ones, who eat dogs with chop-sticks. You'd better look up chop-sticks."

"Don't give it," said Tod. "Is 'kerchief the same as pocket-handkerchief?"

"Must be," said Dick, "but I don't fancy the Romans used them."

"They had Roman noses," objected Tod.

"Towels would do," said Dick. "Look up towels—and sneezing."

"What ever for?" asked Tod, and Dick explained.

"Sneezing-towel—a neat, but not gaudy paraphrase for handkerchief. *Nonne magis*—'will she not rather on the supreme hills brandish her sneezing-towel?' *Himmel*, but it's hot!" He got up and went to the window. "I'm going out," he said.

"Dav. told us——" began Tod.

"Don't care!" said Dick. "It's our last night, and the worst he could do would be to make us learn irregular verbs in the train to-morrow, and he won't do that, because he isn't a greaser. Besides, he's spoony at present."

"Dav.!" said Tod, in a shocked voice. He could not believe evil of a late blue.

"Fact!" said Dick. "Tweakavi! I spotted it at the concert in the park. Didn't you see that Miss Cowan—blue eyes, blue dress, rides a bike sometimes, and doesn't sit all among the wheels like most girls? Well, Dav. looked a regular old sheep whenever she spoke to him. So did that fat Lieutenant Groningen."

"A fat German might," Tod agreed.

"Dav.'s worse," said Dick. "Come on!"

They slipped through the heavy-scented woods of pine with much caution, and, skirting the town,

arrived without misadventure at the boat-house. As Dick and Tod came up they heard voices inside, and shrank quickly into the shadows on the east side.

"Who is it?" Tod asked Dick in a whisper. Dick had glued his eye to a convenient chink.

"It's that fat Lieutenant Groningen," he said, 'got up as if he were going to march to Paris, and another chap. They're getting out one of the boats."

The lieutenant did not seem to be in a very good humour, for his voice was very vehement and more guttural than usual.

"What's he talking about?" asked Tod.

"Can't make out," said Dick. "Wait and see, though—there's some blue-eyed maiden who used to look with proper appreciation upon the fat lieutenant. She must have been hard up! 'But now—thunder and pigs!—because the thousand times dratted——' By Jove!" said Dick, breaking off his translation excitedly, "he's talking about Dav.! The thousand-times dratted Englander is Dav., and he has taken the blue-eyed maiden for a row to the island, and Fatty is going over to insult him, if possible, in the presence of the maiden——" Dick rolled on the ground in an ecstasy of joy.

"I should think Fatty would get beans," said Tod.

"Rather!" said Dick, delightedly. "I'm going to see; but, quick—get behind the hut!"

They darted behind as the nose of the boat shot out from under the boat-house. The friend in plain clothes was rowing, and Lieutenant Groningen sat in the stern. The boat was headed straight for the island.

"We'd better wait till they're out of sight," said Tod.

Dick curbed his impatience, and hoped they would not arrive too late to see the beans administered. "We'll put on steam, once we're started," he said.

They had not to wait long, for the sun that had baked all day was growing dim behind grey, woolly clouds, and the heat haze that lingered on the lake soon rendered the German's boat indistinct. Then Dick and Tod hastened into the boat-house.

"Brutes!" said Dick, dismayed. "They've taken the only other respectable boat." The "Lion Lake" only boasted three boats, and the third was an awkward flat-bottomed, bluff-nosed tub that was usually left to rot ingloriously. A carpet of green stagnant water was already in the bottom of it, and as they got on board to untie it, more water bubbled in.

"It can't be helped," said Dick, bending to an oar.

"It's a mile to the island, isn't it?" Tod asked, as he took the other and pushed off.

"Ten in this tub," groaned Dick. "We'll miss the show for certain."

They pulled with a will over the hazy lake, until the island loomed faintly before them, with its dark foliage of trees. Tod then ventured to remark that there was a good deal of water coming in. Inasmuch as it was wetting his knees as he sat, the fact was indisputable, but Dick said it didn't matter. He kept his eye, however, on the green scum as it floated higher and higher in the bottom of the boat.

"I don't think," said Tod, pulling laboriously, "that we're making much way——"

"Yes we are," said Dick, suddenly, "we're going to the bottom as fast as we can——" he dropped his oar and stood up in the boat, looking anxiously towards the island. Tod waited for directions.

"Think you can swim it?" said Dick.

"But how far is it?" asked Tod, beginning to shiver.

As if in answer the mist seemed to shake and lift. Straight ahead, and not more than a couple of hundred yards distant, lay the island, and they could see the Germans tying up their boat beside another that was already beached there.

"Lie low!" said Dick. They flattened themselves in the slimy boat until the Germans went forward and were lost behind the trees. "Now!" said Dick, hurriedly, "as quick as you can."

Tod replied with a dive that took him yards away. When he came up Dick was beside him. They swam side by side silently. Both were good swimmers, and the water was unruffled and warm.

"There goes the tub," said Dick, turning on his side. It settled down in the end quite quietly.

"I hope we shan't have to pay for it," said Tod. "Ugh!"

"What's the matter?" asked Dick, alarmed.

"Great pike nipped me," said Tod, kicking out. "Ugh! There it is again!"

"It's the bottom," said Dick, joyfully. "I'd no idea it was shallow so far out."

They scrambled the rest of the way on a firm gravel bottom, and shook themselves out on the shore of the island.

"Now for the beans," said Dick, leading the way through the trees.

The island was very still, and Tod hazarded an opinion that Dick had mistaken the purport of the Lieutenant's conversation.

"Shut up!" said Dick.

He had the makings of a general in him, and since they were now upon the trail, Tod's doubts amounted to mutiny. But Tod's doubts were really only a part of his excitement, for he knew that Dick understood German. The path they

were following through the trees led to an open rise whereupon stood a small fortalice, built in stone many years ago by some retired general, after whose death it had been turned into a sort of museum, containing a few rusty sabres and cumbersome guns and pieces of armour.

The boys, as they crept up cautiously, heard voices in the hall, and, peering through, saw what they had come to see.

On a bench, from which Davenant had just risen, Miss Cowan sat, somewhat pale, but with her lips curved in an intense scorn, listening to the lieutenant's friend, who had evidently been set to explain matters, for he was speaking in a slow, drawling voice, with many gesticulations. The lieutenant himself stood at one side, scowling and shaking his head pompously at intervals to emphasise some point in his friend's speech.

"What's Dav. doing?" whispered Tod, as he worned himself behind a pillar that offered a more effectual concealment.

"Kind of grinning."

"There will be beans, then," said Tod, shaking with excitement, and just then the friend stopped speaking.

Mr. Davenant turned and said in a low voice, that Tod only just caught: "Edith, will you please go down to the boat and wait? I have to talk to this man."

Tod could see that, notwithstanding her look of scorn, she was very anxious, and her hands were clenched tightly.

"Now, will she tempt her warrior from the fray?" he asked himself.

She rose smiling, and came steadily through the doorway.

"Keep down!" whispered Dick.

"She's brandishing her sneezing towel," said Tod.

Then she disappeared among the trees. Meanwhile Mr. Davenant had turned to the two Germans.

"Now, gentlemen," he said coldly, "perhaps you will explain your conduct."

For answer the lieutenant hit out. His fat hand, in its white military glove, was heavy, but did not reach its mark. Instead, a hand not so large, but incomparably more skilful, guarded, and another, with all Davenant's weight behind it, countered unerring. The Herr Lieutenant Groningen went down like a smashed wicket.

"Hooray!" whispered Dick across the doorway; "first blood to Dav."

But it was as yet only first blood, for the combat was still to come. The lieutenant staggered to his feet with a volley of imprecations, and in his fury unsheathed his sabre.

Dick, who had the better view at this new stage of affairs, saw his tutor step back and wrench one of the rusty sabres from where they hung on the wall. The friend was wringing his hands and expostulating vainly. Evidently he had not expected to abet such violence.

"*Nein, nein*, my friend," he said, clinging to his companion.

"I say it is gut!" said the lieutenant hoarsely. "We will fight here—now. As for you, go down to the lady—inform her that presently I will come to pay my devotions and row her back."

"I recommend you to stay where you are," said Davenant, sternly.

"Go!" said the lieutenant, stamping his foot.

The friend looked from one to the other and held up his hands in horror. He saw himself threatened from both directions, and the door before him. He hurried through it. Whether or no he meant to carry out the lieutenant's directions is uncertain, for as he rushed blindly through the door, Dick (having the makings of a general in him) thrust out a leg, so that he pitched forward, his face in the sandy grass. The next moment two boys, dripping wet from the lake, sat on the top of him. Tod was on his head, Dick, lower down, busily and with great ingenuity was tying his hands together with a pocket-handkerchief, before he had recovered sufficiently from his surprise to struggle. It must have been that the man was slightly dazed with his fall, or supposed that he had grown adversaries to deal with, otherwise Dick and Tod, though strong for their years, would hardly have succeeded so easily. As it was, the man, after a few desultory kickings, lay as still as a breathless fish.

"String, Tod?" asked Dick in a business-like voice.

"In my pocket," said Tod, sitting tight. "Whoa, gently!"

"I may as well do his legs," said Dick, complacently, gathering string from Tod's pockets.

"And he ought to be gagged, oughtn't he?" Tod asked.

"Certainly," said Dick, completing a cunning knot and rising from off his victim. Tod lingered a little while to complete the gag, and then followed Dick to the door of the fortalice.

Inside a sabre-fight was proceeding furiously, and the boys stood at the entrance unnoticed.

"Jolly bad example one's tutor duelling," said Dick, trying to conceal his anxiety.

"He couldn't help it," said Tod; "but do you think Dav.'s all right?"

"He won the foils at the 'Varsity," said Dick. "It'll be right enough, if his chop-stick holds."

"I don't know, sabre's not the same thing as fencing."

He broke off, all eyes for the fight. The hall of

HE TOUCHED HIM SMARTLY ON THE ELBOW, AND THE LIEUTENANT'S SABRE FELL CLATTERING ON THE FLOOR.

the fortalice was filled now with the clatter of steel and the stamping of feet. It seemed to Dick that Dav. was acting on the defensive, and indeed it was doubtful if the clumsy sword of which he had possessed himself could make a hole in anything. The lieutenant, on the other hand, attacked furiously. Only rage could have induced him to begin so unconventional and unfair a fight, and rage robbed him to some extent of the advantage he held in the superior weapon. The dust flew up from the floor, as he moved about with an unexpected agility in so stout a man, now slashing, now pressing with the point, and all the time breathing sterterously.

"Dav. wants to wear him out," said Dick. "Ah!" He drew in his breath as the lieutenant, with a cut that had seemed wider than it was, and had been parried accordingly too lightly, touched Davenant in the arm. Tod felt slightly ill as he fancied blood oozing through. But Dav. only shrugged his shoulders, as if to shake it off, and set his lips. He changed his tactics also and began to attack in his turn. The lieutenant had not breath enough to sustain his triumph. In fact he had almost spent his wind. That was plain from the way he gave back clumsily; so clumsily, that, in trying to evade a lunge, he went right into the bench, and actually sat down on it for a moment, puffing like a grampus. Davenant dropped his point, and permitted his foe to rise and thrust angrily once again. Then he touched him smartly, but, as it seemed, with the flat of the sword on the elbow, and the lieutenant's sabre fell clattering on the floor.

"The Paynim knight is dished," said Tod, feeling better.

Dick nodded. "Funny-bone!" he said, and waited to see what followed.

Davenant had stooped and picked up the sabre. "You have had your satisfaction, I hope," he said.

The lieutenant had no breath to answer. Davenant turned to go, and became aware for the first time that the boys were present. "You here, Dick?" he said, frowning.

"Thought we'd better stop this chap," said Dick, pointing in self-defence to their victim, who wriggled uncomfortably, like a netted calf, and groaned in a muffled way.

"That's my sneezing towel," explained Tod with pride. "I tied it over his mouth."

His tutor concealed a smile, as he took in these details. He addressed himself again to the lieutenant: "I must ask you not to leave the island for ten minutes. I should be happy to return your sword; but it's hardly safe at present. You will find it in the boat-house. Come along, boys."

He led the way down to the shore, and they followed. Miss Cowan was sitting by the water's

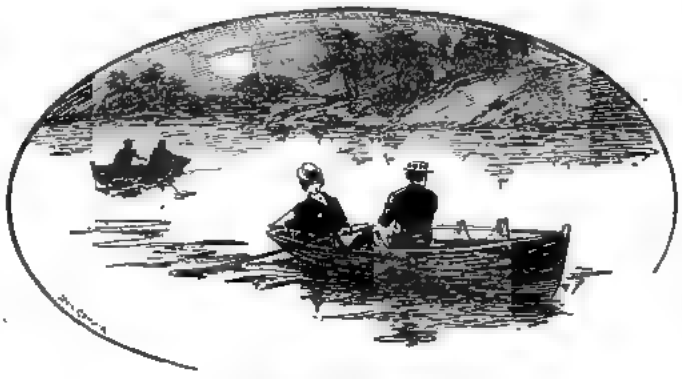
edge, still very pale; but she smiled to see them, like a jolly moonbeam, as Dick declared, in a burst of enthusiasm. When she had been assisted into the one boat, Mr. Davenant spoke again to Dick and Tod:—

"I won't ask how you came here at present," he said. "Get into your boat now and keep as close as you can."

Tod was about to explain what had happened to their tub, but Dick nudged him to be silent, and proceeded to untie the rope of the lieutenant's boat. "We don't want the German making a fuss," he said sententiously to Tod, as soon as they had got some way ahead. "Nor does Dav.; only he wouldn't think it quite the thing to bag their boat."

"Where'll they sleep?" asked Tod.

"He's used to bivouac," said Dick carelessly.



THEY PULLED BACK MERRILY.

They pulled back merrily under a rising moon, and when they reached the boat-house, Dick and Tod were sent back to the hotel, while their tutor escorted Miss Cowan to her home.

"It's just as well," he said earnestly, "that we were all going back to-morrow. I don't know if Groningen would want another fight; but he might make things very unpleasant."

"I'm sure his friend won't," she said, laughing at his account of the trussed victim.

"That's probable," he agreed. "In any case, I hope they won't show themselves until we have started."

They did not show themselves. If Mr. Davenant had listened to the conversation and laughter that went on till past midnight in his pupils' bed-room, he would have understood the reason. As it was, the truth did not come out until after the train had started next morning, and they were well on their way together.

"How was it," asked Mr. Davenant, "that you two got so wet last night? Karl told me that when he packed your things, they were dripping."

"The tub sank," said Tod unwarily.

"The tub? Then—in whose boat did you come back?"

"The Paynim knight's," said Dick. Then the whole story came out. Mr. Davenant looked stern at first, particularly when he thought how his pupils might have been drowned.

"But," as Dick observed to Tod, when they had got outside into the corridor, "the Brandisher of the Sneezing Towel grinned like anything."

"I was awfully afraid he was going to make us learn irregular verbs," said Tod.

"She wouldn't have let him," said Dick, "that's one advantage in a Brandisher, anyhow. I'm rather glad he's come into his fortune."

"Has he?" said Tod.

"Oh, yes," said Dick with importance. "He told me that letter brought the news, and he rushed out to see if the Brandisher would marry him."

"I rather like her," said Tod unwillingly. "But it's funny that a blue like Dav——"

"Never mind," said Dick soothingly. "Let's go and see if we can make the guard hop."

THE END

ABOUT MOSCOW.

By Frank East.

I WAS in Moscow in 1895, the year of the coronation of the present Tsar of Russia. The Tsars always come to Moscow to be crowned and married at the Kremlin, where the jewels and crowns which Tsars have worn are kept. Our house was on the Peterburski Chausée, along which the procession came. The Tsar and Tsaritsa did not come by road from St. Petersburg, of course; they came by rail to Moscow, and stayed just outside, at a red-brick palace (which looks absurdly new), from which Napoleon watched Moscow burning. Russian soldiers came pouring in for days before, and Government officials were busy getting the whole town decorated. They arranged what flags and fairy lamps each house must have, so that the decorations were "all of a piece," and the effect was a great deal better than in England. A great number of Russian princes and chiefs were present, some looking quite barbarians.

A MUSCOVITE CARDT.

A fearful thing happened just after, which saddened everybody in Moscow.

One morning there was to be a distribution of a mug of beer and a handkerchief of bread to the peasants, and a review in the afternoon. These were much sought after, as they were to keep the coloured handkerchiefs and the decorated mugs as *souvenirs*. Booths were put up on the common just outside the town, and the distribution was to begin at 8 a.m. But the crowd was so great that they threw the booths open much earlier, and hundreds were crushed to death in the opening of the booths, which were V-shaped, getting narrower instead of wider. The police did not arrive till eight, as had been arranged, and then there were not enough of them.

We saw the people in crowds, all in their best clothes, laughing and singing at four and five in the morning. About nine we saw red-cross wagons coming slowly down the road, and they came for an hour and a half, bringing dead and injured.

In the afternoon, as I said, there was a review, so all those who had been carried away were put under the grand stand, where the spectators sat. They knew nothing about it till days after, but the Tsar managed to find it out, and he was very angry with the officials for trying to hide it from him. He gave pensions and gifts of money to the widows and families of those who were killed, out of his private purse.

It was very sad for some of them, who had come from villages several weeks' journey away on foot. In one case all the family perished but the old grandmother, who was too feeble to get into the crowd. More than 1,800 were killed.

Perhaps you would like to hear about the Kremlin. It stands in the middle of the city, by the River Mosk. It is a large block of buildings, of different dates, white-washed—or rather colour-washed, like most other buildings in the town. At one side, on the terrace which overlooks the river, is the famous bell. I expect you have heard how it was cast to commemorate the retreat of Napoleon; at the same time the triumphal arch was built for the same thing. The Russian ladies threw their jewellery into the casting pot, so that a flaw was made, and a large triangular piece was broken out. The bell stands about 5ft. or 6ft. high, but there is an excavation 2ft. or 3ft. deep underneath, so that several people can get in. In another part of the grounds is a huge cannon, taken from the Chinese, about 6ft. in diameter, and long in proportion.

I went into the treasury where all the jewels are kept, and I also saw the Throne Room, the Ivan Velicky Tower, and the chapel of which the architect had his eyes put out, so that he could not make another.

GEORGE WASHINGTON II.

A School Story.

By C. Leigh Pemberton.

CHAPTER I.

"DAVIDSON, construe!" rang out the deep voice of the second under-master of Ingoldsthorpe School. Eleven o'clock for Middle Fifth was taking place in the big class-room. Halfway down the room up jumped a bright, cheery-faced boy of fourteen, small for his age, but with a look about him as though he could hold his own. On this occasion there was not the preliminary start and rather perplexed look that usually characterised him when called upon to perform such a task, but a quiet satisfied smile immediately spread over his features. For had he not been put on just at the place he had happened to look up on coming into school, and where the oft-repeated "Zeus, born son of Laertes, Odysseus of many resources," began the ode? Four lines and a half were got through with such remarkable ease and rapidity that even "Lanky Headley" (the aforesaid master) opened his eyes in astonishment; at the end of the fifth line, however, the translator paused, blew his nose, looked at the master, and began to quietly and unostentatiously resume his seat. Alas, for our hopes and expectations! His preparation had not carried him further, and, in answer to the encouraging admonition to "finish the next couplet," our friend had to acknowledge himself at a loss.

"Come, Davidson, you began excellently; go on, then, three lines lower down."

No, this was too much for him.

"How far have you learnt, boy?" was the next observation.

"I didn't get quite so far as this, sir," was the reply.

"In fact," said Mr. Headley, "you have, as usual, not prepared one half of what was set you!"

"No, sir," responded the delinquent

"Then, sir, you will have the goodness to remain in after school with Lexicon and paper, and write out the English of today's lesson before dinner. Rawlinson Major."

School came to an end at last; and as his companions passed his seat many a compassionate observation was addressed to him as he leant back in his seat with hands in his pockets.

"Never mind, old man; buck up, and I'll wait for you, and go up to Carrier's before grub." "Poor old G. W!" "Keep your pecker up!" etc., etc.

"G. W." was the name by which he was known throughout the school—short for "George Washington the Second"—as he was named soon after his arrival, on account of his reputation for truthfulness, which, for some reason, has always clung to the memory of his illustrious namesake. In this sense it was appropriate enough, for, without being a prig, G. W. was as straight and upright a fellow as you would see anywhere. He had a way of looking you straight in the eyes which was irresistible. A delicate boy, and though somewhat idle, and not particularly brilliant in school, he was, however, always actively alive to everything that went on around him. Though too fragile to be much good at football, he played in the second cricket eleven, and was noted for his bowling. In other respects, indeed, he was a very ordinary boy, though he had a will of his own, and a way of making up his mind and sticking to it, that is seldom met with at so early an age.

After the departure of his companions, G. W. set to work at his task, while Mr. Headley settled himself at his desk with a weary yawn, as though staying in after hours was with him a usual occurrence. Half an hour after he was summoned from the room, leaving the boy studiously scribbling at his desk.

"Well, he hasn't been long," the latter observed presently, as quick steps were heard

outside in the hall. "Oh! it's only Dick Thurley," and the door, left partly open by the master's exit, disclosed one of the Upper Fifth boys making his way towards the hat-stand. (Thurley was a day-boy, the son of the Vicar of Ingoldsthorpe, and one of the cleverest boys in the school.) "He seems busy enough," he went on, as, happening to look up again from his paper, he observed Thurley dipping his hands into the pockets of three or four of the overcoats hanging in array; the chink of money eventually announced the success of his search, and with two strides he had reached the hall door and let himself out. "Fancy Dick fagging! The very last fellow to do that, I should have said, though he certainly is a good-hearted enough chap as a rule," mused G. W. as he watched the boy running down the garden path towards the playing fields. "Now I must see if I can't get this done before Headley comes back," and, with a sharp dip of his pen in the ink, off started the writing again as fast as ever, and Mr. Headley smiled quietly, as he took his seat, to see the earnestness with which the task was apparently being accomplished.

It was not long, however, before G. W. was dismissed, with, however, the "impot" only three-quarters finished—a detail, as to which kind-hearted Headley was not too particular. Ramming his cap on his head the boy was soon out of the hall-door and making his way towards the village. Past the church and the small line of little shops that led to the more scattered part of Ingoldsthorpe, he soon found himself by the high wall which shut off the Vicarage garden from the road.

"Hullo, G. W., where are you going?"

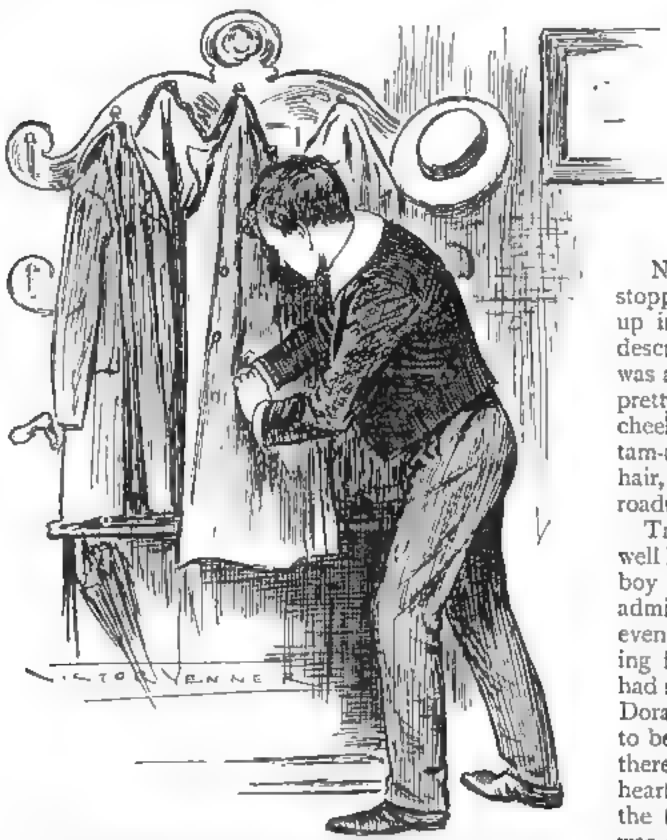
Looking up, he espied Thurley's head and shoulders on the top of the wall.

"Going down to Kenny's to get some boot nails. By-the-bye, Dick, I wish you could give me some of that five bob you owe me, I've only got 2s. 4d. in the whole world."

"Right you are!" was the rather unexpected reply. "Look out; catch!" and a "cart wheel" came spinning down; was deftly caught, and transferred to G. W.'s waistcoat pocket.

"Come in and have lunch! There's nobody here but the mater and the girls."

"Can't; haven't got leave. Thanks awfully for the money," and with a wave of the hand, G. W. continued his journey. "Good old Dick, didn't think I'd get it back so soon," he soliloquised, as he turned the corner into the main road.



HE OBSERVED THURLEY DIPPING HIS HANDS INTO THE POCKETS OF THREE OR FOUR OVERCOATS HANGING IN ARRAY.

Nearing the post office he half stopped, and his face suddenly brightened up in the same manner we have before described. Just emerging from the entrance was a girl of about seventeen, a remarkably pretty girl. So thought G. W. as, with cheeks flushed with the wind, and her red tam-o'-shanter setting off her extremely fair hair, she came down the steps into the roadway.

This was Thurley's elder sister, and very well known — at least, by sight — by every boy in the school. No one could help admiring her, and the more susceptible had even been known to hint at a deeper feeling for "old Thurley's Dora." If anyone had said to G. W. that he was in love with Dora Thurley, he would have told him "not to be a silly ass." Yet, if the truth be told, there had for some time sprung up in his heart such a devotion that it was as near the tender passion as could well be. He was often at the Vicarage, where he was a great favourite, and keen was the dis-

appointment if she did not happen to be at home on these occasions.

"Why, George Washington, we haven't seen anything of you for a long time!" she began, as the boy lifted his cap.

"I've been meaning to come round all this week, Miss Thurley, but I've had a lot of impots to do, and I've had to practice for the quarter, which comes off next week. Of course, you're going to the sports? I thought I should find you down here after the girls' school was over," he added, with a slight flush.

"Oh, but I haven't been to the schools at all to-day! For the last two hours I've been with poor little Daisy Kenny, who has been awfully ill since yesterday, and very feverish. I've only just been able to persuade her mother to send for Mr. Adkin; they are so stupid about their prejudice to calling in a doctor.

"And now, where are you going?" she went on, as a bundle of letters was transferred from the muff to a small bag hanging to her side.

"Well, I was going to Kenny's shop; but it's ten to two, and I'd much rather turn back with you, if I may," he replied.

"That will be very nice; and now tell me all about the sports, and how the fifteen have been getting on lately. Dick tells me so little, and I never seem to see him now, except at meals."

So with much chatter the two sauntered on, the walk ending far too quickly, in G. W.'s opinion, and it was with much regret that he said good-bye at the Vicarage gate, promising to come to tea the very next Sunday.

"She *is* a jolly girl," he said to himself, as he fell into a jogging trot. "Now, if I'm late again for dinner, there'll be another row!"

School was reached, however, as the clock struck, and running into the big dining-room, he was just in time to slip into his seat as the clear voice of the headmaster delivered the Latin grace.

"WHY, GEORGE WASHINGTON, WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING OF YOU FOR A LONG TIME!" SHE BEGAN, AS THE BOY LIFTED HIS CAP.

CHAPTER II.

FOUR days later, when the Head announced that Thurley had scarlet fever, and that no one was to leave the school grounds without leave, till further notice, the excitement among the boys was intense. It seemed that Thurley had caught it through his sister, who, although she had herself escaped, had been known to have nursed little Daisy Kenny, the daughter of the bootmaker, while the fever was on her. No other case had, however, appeared, and the Head went on to say that he had decided not to break up the school, unless another outbreak occurred. In the meantime, the boys could write to their people, and those whose parents desired it, would be allowed to go home.

There was a further excitement in store, however, as everyone saw, when the Head remained standing, and, with face graver than ever, went on: "And now, boys, I have something very serious to say to you—something which I may say has upset me very much, and which, thank God! has not, I believe, happened in this school before. I have received a complaint from a boy in the school of money having been missed There appears, from what I am told, small

doubt that it has been stolen by someone in the house; the day, and even the approximate time have been ascertained, and there seems no other course open to me than to have all of you, and your rooms and boxes, searched. This, I think, is the fairest way to all, and I may say that the servants have agreed to this being done, without, however, any result. Please God, there is no thief among you; if there is, let him come to me immediately after this school. As your rooms are to be examined forthwith, let any boy who objects to this being done, say so now. Everyone will turn out his pockets, and Mr. Headley and Mr. Cattley will proceed to examine each of you."

After a few seconds' awed silence, the work of emptying pockets began, and as the two masters went down the room, more than one smile was provoked at the quaint and incongruous articles thus exposed to view. Money appeared to be somewhat of a rarity, and the search was soon over. After a whispered conversation with his colleagues, the Head went out with "old Cattley," leaving Mr. Headley in charge for the remainder of the school hour.

G. W. WAS NOT WELL, AND HAD AN "ALL-OVERISH" FEELING.

That evening, G. W. sat in his bedroom "study," presumably occupied with "prep." For the last ten minutes, however, he had hardly glanced at his work, and sat with eyes staring into vacancy.

G. W. was not well—there was no doubt about it. He had what he would have called an "all-overish" feeling, and never in all his life had he felt so disinterested in everything.

"I think," he presently said to himself, "I will get leave to stay in bed to-morrow." With this resolve, he rose from his seat, to be met with the announcement from the Captain of the school, that the headmaster desired to see him.

"Bother the Head!" he muttered, as, shutting up his books, he exchanged his blazer for his black coat, without which, none were allowed to enter the headmaster's study.

As he went down the stairs a sudden giddiness came over him, and he had to hold on to the banisters for support. On arriving at the Head's door, however, he felt better, and to the deep "come in," in reply to his knock, entered the great man's study.

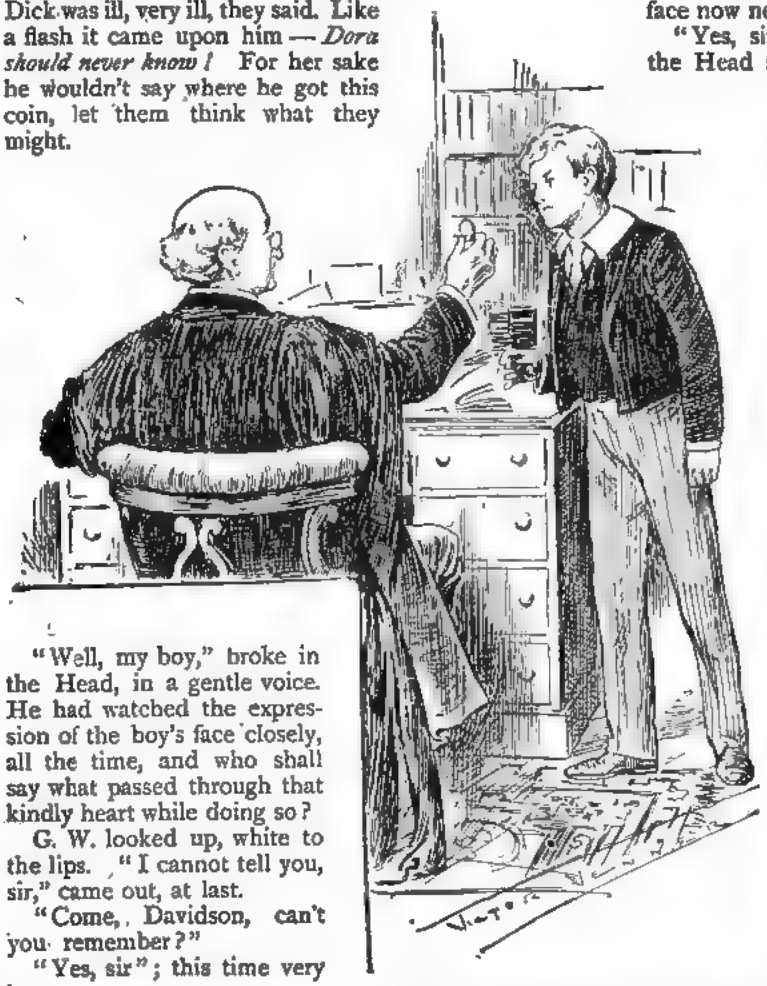
The Head was sitting back at his knee-hole table, gazing across the room. No one had been known to see him unoccupied in his study; his usual attitude being either that of reading in his low basket-chair, or bending studiously over his table, with pen in hand. As G. W. came in he looked up at him, and, for a few seconds, did not speak. Then: "Davidson, do you recognise this?" As he spoke he lifted up from the table a coin, which he passed over to the boy. Going a little closer, G. W. saw a five-shilling piece — an ordinary five-shilling piece, except for a hole drilled through the ear of our Most Gracious Sovereign.

"Yes, sir, I've got a five-shilling piece just like that," he began. "Why, is——" here he paused, as the Head turned round suddenly in his chair.

"My dear boy, I have sent for you to tell me where you got this coin, which was found in your dressing-table drawer, and is, without any doubt, the same that Rawlinson missed from his overcoat last Monday. I know well enough you can give me a satisfactory account of it; only just try and think, if you can, where you obtained it."

Of course he could! He was not so flush at this end of the term but that he could tell where a newly-acquired five-shilling piece came from. Why, of course, Dick Thurley gave it him at the Vicarage gate; he remembered perfectly well; just after he had come away from doing an impot for Headley. Then the scene came back to him—Thurley coming into the hall, and everything. Why—here G. W. paused in his reminiscences,—what was it that had suddenly sprung upon him? Good Heavens! Dick had searched in several coats, and taken out money—he remembered thinking he was fagging for someone. Why!—good Heavens!—no!—it could not possibly be. For an instant it flashed through his mind, only to be expelled the next. Dick Thurley a thief? But then, he certainly saw him do this thing! There must, of course, be some explanation. Then he remembered how hard up Dick had been, and how he had told him, when he borrowed the money, that his father could not give him any more till next month. All these thoughts surged through his head, one after the other. Then—he could see no other solution—Dick had been tempted, and stolen; he was the only one absent when the school was searched;

perhaps he had some more with him now, taken at the same time. Dick, a thief! Good Heavens! *her* brother a thief! Here G. W. fairly gasped. His face went white. She must never know; he felt it would break her heart; anything rather than that. Besides, Dick was ill, very ill, they said. Like a flash it came upon him — *Dora should never know!* For her sake he wouldn't say where he got this coin, let them think what they might.



AS HE SPOKE HE LIFTED UP FROM THE TABLE A COIN.

"Well, my boy," broke in the Head, in a gentle voice. He had watched the expression of the boy's face closely, all the time, and who shall say what passed through that kindly heart while doing so?

G. W. looked up, white to the lips. "I cannot tell you, sir," came out, at last.

"Come, Davidson, can't you remember?"

"Yes, sir"; this time very low.

"Come, come, this is nonsense! Out with it, lad, and let's get the business over."

"I'm very sorry, sir, but I can't tell you," and here G. W. had to hold on to the table for support.

"Why, bless my soul, what's wrong with the boy? But don't you see, if you don't tell me I have no alternative but to put an interpretation on your silence—an interpretation I shudder even to think of. Come, old man, shake yourself together!"

"It's no good, sir," the boy faltered.

"Then am I to infer (here the Head almost smiled at the bare idea) that your silence gives consent to an accusation which is bound to be made against you—that you took this money?"

G. W. bowed his head.

"Speak, boy!" gasped the master, his face now nearly as white as the other's.

"Yes, sir," came a weak voice, which the Head scarcely recognised.

Then the Head sat down and gazed at the boy with horror-struck face.

"God help you!" he at last faltered, almost to himself; then in a louder voice, "Davidson, I am to understand, then, that you acknowledge to having stolen the money?"

G. W. bowed his head again. Ten seconds passed in absolute silence. Then

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"Go to your room now, and come to me at nine to-morrow morning."

If G.W. had glanced back as he stumbled out at the door, he would have seen a grey head bowed down on the table in an attitude of utter wretchedness. G. W. at that moment did not feel inclined to notice anything, however. His head swam; he could hardly feel the steps as he ascended the stairs, and, almost falling into his room, he lay down on his bed, just as he was, and soon all became a blank.

(I think I hear a reader saying:—"Why on earth didn't he speak up and say about Thurley? Impossible and unnatural for a fellow to make such a martyr of himself! He had his own reputation and future career to consider," etc., etc. My dear fellow, do we always do, on the spur of a moment, that which we should have done after calmer counsel? That our friend was ill was beyond all question. Moreover, the consideration that prompted him, above all, was, in a less degree, much akin to that which, in the big world, has made grown men do stranger things before now, depend upon it.)

CHAPTER III.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON II. had got scarlet fever!" Thus ran the news. He had been found early that morning quite delirious, and with the fever raging badly. Sympathy ran high, and while everyone was busy packing, and making preparations to start off home, by the express order of the Head, much was the talk on the subject. At breakfast, however, fresh news awaited the school. Nothing less than that Rawlinson's money had been found in G. W.'s room. He had been known to be the only boy in the house at the time the money was taken, and he had, moreover, confessed to the Head! At first there was not a boy who believed the story, which had leaked out from no one knew where (the Head had only taken two of the masters into his confidence on the subject), and it was not until the Head himself, on representations from some of G. W.'s best friends, was compelled to verify it, that the facts were believed. Many there were, indeed, who proposed to stay on and try and vindicate his character. This, however, was not allowed, and with much bustle and confusion, and with tongues agog with the events that had happened at the school, all were at length sent on their way, and the house became quiet again.

The doctor, who had been with the patient since early morning, was with the Head.

"I'm afraid it's a bad case," he was saying; "and though, of course, it is early to judge of how long a business it will be, his mother or someone had better be sent for; he'll want some very careful nursing. Now I must go to the village, and will be back again this afternoon. I have left all instructions with the matron."

Mrs. Davidson arrived that afternoon, and took her place in the sick-room. G. W. was a little more comfortable now, though the fever had not abated. Everything that could possibly be, was done for him—he was a universal favourite, and, from the Head downwards (who paid several visits to the sick-room), the whole household was anxious to do something for him.

Towards the end of the fourth day he seemed to pick up slightly; he became more interested in things, and often asked news of Dick.

"Going along excellently," the doctor assured him, to his numerous enquiries; "and so will you be, I hope, in a day or two."

It was on the evening of the next day that the change came. At a low murmur from the bed, his mother had started up from her chair and bent over him. No answer came to her query as to how he felt. It soon appeared he was unconscious, and on the arrival of Dr. Adkin at five o'clock, he was in a high state of delirium, which passed off, to be followed by a heavy sleep, from which he woke as eight sounded from the school clock. Very weak he seemed now, and at nine the doctor came out into the passage, followed by the Head. In answer to his muttered question, Dr. Adkin shook his head.

"It's a grave case," he said, "a very grave case. At this moment I can only say we must be prepared for the worst. The boy is delicate, and I confess it would not come as a surprise to me if he did not see another night. You ought, in fact, to tell his mother, without delay. I'll ask her to go to you," he added in a low tone, as he re-entered the room. The other bowed his head in silence—his heart was too full for words—and a minute later the mother was in the next room with him.

G. W. looked very weak and thin now, and lay back on his pillow, with eyes gazing vacantly at the ceiling. At last, came in a low voice:—

"Dr. Adkin, come here, please."

The doctor was by his side in a moment.

"Tell me, am I going to die?"

"Oh, no! we hope not," as cheerfully as possible.

"No, let me know the truth, please," went on the boy. "I think I can bear it."

"Well, my dear boy, I'm afraid you'll never be any better." "As well to tell him the truth at once, poor little chap," he thought to himself, as he arranged some medicine bottles at the other end of the room. Not a word for a full minute. Then—

"I should like to see Dora, please—Miss Thurley, you know. Will you tell my mother?"

As the doctor crossed the room, the door opened, and Mrs. Davidson returned. She had not been crying, but she was deadly pale; as Dr. Adkin passed her, she whispered something in his ear, and, nodding his head, he went out.

"Dr. Adkin has told me," said G. W., simply, as she bent and kissed him. "I'm not frightened, because—I've got—you." His breathing was becoming difficult now, and he could only jerk out his sentences at intervals.

Several minutes passed. All at once the door opened slowly, and someone came in with the Head. He couldn't see, at once, who it was, but as the figure came forward, he gave a little exclamation, and a smile lit up his face. It was Dora! his beloved Dora, come to say good-bye! He held out his hand to her, and as she knelt by the bed, he put his arms round her neck, and their lips met.

"Don't talk, dear," she said. "I have just heard all about the money. Dick has told us

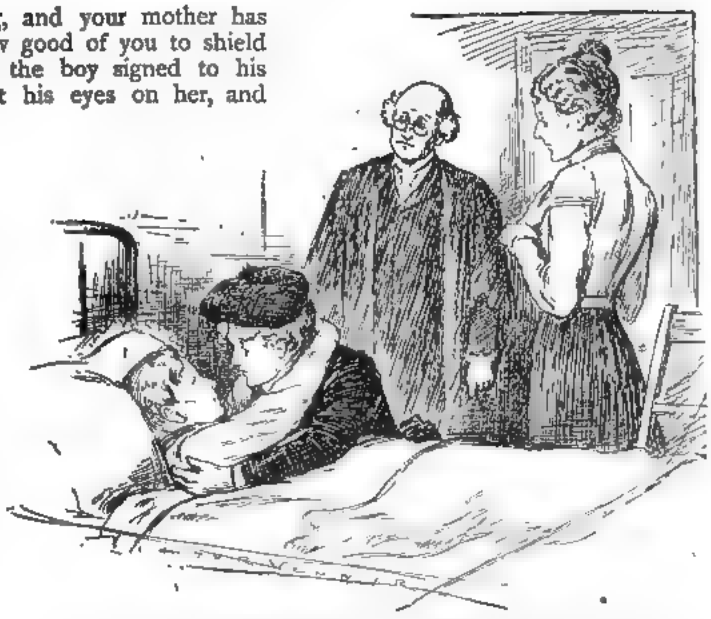
all; the Head knows everything, and your mother has let me come and see you. How good of you to shield him like that," she went on, as the boy signed to his mother to lift him up. He kept his eyes on her, and smiled once or twice.

Then faintly, and with heavy pauses, came the words:—

"It was . . . because . . . of you . . I couldn't bear . . . you should . . . know, dear," and here he paused. "We . . . were fond . . . of one . . another . . . weren't we?" he went on, "and . . . now it's . . . good-bye!"

The girl's head had fallen on to the counterpane. "My dear little George Washington — my little, little boy!" she sobbed; and while the Head bent down to kiss the upturned forehead, he placed one small weak hand on her hair, and there it stayed.

Soon the sobbing ceased, and as the little head fell back on her shoulder, one moan escaped the mother's lips; and the silence was only broken for a second, as the Head went quietly out, leaving the three together.



IT WAS DORA! HIS BELOVED DORA, COME TO SAY GOOD-BYE!

SCHOOL ORCHESTRAS.

By A Marlborough Boy.

In most of the schools of to-day which number their scholars in hundreds, there are at least twenty or thirty who play stringed instruments, and not a few who may have dropped it for a time, or have thought it "no go," who can be induced to take it up again under a promise of being enrolled in the school orchestra. It only needs the co-operation of a musical instructor, and the hearty support, and perhaps musical aid, of a few of the masters, to very rapidly turn twenty or thirty mediocre players into really accomplished orchestral performers. Having read so far, my readers will probably say, "Where is the need for telling us to form orchestras? Have we not already got them? Look at Eton, Uppingham, and Marlborough, and numerous other leading schools. Do they not all possess school orchestras?" My answer is that I write for those who have not yet done so. I know of many schools of old standing and high reputation which do not possess school orchestras. Let them take example from those that have, and strike out and form one for themselves. The advantages are legion—an orchestra can give concerts, or can add spirit to what, in previous years, has been a purely vocal entertainment. An orchestra can earn money for some pet mission in which the school is interested, as, for instance, Marlborough, who last year earned £270 by their concert in London in aid of the Tottenham Mission; and I think, last, but not least, it is only another way of bringing glory to the school by its achievements. A small subscription must be levied for music. There should be practises of the united orchestra at least twice a week, and the separate parts—as first violins, violas, etc.—should be practised alone at least once a week. Anyone who has the welfare of his school at heart can help to form one, either by his musical prowess or his hearty support and enthusiasm, and can hand down to generations to come an institution which will ever be a credit and another feather in the cap of the old school.

[*I shall be glad to publish any photographs of School Orchestras that are sent to me.*—Ed. Captain.]

PATRIOTISM.

For a country 'tis bliss to die.

HOMER.

The noblest motive is the public good.

VIRGIL.

We are not born for ourselves, but for our country.

CICERO.

England expects that every man this day will do his duty.

NELSON.

What a pity is it, that we can die but once to save our country.

ADDISON.

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Our country—to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands.

ROBERT WINTHROP.

The patriot aims at his private good in the public.
When the heart is right, there is true patriotism.

BISHOP BERKELY.

Nothing is permanently helpful to any race or condition of men, but the spirit that is in their own hearts, kindled by the love of their native land.

RUSKIN.

Patriotism is a blind and irrational impulse, unless it is founded on a knowledge of the blessings we are called to secure and the privileges we propose to defend.

ROBERT HALL.

Who would not bleed with transports for his country,
Tear every tender passion from his heart,
And greatly die to make a people happy?

THOMSON.

An infant, when the light first dawns upon him, should look on his country, and through life it should be the object of his regards. He should devote himself to advance her interests, or sacrifice himself to consolidate her power.

ROUSSEAU.

Patriotism, the love of our country, is a noble thing wherever we see it. It is the spirit which is most opposed to individual selfishness, which would shift all unwelcome responsibilities which conflict with the comfort, enjoyment, and prosperity of the moment.

REV. CANON NEWBOLT.

True patriotism is based on honesty, truthfulness, generosity, self-sacrifice, and genuine love of freedom. It is a principle fraught with high impulses and noble thoughts. It springs from a disinterested love of country. Every man should grasp the idea that he is but a link in the chain of creation, and, notwithstanding his love of country, he has the world open to him for the exhibition of his deeds of devotion and charity.

SMILES.

He who undertakes an occupation of great toil and danger for the purpose of serving and defending his country is a most valuable and respectable member of society, and if he conducts himself with valour, fidelity, and humanity, and amidst the horrors of war cultivates the gentle manners of peace and the virtues of a holy life, he deserves, and will assuredly receive, the esteem and the applause of his grateful country, and—what is of still greater importance—the approbation of his God.

BISHOP PORTEUS.

Patriotism is, perhaps, not properly to be considered as a distinct principle of our nature; but rather as the result of a combination of the affections. It leads us, by every means in our power, to promote the peace and prosperity of our country, and to discourage, to the utmost of our ability, whatever tends to the contrary. Every member of the community has something in his power in this respect. He may set an example, in his own person, of dutiful and loyal respect to the first authority, of strict obedience to the laws, and respectful submission to the institutions of his country.

ABERCROMBIE.

THE THREE SCOUTS

by Fred Whishaw

Illustrated by George Soper.

SYNOPSIS.—(Chapters I. to XX.)

At the outbreak of the Boer War, three young men, Geoff and Bernard (generally known as "Bunny") Bigby, and Guy Bunsen, formerly school-fellows together in England, find themselves obliged to leave Johannesburg. However, Bunsen shams ill, and remains behind. Geoff and Bunny, after an exciting journey, arrive, with their mother, at Maritzburg. Leaving Mrs. Bigby here, they go to the front on their own account as scouts. Coming into contact with the Boers, Geoff escapes but Bunny is captured. Having broken the bad news to his mother, Geoff goes down to meet his brother Hugh at Durban. They read in a Boer newspaper that Bunny is a prisoner at Pretoria; Geoff thinks of a plan to rescue him and one Jack Rosenthal, a friend, who is also in gaol there, which is that he should pose as a Boer, and Hugh as an English officer, his prisoner, whom he is escorting to Pretoria. Thus disguised they set out, meeting with several adventures *en route*, each of their horses being commandeered in turn. At length, shortly after leaving Harrismith, Geoff's "prisoner" is taken by a field cornet, whilst he himself is ordered to rejoin his "commando" with all speed. Hugh escapes, and rejoins Geoff. Eventually, they near Pretoria. Bunny has just recognised Hugh, when in walks Geoff in the guise of a Boer. Geoff is taken on as a warder, and is thus able to smuggle in a change of clothes for each of his three friends, who, under his guidance, escape and go to the Krykraft Bank in Johannesburg. The next day he joins them: but while on a visit to Vesta Krykraft, his sweetheart, meets Bunsen, who is his deadly rival. As he does not return to the party at the bank house, Bunny goes in search of him, and turns up just in time to rescue Geoff, who has been overpowered by Bunsen. Leaving Bunsen gagged and tied to a chair, they rejoin the others and set out on their journey to the British lines. Two horses are "commandeered," and they ride on to a farmhouse, when Geoff observes that they are pursued. Hugh and Jack are put to bed as wounded Boers; Geoff and Bunny seek shelter in the woods.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TABLES TURNED.

Geoff made no mistake when he declared that he had seen Guy Bunsen riding with three Boers towards the farm. Bunsen it was. Let me explain, in a very few words, how he came to be there. We left him gagged and tied to a chair in his own room at Johannesburg. In this uncomfortable position he remained for several hours, but was eventually released—at about seven in the morning—by his next-door neighbour, who had an interesting tale to tell him. This man had been roused at night by the noise of quarrelling in Bunsen's rooms. Being of an inquisitive disposition, he had dressed himself and watched Bunsen's door. Very early in the morning two men had issued forth and passed cautiously down the road, he following. He had tracked them at a distance until they disappeared into a house, but he was too far away to distinguish which house it was, for there was no light. Very soon afterwards, he heard them leave once

more and pass down the road. From this point he followed them, again at a respectful distance, until he became aware that they made for the open country in the Meyerton direction. Then he returned, and, contriving to open Bunsen's door, entered his rooms, where he was shocked to discover their proprietor gagged and in bonds. He released him, and reported his action in following and marking down the evilly-disposed person who had maltreated Bunsen, whereat the latter piously thanked Heaven and also his neighbour, and added, less piously, that he would be revenged upon the scoundrels if it occupied a whole life-time to carry out a suitable vengeance.

Afterwards he visited the police department, where he laid information of the presence in Johannesburg of two English spies; they were known to him and their object was known to him; he also knew in which direction they had escaped, and how they might be captured.

"Wait a minute," said the official. "Who are you?"

Guy gave his name. The official turned over a pile of letters and selected one—that, in fact, which Geoff had posted, Guy's own.

"This is your application; it appears that you also wish to depart——"

"I can wait; I am willing to ride first with your men in pursuit of these persons."

"Well, I warn you, your conduct is suspicious. Why do you give information against these people?"

"They are enemies of mine—I hate them!"

"H'm! are they not rather confederates, anxious to escape in one direction, while you turn our attention in another?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Bunsen. "I never thought of it. I want these men caught and shot."

"Oh! a private vendetta. What can you prove against them that transgresses martial law?"

"I can prove that they are English scouts, and cannot have been in Johannesburg for any honest purpose."

"Very well, accompany my men in pursuit; but remember that you may compromise yourself in this matter. If these men are not to be found where you seek them, questions will arise."

"I must risk it—I want them caught, I tell you."

So Bunsen rode out presently with his three policemen, and for two days scoured the country in search of some traces of the fugitives, but found none, because the four friends had been careful to travel for the first fifty miles by night, and had, moreover, avoided all towns and villages and even farms.

From the first the inspector was sceptical as to the existence of the fugitives, and did not conceal his dislike and distrust of Bunsen. He had had enough of the foolish enterprise, as he considered it, long before he reached the farm in which, had he known it, the objects of his search—in whose very existence he disbelieved—had just eaten their dinner.

Geoff's warning was not a minute too soon, for five minutes later, when Geoff and Bunny had led their horses safely into the wood, and Hugh and Jack had bundled—half-dressed—into two beds, Hugh with a terrible blood-stained rag tied about his head, up rode the three Boer policemen, and with them Guy Bunsen.

It happened that these four men had not passed through the village of Harte-fontein, and knew nothing of the episode of the horses; therefore they did not enquire for horse-stealers, but for two spies supposed to have passed in this direction—Englishmen.

Anna declared stoutly that she knew of no spies; she had two wounded men—English farmers—upstairs, but no one in the nature of a spy.

"Ah!" said Bunsen, "we must see these men—I think we have caught them, Mr. Inspector. You will not be so ready to doubt me next time."

"Well, let's see them," growled the man addressed, who did not seem greatly in love with the enterprise upon which Guy had led him and his men. Anna's heart sank, for she felt that matters were becoming complicated. If this were really a question of spies and their pursuit and capture, she wished she had not taken in such persons. Nevertheless, she had promised protection, and she did her best to extend it.

"Save yourselves the trouble of examining them; they are only poor wounded fellows, English farmers, commandeered to our service and shot in trying to escape," she said. But the inspector pushed roughly past her.

"Out of the way, Tante," he growled. "You must not attempt to shield such people, or you may get into trouble."

The girl Marta burst into tears at this point, in pure pity for the fate she believed to be in store for her handsome guests.

"It is a hateful war!" she cried.

Guy accompanied the police upstairs. They entered the room tearfully pointed out to them, and the inspector approached first the bed upon which lay Hugh, his head tied up, his eyes rolling wildly, and his hand catching at imaginary flies between his pillow and the ceiling.

Luckily Bunsen did not know Hugh; he had never seen either him or Jack Rosenthal, and had, therefore, no suspicion as to their identity.

With a muttered curse of disappointment, Guy

turned away from Hugh's bedside, and walked up to Jack's.

"No," he said, "we must go further—these are not the rascals we want."

"Come away then," said the inspector, gruffly "We've wasted time enough already in this foolish wild-goose chase."

"Come, mount, and let's get this nonsense over," he continued, irritably; and one of his men added, to Bunsen's evident discomfort:

"I have been wondering, inspector, whether this man has not played the fox with us in this matter, dragging us away in one direction while his accomplices escape scot free in another. Is it not a matter to be enquired into?"

"I have thought the same," said the inspector; "the circumstances are suspicious. Why, after all, should this Englishman desire to ruin other Englishmen? It is not natural. I do not love the English, but they hang together."

"See how his face pales—our words terrify him," said the other.

"If I were sure of his guilt I would telegraph for leave to shoot him," added the inspector. "At any rate, let him not think that he has escaped punishment, for this matter shall be carefully investigated at Johannesburg."

"I have already explained, Mr. Inspector," said Bunsen, "that these two men are my bitter enemies, one being my rival, and that I hate them and they me. I can prove that they were in Johannesburg, and that they left in this direction."

"Bah! I trust you no further. Right about face, men! We ride back to the town; these are no times for the chasing of wild geese. This man may continue his arguments when we have reached Johannesburg." And with the words the party turned back and rode the way they came.

LUCKILY, BUNSEN DID NOT KNOW HUGH.

When Geoff and Bunny returned to the farm presently, very jubilant, having watched Bunsen and his party ride away, they found Hugh—no longer the blood-stained, delirious warrior—endeavouring to make pretty Marta understand how deeply grateful he was to herself and her mother for their kindness and loyalty. Marta knew very

little English, but she sat and smiled very sweetly, looking admiringly at the handsome Englishman, and wondering what all the talk was about.

Her mother also entered, but her face was somewhat grave, and immediately following her came Geoff and Bunny. Geoff took the Tante's hand and solemnly kissed it, thanking her courteously and gravely for the great service she had rendered to his party. "We shall never forget your kindness, Tante," he ended; "and, maybe, one day we shall find a way to show our gratitude."

The good woman looked kindly but somewhat sorrowfully in his eyes.

"I do not grudge what I have done for you," she said, sighing; "but I did not know that I had taken spies into my house: had I known it, I must have thought twice before admitting you."

"Oh no, Tante, not spies—indeed we are not spies! Did he tell you that? He is my rival and my enemy, Tante. See now how it is: I am to marry a Boer lady in Johannesburg, and he is also in love with her. I am an Englishman, Tante, and—stay, I will tell you the whole truth, for it is due to your kindness to conceal nothing from you, and I am sure that you will not betray us"—and Geoff told the good soul the whole history of the release and escape, and of the adventures in Johannesburg, exactly as we know them, for—he explained afterwards—"When you get hold of a woman like that, and who acts up to her promises even though she suspects you of deceiving her, why, hang it! you *must* face the music and tell her the whole truth, or you'll never again feel twopenn'orth of self respect"—a sentiment in which, to their credit, all cordially concurred.

And as for old Tante, she cried over the troubles and trials, and especially over the romantic details set forth in Geoff's narrative, and said that the war was an odious thing and that Geoff had behaved as she would wish her own son to behave in such matters, and, in fact, that she was sincerely glad she had befriended them all.

"My good man is at the front," she ended, "and two sons—Marta's brothers—and God knows whether I shall ever see them again."

"Tell me their names and where they are fighting, Tante, and—who knows? strange things happen in war time—we might befriend them."

Then Tante gave the names of husband and sons—Karl Nederlander and Willem and George Nederlander—which Geoff promised to remember.

The party remained three days at the farm house, for Jack was feverish and his wound was painful; but on the fourth day the fever left him, and, feeling better, he declared that he thought they should be pushing on.

Hugh was for staying on a while longer.

"Better give your arm a chance, Jack," he said. "It's better to-day, but it may be all wrong again to-morrow. Tante won't mind our staying another couple of days."

"Nor Marta either, eh, old man?" said Jack, whereat Bunny and Geoff laughed, and Hugh, after looking surprised and pained for a moment, blushed and laughed also.

"I daresay not," he said awkwardly; "you'd better ask her."

"No need, sonny," said Jack.

Nevertheless they stayed two more days, and when at last the time came to go old Tante declared that she felt ashamed to be so sorry to part with four enemies of her country and people.

"We shall all be friends one day, Tante, and the best of friends too," said Geoff.

"Amen!" said the good old lady.

As for Marta, she was quite upset at the break up of the party, and declared that it was most unwise to allow Jack to travel so soon after receiving his wound.

"I will come and see you one day, Marta, when the war's over," Hugh whispered as they said good-bye to one another, "shall I?"

Marta did not reply in words—she was not much of a hand at English—but her eyes spoke volumes in a language which was neither Dutch nor English; and the blush and smile which accompanied the eye-speech became her admirably; so that the last impression of the girl left on the minds of her guests—especially of one of them—was a very pleasant one. To that one it proved as lasting as it was agreeable.

CHAPTER XXII.

DEAD, OR DISAPPEARED?

The question now to be decided by the fugitives was how best to proceed to the front, and for what particular point to direct their way.

Mafeking was undoubtedly the nearest place at which hostilities actually raged about this time.

"Shall we help to invest Mafeking?" asked Geoff, a council having been called upon this weighty matter soon after the hospitable farm house of old Tante Nederlander had been left—regretfully—behind them. But no one seemed anxious to wait about outside Mafeking.

"Baden-Powell isn't going to throw up the sponge," said Hugh, "and as for running the gauntlet and joining our fellows there, there's no particular advantage in that. I'd rather stay outside

and take a hand in the war—besides, we should be four more mouths to feed."

This seemed to be the general feeling. No one desired to be boxed up for an indefinite period. Better to join the fighting line at some point where the opposing hosts were encamped, as it were, in the open.

Kimberley was rejected for the same reason.

"Dare we make for Kroonstad, take the train there for Bloemfontein and on straight through to Colesburg, or near it? There's a British force about those parts under French." This was Bunny's suggestion.

At any rate it would be safe enough to make for Kroonstad, there they might learn the news, and act according to information picked up.

So Kroonstad was made the immediate objective point; and there they learned that Methuen, with a large force, had pushed his way up as far as the Modder River, driving the enemy slowly before him.

"There you are—that's our billet!" said Geoff. "We'll join Cronje's forces and find our way across to Methuen at the first opportunity. Hands up for Modder River!" All hands and all voices were raised in favour of this plan, and without a moment's delay the party set forth once more, travelling as quickly as four men, one of whom is, more or less, invalided, can conveniently travel with but two horses among them. Hugh still wore the bandage over his jaws whenever the haunts of men were approached, his ignorance of Dutch being, apparently, the only serious danger of the enterprise; for no one suspected that the party of men were anything but what they represented themselves—namely, a couple of Boers moving to the front, in charge of two semi-English farmers commandeered against their will, and therefore under some suspicion.

As the four venturesome travellers came nearer the Boer lines on the hills behind Kimberley they occasionally met groups of men going in the opposite direction. Some of these appeared to avoid all intercourse, and when greeted proved very uncommunicative.

"Those chaps have had enough of it, and are going home," said Hugh, "mark my words. Probably Free Staters!"

The horrible battle of Magersfontein had already taken place when they reached the Boer laagers, and terrible tales were told the new arrivals on all sides of the carnage that distinguished the fighting of that day. Very sad were those four English hearts when they heard of it, and the only comfort they could find in the matter was, that the version told in the Boer camp would probably be exaggerated.

The interview with the field-cornet to whom it fell to deal with their case passed off satisfactorily, though Geoff required all his ready wit in order to steer through it in safety.

The four men were sent into Field Cornet Hugerdorp's presence in order to be registered and to have their positions and duties assigned.

"Who are these fellows?" he asked of the Boer who brought them in.

"Two Boers from Pretoria and two commandeered English farmers caught returning to their farms, wounded, but turned back by the other two."

"Oh, that will be a matter of a fine, my friend, said the officer, addressing Hugh. "State your excuse for retiring without permission."

Hugh put his hand to his plastered and bandaged jaw, and made a pretence of attempting to speak, and of finding articulation impossible

"He is pretty tightly bandaged, Mr. Field. Cornet, and can't speak," said Geoff. "This other one is wounded also, but has nearly recovered. I met them both, and turned them back; they can squat in a trench and fire a rifle as well as others who are without bullet-holes in their chops. If I may venture to make a suggestion," he added, confidentially, lowering his voice and approaching the table at which the field-cornet sat, "I should put them where they won't easily get away; they'll cut and run for their farms again if they get a chance."

"Oh, never fear, I have a special trench or two for shirkers. As to yourself and this other, you say you come from Pretoria—if from Pretoria, why have you had no orders for the front before this?"

"We have been under Joubert at Ladysmith from the beginning, but we were sent up with prisoners and afterwards told to join the forces behind Kimberley; we have now come straight down, *vid* Kroonstad."

"Very well. Go to Field-Cornet Leyden, right flank, Kroonstad commando, and bid him place these fellows; tell him the circumstances under which you found them, and he will know where to put them. As you know them by sight, you had better be placed somewhere near them, in case of their attempting any tomfoolery, you understand? You need not fight in the same trench; in fact, I should advise you to keep out of theirs."

This suited them very well.

Geoff had no intention of repeating the fabulous story of his two runaway English farmers when in the presence of Field-Cornet Leyden. Had he done so, that officer would have placed them in some death trap reserved for those under suspicion of half-hearted devotion to the Boer cause. But the knowledge of Leyden's name and the position of his commando was useful, and the four men

promptly joined the commando in question, which was laagered on the extreme right flank of the Magersfontein position.

The next thing was to get employed, all four of them, upon picket duty—if that could be arranged; for once outside the Boer lines upon some outpost job there would be little difficulty in getting across to their own people. But though Geoff now changed his tune and lauded to the skies the wonderful loyalty of these two commandeered farmers of English blood, he did not succeed in convincing his Boer companions of their trustworthiness.

"It maybe as you say," one slim old Boer told him, "and that they are as keenly anxious for the success of our cause as we ourselves are; but I don't like that kind of loyalty. If they are not friendly to their own people, they ought to be. Better not to trust such men."

"Slim!" was Geoff's comment upon this advice.

So for a while the prospect of escape was put back, and the only comfort in life was to listen to the banging of the English guns, two or three miles away, and to see the enemy scuttle into their trenches, like rabbits into their holes, when the lyddite shells came screaming towards the lines, to burst and tear great furrows in the hill sides—"Old Methuen showing his teeth," as Bunny called it.

For two or three weeks this sort of thing went on; no greater comfort to be had than the staring at puffs of British smoke in the distance and getting out of the way of British shells which followed the puffs; no opportunity to go out upon picket duty; no movement in the camp; nothing to do.

Then at last there came a ripple in the stagnant water of existence.

One night Geoff was called out upon picket duty. He tried hard to obtain permission for Bunny and the rest to be of the party, but without success.

"Yours is the only name on the list, out of the four you mention," he was told. "We can't let all go who would like to do outpost work, we should have the whole army volunteering." The four friends consulted as to Geoff's enterprise.

"Of course, I shall not go over to-night," said Geoff. "I shall wait till we can all go together."

"Get over while you can," said they. "We shall follow pretty soon."

But Geoff would not hear of it. "No!" he said. "We'll stand or fall together when we do go; I shall come back to laager this time."

But man only proposes, the disposing is in other hands. When the picket returned in the morning they returned with two men short, Geoff and another; and in the English papers two days later there appeared this paragraph, among other items of war news:—

> Modder River.—Some of Babbington's troopers shot two Boers engaged in sniping our outposts last Thursday.

Bunny had known two or three of the men engaged in this little affair, and had seen them arrive in the morning.

"Where is my brother, Piet Kuyper?" he asked, unspeakably alarmed to find that Geoff had not returned with them.

"Shot—poor lad—shot dead early in the night," said an elderly Boer. "We'd have brought his body in, but were pressed ourselves. He's not the only good lad killed in this *verdomte* war."

Bunny returned dazed to tell the others the terrible news. He found them sitting outside the trenches, staring, as usual, at the English position

"Geoff's shot—" he contrived with difficulty to articulate; then he fell forward, and lay on the hillside sobbing, with his face in his hands.

Was this to be the end of all the cleverness and devotion with which his dear brother had conducted the enterprise from beginning to end, and all for his sake? Poor Bunny groaned aloud, and prayed with all his soul that the Boer might have lied or made a mistake, and that Geoff might still have been alive when left for dead on the veldt.

"Cheer up, old man!" said Hugh, bravely "ten to one he was only wounded, and will crawl in presently; or, maybe, he simply shammed in order to go over and see an English face or two and then come back to us."

"I wish to Heaven I could think so!" Bunny groaned. He was, however, somewhat comforted by Hugh's suggestion. But two or three days passed without bringing any news of Geoff, and Bunny openly, and Hugh in his heart of hearts, grew more and more despairing.

"If only they'd employ us, and give us a chance of getting out of this," said Bunny, "one might hear something of him in our own camp. I sha'n't be able to bear this long. If nothing happens I shall be off on my own hook. Could you get along now without me to do the talking?"

"I doubt it, though I know a lot more Dutch than I did; but, in any case, don't do anything rash, Bunny. Rashness was always your fault! you know."

"If I do, it will be because I can't help it!" said Bunny. "I tell you, I can't stand this much longer."

But exciting days were coming near. The English were becoming more active every hour. There was a minor skirmish or two—mostly affairs of outposts; nearly every day there was some movement, and the three Englishmen began to have hopes of an end coming to the stagnant

HUGH DRAGGED THE OLDER MAN UNCEREMONIOUSLY BEHIND THE ROCK, AND AT THE INSTANT A SHELL BURST WITHIN THIRTY YARDS OF THEM.

life and the suspense from which they suffered. One night the Boers shot a couple of Englishmen near their own lines, two poor fellows who had scouted too adventurously, and brought them in for burial. They performed the rite with reverence, a number of them standing over the grave and singing a hymn.

"It's really very decent of them," said Jack, impressed. "Look, Hugh, there's an old boy going to preach now. Listen with all your ears, and let's see if we can make out what he says."

They came nearer and listened. The old Boer spoke eloquently as to the hard duties of soldiers in war time, one of the hardest of which was surely to be compelled to shoot down plucky fellows as brave as themselves and as patriotic from their own point of view. "Oh, the pity of it!" was the burden of his remarks. Hugh over-

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heard a young Boer say, with a laugh, that old Nederlander dearly loved to hear himself speak, and never missed an opportunity of putting in a word in season. "Let him be," said the other, "he's one of the old school—prays hard and fights hard."

Afterwards Hugh approached the older man and asked him in English whether he was the same Burgher Nederlander who had a farm up in the north of the state near Kroonstad; and when he learned that this was in truth Marta's father, he gave the old man—to the Boer's great delight—the last personal news of his wife and daughter, adding that he owed a deep debt of gratitude to the good ladies, who had treated him with more than ordinary kindness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DURBAN AGAIN!

THE two men stood talking beside a huge boulder that towered above one of the Boer trenches upon the side of the hill. Suddenly Hugh dragged the older man unceremoniously behind the rock, and the same instant a shell bursting within thirty yards of them knocked both off their feet. Three Boers who had stood near them before they sheltered behind the boulder were killed on the spot. The old man shook hands with Hugh. "Thank you," he said, "you have repaid my wife's hospitality by saving my life; next time you pass the farm you must look in and receive her thanks."

Then Hugh, discovering an opportunity for making a dash, took from his pocket and pushed into the hand of the old man a little paper packet, which he blushingly asked the burgher to give to his daughter on his return home.

"Ask her to keep it till I come for it," he stammered. "Marta will understand."

"Oh-h!" said the old man, "is it thus, then? But are you not one of the commandeered English subjects who are treacherously fighting against their own people?"

"I am English, yes. As for fighting, I have fired a few shots at the sun," said Hugh, smiling. "I am here because I must."

"Nay, take back the parcel; my daughter shall receive no presents from those who are disloyal to their own people—such men would make bad husbands."

In vain poor Hugh endeavoured to explain that he was not, in reality, disloyal. The old Boer was clearly averse to the idea of an English lover for his daughter, and Hugh was obliged regretfully to pocket the little *souvenir* he wished to send to pretty Marta.

"I will justify myself when the war is over!" he said, and old Nederlander replied that if that were so none would be gladder than he, for that a traitor to his country was a poor creature indeed.

Hugh was not very good company at this time; he had a double anxiety at heart; for, besides the uncertainty as to Geoff's fate, he had to bear that peculiarly gnawing care familiar to all who suddenly find that they have fallen in love with one from whose side they must long be absent. Bunny's grief over his beloved Geoff's disappearance was more poignant than his brother's, and he too was very miserable at this time. Jack Rosenthal strove bravely to communicate some cheerfulness to both of his companions, but with scant success.

It came as a relief to Bunny one night to be called up for his turn of scouting. He was one of those who had given in his name as willing to undertake this class of work, and at last his turn had come.

"For Heaven's sake don't disappear and give us another anxiety to bear," said Hugh, piteously. "We've about as much care on our hands already as we can carry."

But Bunny returned in the morning safe and sound, and full, moreover, of a scheme for the escape of the trio the very next night, having used his outing as a reconnaissance for the good of the party.

"I scouted close to the British outposts," he said, excitedly. "I could have gone over easily, but, of course, I wasn't going to desert you."

"Thank Heaven you didn't—that would have about finished me!" said Hugh.

"Well, what say you—both of you—to doing a little scouting 'on our own' to-night?" continued Bunny. "If we have any luck we shall cross the lines; you see, I have been once, and know the lie of the place."

Both Hugh and Jack were only too delighted to hear of a chance of escape, and when darkness fell the three conspirators crept cautiously from their tent, and, Bunny leading, got clear of their own laager.

"So far, so good," whispered Bunny. "Now we've a bit of a walk before us, half-way to Jacobsdal, and then across the veldt till we strike a British picket."

Away went the three at a swinging trot, and once at least they were challenged.

"Scouts—ordered out from the Kroonstad commando," said Bunny; "we're bound for the British lines—don't delay us."

"Pass on, then," said the man, "it is midnight now: best be well out of the way of their bullets by four in the morning."

But for this little delay the three men pushed steadily forward, and they were scarcely aware how near they had come towards the English lines when a bullet whizzed over their heads, followed by a second, and an English voice called, "Halt! who goes there?"

Oh, the joy of hearing English voices again! In the thrilling and delightful shock of it the three men made no reply, but foolishly waited for the sentry to speak again. Instead he fired another shot.

"Friends! We're friends, mate; don't shoot us," cried Hugh.

"Friends? What sort of friends are ye, then, that come by night from the enemy's lines?" shouted a voice back.

"Escaped prisoners from Pretoria," began Bunny, but the man rudely interrupted him.

"Oh, rats!" he said. "You're some sneaking Boers prying about and got too near; now you'll suffer for it—wait till I kill you dead."

"No, don't shoot again. Look at us closer, and you'll see we are English, though in Boer clothes."

"Hold up your hands, then, and drop your rifles—one—two—three."

Down went the three rifles, and up went the six hands. The sentry laughed.

"You know your surrender drill, anyway," he said, "and, by gumption, you're right to do as you're told. I should have shot you in a minute! Keep your hands up while I gather in the rifles, lads, and then you shall walk in wid me to the colonel's."

"I say, this isn't exactly being received with open arms by our own people, is it?" said Jack, with a laugh. "What do you take us for, Mr. Atkins? Can't you see we're as good English as you?"

"That's the colonel's business," said the man. "There's plenty of bad characters about that talks good English."

Luckily the colonel proved to be more amenable to persuasive arguments, and accepted the statement of the fugitives that they were indeed escaped English prisoners from Pretoria, and nothing worse.

"But it's an extraordinary tale you tell," he said, "and I should like the C.O. to hear it; therefore, don't conclude that I disbelieve your statement *in toto* if I send you up to him."

So the three friends went up before the general commanding, and repeated their tale to him, and received his congratulations. But when Bunny inquired whether anything had been heard of his brother Geoffrey, and hung upon the answer as a criminal hangs upon the lips of the judge about to pronounce sentence, his hopes were dashed to the ground, for the general immediately replied that he had heard no mention of an English refugee either wounded or unwounded, and that if such a man had been brought into camp he would certainly have known of it.

"I am sorry I cannot give you hope," he said, kindly, seeing Bunny's distress, "especially as your brother seems to have been a fine fellow indeed, and to have deserved better luck than to be killed by English bullets in the very hour of success."

Sadly, after this interview, the three friends left the camp and started upon their journey to Cape Town, sadly and silently. Geoff really dead? It seemed almost impossible to believe! Geoff—the invincible, the resourceful, the ever successful; Geoff, the stalwart, the staunch friend, the merry companion, the man whom everyone must love and trust at sight—gone! shot dead in the moment of triumphant success; while they, for whom he had done so much, survived, full of life and vigour, and—thanks mostly to his exertions—free men!

Moreover, to add to the personal sorrow, there was the misery to be faced of breaking the news to his mother; a grim obligation which haunted both Hugh and Bunny all the way to the Cape, and was ever before their eyes during the sea voyage thence to Durban. Who was to break the news? Each brother offered to do so.

"Toss up," said Bunny; and the duty fell to Hugh.

"I think you'll do it better than I, old man," said Bunny; and Hugh replied that perhaps their mother would feel it less in the joyful hour of their return.

"Oh, no!" said Bunny. "That won't make any difference. We are we, and she'll be very very glad to see us; but dear old Geoff was——" Poor Bunny broke off with a great sob. Hugh finished the sentence.

"Yes," he said, sighing, "there was but one Geoff, that's certain."

Mrs. Bigby's joy when her two sons were shown into her presence was so great that poor Bunny's heart seemed to rise in his throat; he could not help feeling even in that moment that this joy was unreal because it had no secure foundation. Geoff was dead, and she must know it in a minute; and then her joy would change to sorrow. She had not asked for Geoff; Hugh had a breathing space—poor Hugh, how Bunny pitied him!

But inevitable troubles must be faced, and Hugh felt that he must get his task over.

"Dearest mother," he began, faltering, "I don't know how to say it, but we must—we are obliged to damp your joy, poor dear. There is something very, very sad to tell you." Poor Hugh paused, pale and agitated. Bunny took his mother's hand and held it in his own.

A PALE, LIMPING, SUNKEN-EYED, HAPPY GHOST THE GHOST OF GEOFF HIMSELF

Mrs. Bigby looked surprised, then alarmed.

"You haven't heard bad news of father?" she faltered.

"No, no, mother, not that, not that!" said Hugh. "We ——"

Mrs. Bigby gave a sigh of relief. Then she started, "Oh, you have lost poor Jack Rosenthal, is that it?" she said.

Fate was unkind to poor Hugh. His mother would not understand, and he must end by blurting out the dreadful truth. Was it that such a calamity as Geoff's death was too great to be conceivable? Alas, then, how would she bear to hear the news? And, mystery of mysteries, why had she not inquired after Geoff!

"No, dear mother, Jack is safe," Hugh began.

In another moment he would have had to make the plunge. But before he made it the door opened and a ghost entered.

A pale, limping, sunken-eyed, but widely grinning and intensely happy ghost — the ghost of Geoff himself.

"Well done, dear old chaps!" said the ghost, "and where's Jack—all right? I knew you'd get through before long. I told you so, mother, didn't I? You got my message all right, I suppose? Why, what's up? You look as if you'd seen a ghost, both of you!"

* * * * *

What a palavering, and a telling of experiences, and counter-telling! What a rejoicing, and what health-drinking took place half an hour later, at dinner!

First Geoff's experiences came out, and much had to be explained. He had been badly wounded —"knocked silly!" as he expressed it—and carried into hospital to be treated. Then, as a Boer prisoner—for he had been too ill to explain, at first, the real circumstances—sent to the Cape to recruit. Hence the C.O.'s ignorance at Modder River. "But didn't you get my message?" continued Geoff. "I persuaded the doctor at hospital, when sending across his report of wounded Boers, to add a message to Jan Kuyper (giving your commando and position), that his brother, Pieter Kuyper, was doing well. I suppose the rascals on your side never took the trouble to let you know." This explained, then, mystery No. 2—why Mrs. Bigby had not mentioned Geoff—she naturally supposed that they knew all about him.

Then Geoff continued, and described how, when

he had recovered sufficiently to make it known that he was no Boer, but an English refugee, he was allowed to depart from the prisoners' hospital and to take passage by steamer to Durban, which he reached only a couple of days before the rest.

After Geoff's yarn came the story of the other three, which we know already.

"And you spoilt the whole thing," Bunny ended, "by coming in just as old Hugh was about to kill and bury you! He had assumed the black cap, as it were, and we had both of us really done our best to look as if we cared two hangs about it, which of course, we didn't."

At this critical moment the ghost hurled some missile—a cork or a piece of bread—which took effect upon the head of the disrespectful one; and the rest of the proceedings of this rowdy, happy evening it is not for the self respecting historian to chronicle.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE HORSEWHIP.

When Geoff had called upon old Mr Rosenthal, Jack's father, before his son's arrival, in order to inform him of the escape and of the fact that, given a little more luck, Jack and the others would soon pass within the British lines, since they were now "serving" on the edge of the Boer position at Magersfontein, the millionaire could scarcely believe his ears.

"Do you seriously tell me you and Jack got clean out of Pretoria and away, and that he may be here any minute?" he exclaimed.

"Any minute — and my brothers Hugh and Bunny as well. We have had grand luck on the whole, from start to finish."

The old man was much moved. He was silent for a moment or two, and blew his nose.

"Well, you're a set of fine lads, and especially yourself," he said, at last; "and I trust your wound won't bother you long—you're a bit of a wreck as yet I see."

"Oh, I shall be all right in no time, sir. Of course, the only danger now is that some zealous British outpost fellow may have a shy at them as they cross over from the Boer lines; but they're accustomed to go carefully, and they won't be rash."

"Well, my boy, you know what I said, and I meant it. There's £10,000 to your credit and your brother's at any bank you like to name on the day Jack reaches this place in safety; I said it should be so and I want you to have the money."

But Geoff courteously allowed the generous old man to understand that it would be distasteful to him to receive a money reward, and that he would answer for his brother's sentiments in the matter as well as his own.

"Well, I think no worse of you for that," said Mr. Rosenthal, "and, what's more, I shall find some other way of showing my gratitude. There are good things to be had in Johannesburg for good men, and perhaps your brother won't be too proud to accept an appointment that would save him the trouble of going back to Australia."

"You are extremely kind, sir," Geoff laughed, "and I shall leave you and Hugh to settle that matter when he arrives." And it may be said at once that Hugh, when he arrived, did actually come to some arrangement with Jack's father which is likely, when the war-clouds have cleared away and the shutters and boards have been removed from Johannesburg windows, letting in, once more, the sunshine of peace and prosperity, to prove a lucrative one for Hugh. For all that, in spite of the joy of freedom and the sense of a difficult enterprise satisfactorily achieved, Hugh went, at this time, somewhat heavily; he was pensive and quiet and unlike himself.

"You're in love, old man," said Bunny, bluntly, "that's what's the matter."

"I don't know," Hugh sighed, "you may be right; I sometimes think I am—rather badly."

"Get out of it again, if you can; very few girls are worth worrying about so much as all that."

"Marta is!" said Hugh. "At least, I think so; I saw more of her then you did, and I'm certain she's as good as a girl can be."

"Well, she isn't bad looking—for a Boer girl—I'll admit that," said Bunny, grudgingly, "but you'd better pull yourself together and forget her, old chap, for in all probability you'll never see her again."

"Shall I not?" said Hugh, smiling. "Do you know, Bunny, that the thought of seeing her again when the war's over is practically all I'm living for at the present moment?"

Then Bunny whistled a tune and went away, realising that Hugh was at present in that condition in which a man is not responsible for his words and actions, and must be given up as a bad job.

"He'll get over it," he said, presently, discussing the matter with Geoff. "He surely wouldn't go and marry a Boer girl!"

"Vesta's one," said Geoff simply, and Bunny was obliged to whistle another tune, and to take another stroll.

"I think I won't interfere in these little matters again," he reflected. "I seem to put my foot in it whenever I try to do a kind thing."

A few days after this both Bunny and Hugh,

weary of a fortnight of idleness while so many Englishmen were in the field, joined the Natal Carbineers, and went once more to the front, where they were not long in proving themselves a real acquisition to that force, and made themselves a name as two of the most accomplished scouts and most intrepid and intelligent patrollers in the army.

Meanwhile a letter came for Geoff, from Johannesburg. Vesta had secured its safe arrival by sending it to a friend at Lorenço Marquez, whence there would be no difficulty in forwarding it to Durban. This letter first enraged and then delighted Geoff, and the reason for both sentiments will be seen in the extract here given :—

"For a week after you went," Vesta wrote, "I heard nothing of Mr. Bunsen. If I had not received your note telling me all was well with you, I should have been very anxious, for I should have connected his disappearance, somehow, with you, and imagined that he dared not come near me because he had done something treacherous to you. But he turned up at the house after a week and asked to see me. The servants refused to admit him, which, they said, made him very angry. This happened on three consecutive days, and after that I received a threatening letter from him. He told me that if I persisted in being so rude as to refuse to see him he would be obliged to take certain steps for his own protection in a certain matter as to which he was at issue with the authorities—steps which he would rather not take without consulting me, because I was concerned in the said matter.

"I made an appointment to see him," the letter continued, "after this, because I was rather anxious to know what he could mean by the threat implied in his letter. I took care that my old nurse should be in the room, however, and told the maid to remain outside the door in case I should require her. Besides this, I had a little revolver in my pocket, one which father gave me before he left. Mr. Bunsen came, and we had a great quarrel. He told me it was necessary, in order to justify himself, to prove to the authorities that you had lately been in Johannesburg and at this house, and that you had since departed.

"'You mean,' I said, 'that the authorities require proof of a statement you yourself have made to them, that Geoff had been in the town?' and when he deliberately admitted that this was so, and that he had even done his best to get you captured, I felt so angry that I ordered him out of the room.

"'If I go,' he said, 'I shall be obliged to refer the police people to you, and that would be unpleasant both for you and for your father.'

"'Do exactly as you please,' I said, 'only go at once, and never show your face in the house again!' I'm afraid I also called him a coward.

"He was very angry, but he went; and soon afterwards I had a visit from the police inspector, who was a polite man, and whom I easily satisfied. He was not an admirer of Mr. Bunsen's, I soon discovered, and when he asked me what truth there was in his statement that you had been to Johannesburg, disguised as a Boer, in order to spy, I told him (I hope you won't mind!) that I am engaged to be married to you and that perhaps you had other and better motives for coming to Johannesburg than that of spying.

"He laughed, and said something pretty. 'These English are queer folks,' he added. 'This other—this Bunsen must have good reasons for hating Mr. Bigby, since he did his best to get him caught by my men!'

"'Mr. Bunsen does not approve of our engagement, Mr. Inspector,' I said.

"'Oh!' he replied, smiling, 'is that it? Now I understand! Then perhaps you will not be sorry to hear that we have withdrawn his permission to remain, and that he will depart at once?'

"'I am charmed to hear it, Mr. Inspector,' I said.

"But, alas! the same man came later to tell me that Mr. Bunsen had disappeared, and this has made me so nervous that you must not be surprised if you receive a wire from me from Lorenço Marquez to tell you that I am coming down to Durban in order to ask your mother for a temporary shelter for old Anna and myself. Do you think she will take us in?"

"If ever I lay hands upon that chap again," said Geoff, upon reading this letter, "I'll whip the hound until he can't see out of his eyes, the sneaking, cowardly blackguard! Oh-h-h-h! Why didn't I scrag him while I had the chance?"

He paced the room in fury for a while.

"What shall I do, mother?" he exclaimed, "go back to Johannesburg and see after my poor Vesta? She is alarmed, one can see that; and with that rascal of a fellow at large, it is no wonder!"

"I think we may expect to see Vesta before long," said Mrs. Bigby; "but, in any case, you cannot dream of going there or anywhere else at present, for you are only half recovered from your wound. We can telegraph to the bank at Lorenço Marquez—it is a branch of her father's—and ask them to wire her to come down at once."

"Yes," said Geoff, "the very thing! We will."

But very soon after Geoff had despatched his message he received one which had crossed it, telling him that Vesta was already in Lorenço, and would sail at once for Durban. Then Geoff forgot his anxiety and his rage with Bunsen and

everything else in the joy of knowing that Vesta was safe and would soon be in his mother's house and under her protection.

Nevertheless, he had rejoiced a little too soon; for on the following day he received another message from Vesta's friends, announcing the departure of her steamer, and adding these disquieting words: "Vesta desired me to tell you Mr. Bunsen on board."

Geoff raved, almost speechless with fury, on reading this message.

"I shall meet the steamer, and I shall kill the hound!" he said. "Can I, mother? Shall I not be justified?"

Mrs. Bigby laughed. "My poor Geoff," she said, "you are not fit for taking part in violent scenes; you are a convalescent, and ought by rights to be in hospital. Let the man be, he can do Vesta no harm."

"No, mother, he shall *not* be allowed to land here unpunished! I shall take Jack Rosenthal with me and a horsewhip; if I am still too feeble for a fight, Jack is not, and he shall tackle him for me."

And Mrs. Bigby, finding it useless to attempt to dissuade him, allowed matters to take their own course.

Jack was charmed to enter into Geoff's plans, and the two went together to meet the *Harebell*, the steamer upon which Vesta was expected from Lorenço Marquez.

When the *Harebell* arrived Vesta and old Anna were standing upon the bridge. Geoff caught a glimpse of Bunsen under the awning at the stern of the vessel; but probably Bunsen also saw him, for he disappeared.

"Keep an eye on the gangway, and don't let the rascal get out, while I put Vesta in a trap and send her off," said Geoff. "You'll know which he is—you saw him at that farm house in the Free State."

"I'll know him!" said Jack, grimly.

Vesta came off the steamer all smiles and rosy delight, but she started upon seeing Geoff more closely.

"My poor Geoff," she exclaimed, almost in tears; "what is the matter? Have you been ill?"

"Yes, Vesta, I have. I'll tell you all about things when I come up home, directly. Here's your carriage. Just tell me one thing first: has that rascal worried you on the way here?"

"He didn't have a chance. He spoke to me once or twice, but I turned my back. I put

BUNSEN OPENED THE DOOR; HE LOOKED SCARED AND HAGGARD.

myself under the captain's protection as soon as I found that he was on board."

Geoff returned to Jack's side a moment later. Bunsen had not yet appeared, though the passengers were all out. They went below, but he was not in the saloon. The steward pointed out his cabin. The door was locked.

"Open the door, Bunsen; I know you're there," said Geoff. "I shall kick the door down if you don't, and the noise will attract spectators. This matter is best kept quiet between ourselves."

Bunsen opened the door; he looked scared and haggard, but he spoke in his usual bravado fashion.

"Ah! I thought so. Two to one again!" he said. "You always hunt in pairs, I see, Bigby. Safer, isn't it?"

"Look here, Bunsen," said Geoff; "the fewer words that pass between us, the fewer unpleasant things will be said. I've come to speak plainly. You're a contemptible, sneaking hound and bully, and I'm sorry I did not shoot you in Johannesburg. So much for the past. Now for the future. You are not going to land here——"

"Oh, indeed!" interrupted Bunsen, "and who says so?"

"I do. You are going on to Cape Town in this vessel, and at Cape Town you will tranship into the first English steamer. My friend here—the gentleman with the horsewhip—has been kind enough to promise to travel as far as the Cape and to see you off from that port. His horsewhip goes with him. I may tell you that if it were not that I am still ill and weak from a wound which nearly did for me, I should be in charge of the whip instead of my friend, and in that case you would not have done so well to-day as you are likely to do, if you behave sensibly. Your passage to England shall be paid for you!"

Bunsen raved and swore, and vowed by all the saints that he would land here and stay here to do as he pleased generally, "in spite of all the cocksure Bigbys that ever swaggered."

But Geoff dispassionately pointed out that if he were to land here, and the story of his doings in Johannesburg were to get known—as they assuredly would—there were at least two counts upon which he would undoubtedly be lynched.

This seemed to frighten Mr. Bunsen, and in the end he sulkily consented to do as Geoff insisted.

"As it happens, I mean't to go to England all along," he said, "or I wouldn't agree, don't flatter yourself."

And so he went, Jack accompanying him to Cape Town and seeing him safely away, Bunsen's last exploit being to borrow a ten-pound note from his escort.

And here, for the present, we may leave our friends. They are all well as I lay down my pen. The war is still raging, and they are in the thick of it and doing good service. It may be my privilege one day to tell you more about them and of the special distinction which they are earning; but for the present the object of this narrative is attained, and you, dear reader, are absolved from farther anxiety on their account. The Three Scouts are safe, and little Vesta is safe also. Guy is far enough away to be out of mischief. Pretty Marta Nederlander is still at her father's farm in the Free State. Her thoughts sometimes wander in the direction of a certain good-looking English trooper. She has just heard of Roberts' splendid advance upon Bloemfontein, and perhaps she wonders whether Hugh is among his soldiers. I have an idea that she will know very soon!

(THE END.) Fred Whishaw.

NEXT MONTH WILL COMMENCE

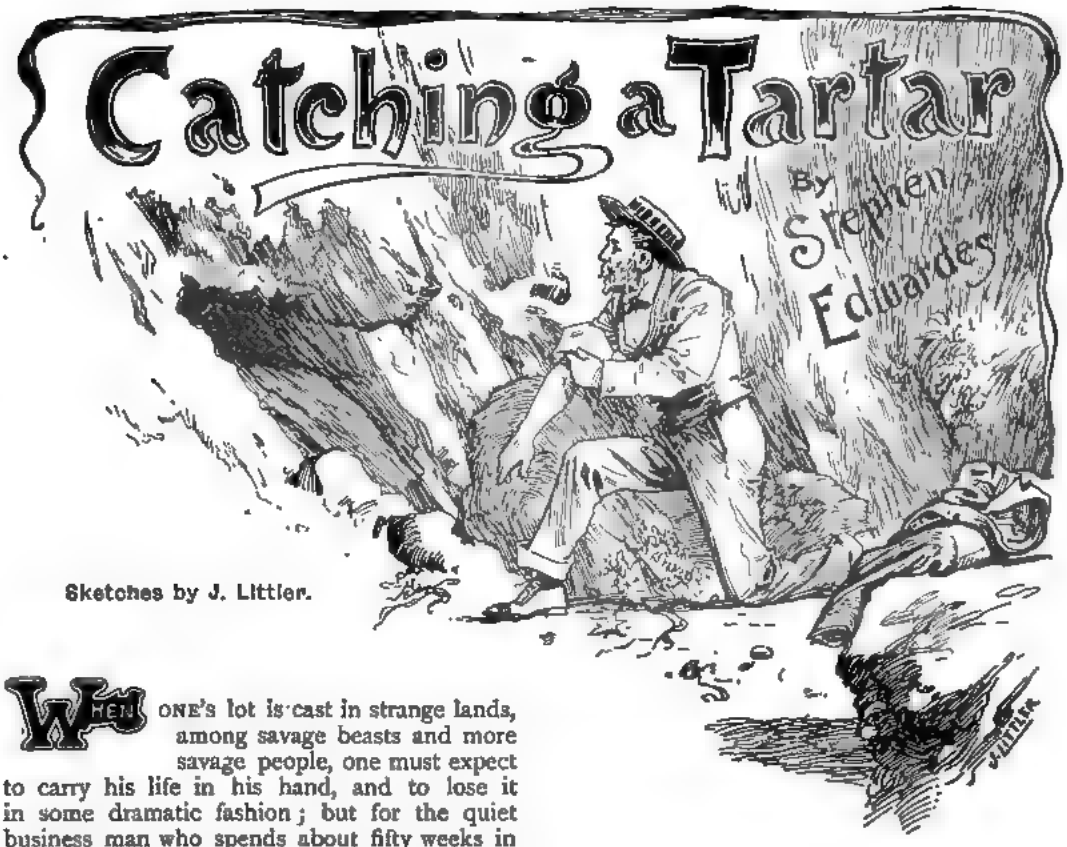
"A ROVING COMMISSION,"

A Story of Modern Naval Warfare,

By DR. GORDON STABLES, R.N.

Catching a Tartar

By Stephen Edwardes



Sketches by J. Littler.

WHEN one's lot is cast in strange lands, among savage beasts and more savage people, one must expect to carry his life in his hand, and to lose it in some dramatic fashion; but for the quiet business man who spends about fifty weeks in every year of his existence within sound of Bow bells, there does not appear much prospect of ending his existence under romantic conditions. One may be prosaically knocked down by bike, run over by motor-car, or even come to a bad end in a suburban railway collision; but the probability is that he will die in his bed. And yet, answering to the above description as I do, I have had about as near an acquaintance with death under abnormal conditions as ever falls to the lot of the explorer in unknown lands. I am not much given to romance, and I confess that the next time I come to grips with the grisly one, I would much prefer to be in the immediate neighbourhood of a dynamite explosion, or in a colliding channel steamer.

I had gone down to Cornwall to spend my summer holiday, and had secured comfortable quarters in a farmhouse in the out-of-the-way village of Bohorra, near the church of St. Anthony-in-Roseland. It was a delightful place for a fellow who desired to take his enjoyment quietly, far from the noises of the working life. Behind me was a beautiful river, bordered by high rocky banks and steep fields. Below was the romantically situated little churchyard, with its empty stone coffin and its fern-clad graves. On Zoze point above the lighthouse I could sit for hours sighting vessels coming round the Manacles into Falmouth Harbour, or in watching the upward flight of the spray among the towering ragged rocks. From my bedroom window I could gaze across a few fields that sloped down to the edge of high cliffs, beyond which I could see big ships going up or down channel and the humbler fishing craft returning from their night's labours in deep water.

Below these cliffs is a sandy beach, covered at high water, and up the cliffs are several grassy ledges where I could recline, and, with my glass, watch oyster-catchers and other birds picking up a living along the beach. At its eastern end this Porthbear Beach is shut in by a towering mass of rugged rock, known as Porthmellin Head, and covered with sea-pink and yellow lichens, where the crested cormorant nests on the ledges and the rock pipit builds in its crevices. One day I had descended from the top of this head, clambering down its jagged

points because of the little spice of adventure and danger there was in the enterprise. Its feet are in the sea, but as this was the period of spring tides, more than usual of the rocks were uncovered and there were many strange forms of marine life to be seen in its pools and under its tapestry of weeds.

I had been engaged in this work of exploration for some time, following the receding tide as it left ledge after ledge uncovered, when I heard a continuous "sissing" sound, which I knew to proceed from a crab or lobster out of water, in one of the rock-holes around me. Listening intently for a few minutes, and making several bad attempts to localise the sound—for the surrounding rocks produced mystifying echoes—I at length found the hole beneath a slight curtain of bladder-wrack. Going on my knees and peering into the darkness I could just make out the end of a large crab with one of its big claws doubled under it in the usual crab fashion. Of course, the desire to possess that crab and make a meal of it took hold of me at once, and having had success in getting much smaller samples out of holes by getting my hand over their backs before they had time to press against the roof of their cavern, I felt pretty sure of accomplishing this capture, although, so far as I could make out, this was a crab of the largest dimensions.

It was a long way in, so I took off my coat and rolled up my shirt-sleeve, then cautiously but quickly pushed in my arm right up to the shoulder, keeping closely to the upper side of the hole. There was no difficulty in getting my hand over the crab, for the hole was larger inside than at the mouth, and I was able to get a tolerably exact idea of the crab's dimensions. As I explained, the creature was end on, and when I had hooked my finger tips over the farther edge of its upper crust, the nearer end extended halfway between my wrist and elbow. I therefore judged it was a jack-crab 11ins. or 12ins. across the back. I also found there was another crab with it, probably the female.

It would probably have been better for me had the hole been smaller within, for though it was impossible for the crab to follow its usual tactics and press its back against the roof, it had room to move its pincer claws about freely. Unfortunately, I could not tell what it was about until I felt a pair of these great nippers seize me round the wrist and grip me with horrible power. Most people, I suppose, know experimentally how fiercely a small green crab can pinch, but imagine what was my agony to be in the grip of a creature whose nippers were large enough to encompass a man's wrist!

I need not say that I instantly tried to withdraw my hand, but the crab would not be shaken off, and had turned himself sufficiently to make it impossible to draw him out, for he was now broadside on. Could I have managed to get him out, my sufferings would soon have had relief, for with my heel I could have smashed his body, and so caused his nipper-muscles to relax. The more force I employed, the more securely fixed the crab appeared to be, and I realised that I had really "caught a Tartar." The pain was fearful, and I began to realise that I was in a really perilous position. It was very rarely that anybody came that way, and the height of the cliffs, combined with the noise of the waves, made it a waste of effort to call for help. If I could only endure the physical agony of his relentless grip for a time I might hope his muscles would relax, but he appeared to have locked his pincers, and to be holding me without actual effort. The worst feature of the case was the rising of the tide, and the fact that it was the period of the springs made it all the more hopeless for me, for hours before it had ceased to flow the sea would be far above my lifeless body. I could see how many feet above my head the waters rose at ordinary tides, for it was marked by the coating of acorn barnacles on the rocks and the fringe of seaweeds.

I shouted, of course; shouted until my throat was dry and my tongue swollen, but equally of course none heard me. I tried to think of stories I had read of brave men who had hacked off fingers or hands that had got shattered in warfare; but here was I with my best right arm imprisoned to the shoulder, my penknife deep in my right-hand trousers pocket, and difficult of access by my left hand. If I could get my knife out and opened with my left hand, could I so use it as to amputate my right arm? Just now the idea appears perfectly absurd to me, as, no doubt, it does to the reader; but in my desperate effort for life I was ready to try the wildest scheme open to me. And this really was the sole way out of my dilemma that presented itself.

After much wriggling in the water—for I was still on my knees, remember, and by this time the water reached my loins—I contrived to get my knife and hold it between my teeth whilst I attempted to open the stiff blade with my unaccustomed left fingers. I broke my nails, and finally succeeded in pulling the knife out of my jaws and dropping it into the water! The prospect of going about the world one-armed, but still a living man, departed with it. My coat next floated off the rock where I had laid it, and I watched it washed up the shore. It would at least draw attention to the place

where my corpse would be found at the next recess of the tide, and I might still get decent burial in the quiet churchyard of St. Anthony. There was something soothing about *that*; but still there were many things I should like to have done before laying down the burden of life. I ran through the list of unfinished matters I had in hand. I could not tell you now what they were, and it is of no consequence, for there was nothing of prime importance; but I remember that I had a great feeling that it would be horrid to depart without first "clearing up." Otherwise the prospect of death in no wise alarmed me. It was now inevitable, and I would meet it as bravely as I could; still, could I have chosen, I should have preferred some other method of quitting the world. To die by inches or sixteenths of inches was an awful fate. The waiting was so tedious. I could at least hasten my relief soon when the water should have risen sufficiently to enable me to plunge my face into it.

THE GRIP UPON MY WRIST GREW TIGHTER, THEN SLACKENED, AND I KNEW THAT RELIEF HAD COME.

But the tide had never in my experience taken so long to rise as it was now doing. It seemed weeks before it had risen so high that I could just wet my beard and chin by ducking as far as my imprisoned arm would allow. And there was so little to occupy my mind during the period of waiting. From the fact that it was my right arm that was in Chancery I could not look out to sea, but could only gaze at the cliffs, and closely scrutinise the rocks and weeds close to my face. A few limpets and dog-winkles were before me, waiting for the rising of the waters, like myself, so they made scarcely any movement to interest me.

It occurred to me that I might as well exercise my voice for the last time by indulging in another shout; and I did so, calling "Help!" with all my power. To my great astonishment a response came from behind me. "Hold on a bit! We're a-comin' to 'ee."

Who the "we" were I could not imagine, but I could hear the regular plash of oars rapidly plied by strong, accustomed arms, and in a minute or two—though it seemed as many hours—a crabber's boat drew up beside me, and a kindly voice asked what was the matter? Why did I not scramble up the rocks? Briefly I explained my position, and the younger of the fishermen, who was equipped in long sea-boots, stepped over the side of the boat to investigate. He found it was impossible to get another hand into the hole, so well did my arm fill it, but he thought a thin rod would pass. They had on board a long thin bamboo, with about a dozen hooks fitted to one end, wherewith to jig cuttle for bait. The old man cut a sharp point to the other end of this rod, and this end was inserted in the hole, under my arm, Sea-boots telling me to call out if it pricked me.

After some vain proddings against the rock, against the other crab, and against the smoother parts of my own particular foe, the point at last appeared to have found a cranny in the monster's armour, and Sea-boots' fine sense of touch, gained probably in whiffing, appreciated this fact at once. With a vigorous push of the rod, which I could feel passing through the crab beneath my hand, he thrust in below the upper crust from behind, and tore through the vital parts. The grip upon my wrist grew tighter, then slackened, and I knew that relief had come to me. My captor was dead! The revulsion of feeling made me sick and faint; I called out:—

"You have killed him!" and then lost consciousness.

* * * * *

When I revived, I was lying in the boat on sails, and recognised that my rescuers were rowing eastward. They took me to their own home at Porthscutho, and the young man lent me his own Sunday suit of rusty black to wear whilst my clothes were being dried. They shared their food with me, and declined the monetary reward I offered, saying that they might be in need of rescue from the sea any day. But I insisted that at least I must pay the good wife for food and labour, and I took care to pay in gold. At a later date I had the satisfaction of persuading them to give up the somewhat crazy vessel in which they had come to my aid, and accept the more commodious and more seaworthy boat on whose sternsheets I had caused to be painted. "The Friend in Need."

THE SORROWS AND JOYS OF A NEWSPAPER ARTIST.

(By An American Reader.)

Newspaper artists are not, I believe, as common in England as they are in the United States. At least, I know that when I left my home, near the Scotch border, a few years ago illustrations were only employed in monthly and weekly publications. Since then I have seen stray copies of an illustrated London daily, but here every newspaper of importance has its own artist or artists, and generally a complete photo-engraving plant too. Whether these additions to the equipment of a newspaper are desirable or legitimate I will not attempt to say. Certain it is that they meet with the approval of the American public.

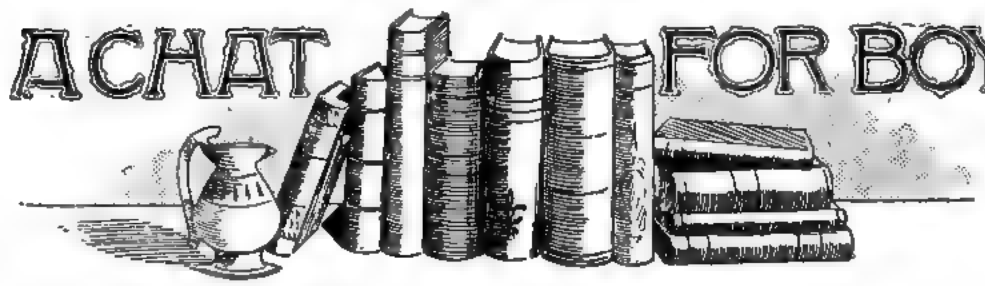
A newspaper artist's drawings are always in pen and ink and on white cardboard about twice the size of the proposed engraving. The exigencies of poor printing and limited time make it necessary to have these drawings somewhat open and unfinished as compared with magazine illustrations. The leading American newspapers employ complete staffs of artists, each a specialist in his own line; one, for instance, a cartoonist exclusively; another exceptionally good on portraits, another on figures, and another on ornamental designs; there may also be one artist for fashion-plate illustrations. The salaries paid these specialists are very good, ranging from $50 to $200 weekly. These gentlemen are also less likely to be troubled by irregular sudden demands upon their time than the average artist is.

The ordinary city paper, with its one or two artists is, however, that with which the majority of my profession have to do. There the salaries run from $20 to $50 per week, and as a general thing it may be said that the money is well earned. There the artist is expected to draw anything set before him, and a good many things that are not. He is expected to divert himself by cheerful little visits to the morgue, for the purpose, perhaps, of sketching some putrefying corpse; or to the city gaol, where an obstinate prisoner may present the back of his head when an opportunity to sketch his likeness is requested. He may be "yanked" out of bed in the middle of the night for a long journey to the scene of a railway collision; and he may be required to improvise thrilling views of something he has never seen, which will be labelled, "Sketched on the spot by our special artist." All these are things I did not know before I worked my way into this profession. I know them now. I know what it is to be sent emphatic, urgent instructions to obtain a first-class likeness of a murderer on trial, of whom, by fair means or foul, I could obtain but two fleeting glimpses, and upon that to base a carefully wrought drawing. I know what it is to sketch a policeman under suspicion as he walked his beat, without letting him see my purpose. I know what it is to work (for drawing *is* work, sometimes) all day, and then all night, without intermission.

But having written thus far of "sorrows," I see that I have not reserved much space for the "joys." Touching the latter, I will say, then, that the work is pleasant to one who takes a real interest in it, and it leads on to magazine and book illustrations of the highest class. A newspaper artist rarely has to complain of monotony in his avocation. He sees many phases of life—both the bright and the dark. And if he is sometimes almost worked to death, there are other times when he can recuperate. Finally, his income is likely to be at least sufficient to enable him to live with fair comfort.

John R. Gill.

ABOUT BOOKS
A CHAT FOR BOYS



'LOOK here,' said Obed, as he gazed menacingly at the prisoner, who winced under the ordeal, 'does that schooner carry five-ton guns or thirty-two-pound carronades?' 'Guns,' replied the prisoner, laconically. 'Then we're all dead men,' said Obed."

This, or something like it, occurs in "Tom Cringle's Log," a book which ought to be in every boy's library. Even Marryat never wrote any thing better than the "Log." There are secret tortuous channels, leading to spreading lagoons, in one of which the fiercest fight in the book takes place. Those channels, too, with the tall tree-tops over-arching the masts of the lorcha (boys familiar with the little ways of Chinese pirates will need no glossary) hidden from view now and again by the dense masses of smoke that issued from the stink-pots (again I refuse to apologise). It was one of the midshipmen, I believe, aboard the frigate—or was it the cap'n of the fore-top? I really forget—who was lying out on the yard, and somehow got transferred to the topmost limb of one of the tropical giants. He might have stayed there, of course, safely enough, were it not that

A SNAKE OF THE DEADLIEST SORT

spotted him, and slowly began to worm its way towards its prey. There was only one thing to be done, and the middy (or the cap'n of the fore-top) did it. He pointed his toes calmly, as though he were hanging on a horizontal bar, and not suspended from a natural trapeze a hundred and twenty feet from the water, and, extending his arms to the full, let go. Swish! he cleft the water like a knife, and we held our breath until he rose to the surface. Then we cheered and hove a rope overboard towards him. But what was that black, blade-like object scudding along the water? A shark! A kick or two, a shriek, and only the bloody tinge of the water remained to mark the tragedy.

Yes, "Tom Cringle's Log," old as it is, will take a lot of beating. So will Marryat, whose stories, carelessly written as some may be, are essentially

HEALTHY AND MANLY.

Why, Marryat would not have lived in vain if he had written nothing else than the escape from the French prison in "Peter Simple." Add to this the three-cornered duel in "Midshipman Easy," the practical jokes of Percival Keene, and the hocus-pocus business of that old reprobate and humbug of a Malchior in "Japhet in Search of a Father," and what don't we owe to Marryat? Some think Marryat coarse. It may be admitted at once that his anecdotes are not all drawing-room ones, but they have humour, and their humour is of the stout, strong-stomached Elizabethan kind, which never did anybody any harm. There lives more real virtue in Marryat's stories, believe me, than in half the tracts. Timid guardians notwithstanding, I hereby exhort all and sundry boys to give their spare hours to Marryat.

Of sea writers in these days we have a plentiful lack. Indeed, I can only think of one worthy of being mentioned alongside the old masters, and that is Clark Russell. There are others, of course, of which every Christmas brings a goodly crop, in all the gorgeousness of gold and blue and red, but if we except G. A. Henty, Rider Haggard, and Jules Verne, each of whom has a well-defined corner of his own, the moderns in this line are rather a poor lot. Generally speaking, they have not been there, and that is all against them. By assiduous and well-directed cramming, it is no doubt possible to create a kind of veldt, prairie, or desert atmosphere—according as it seizes the

author's fancy to locate his story. But this kind of work brings its own penalty, for boys, if I know anything about them,

ARE VIGILANT EXAMINERS,

merciless in their detection of shoddy performance. Their favourite and very effective kind of revenge is rigidly to eschew thereafter anything bearing the name of the charlatan. One has no desire to slaughter a whole generation of writers. It may be that some critical reader will feel disposed to throw Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope and J. M. Barrie at me with a challenge. But these, I beg to submit, sir, as the phrase used to run in the Debating Society, are hardly boys' authors, although they all have written stories which many boys have no doubt read and appreciated.

Then, sir—Mr. Editor, I mean—there are your own books, such as——("Lie down!"—Ed.). Several of these writers, I am told, are widely read in the Sixth, although some of the fellows, I also gather, think them rather piffle. The point, which has become rather obscured by, may I say? a not altogether ungraceful digression, is that

WRITERS OF GOOD ADVENTURE STORIES ARE SCARCE TO-DAY.

Of writers of indifferent stories there are more than enough. But these, like Mark Twain posing as a writer on agriculture, and in that capacity advising farmers to shake the turnips off the trees and not to pick them, are liable to come egregious croppers. I chance to know of an author who writes quite fluently about the Spanish Main and Tierra del Fuego, not to mention Brazil and the Siberian steppes. Yet, I believe Boulogne and Land's End are the eastern and western boundaries of his travels. Once I found him ensconced in his comfortable arm-chair, sedulously gruelling himself and bathing his feet in hot water. He had a cold, he said. "What are you writing now?" I asked. "I am doing" (he always calls it "doing") "a story about Klondike," he replied. It is pretty clear that writers like this are not going to be long

BEFORE THEY ARE FOUND OUT.

And boys are just the Sherlock Holmeses to do it. There is none of this about Clark Russell, who is really responsible for the foregoing remarks, since the mention of his name suggested the notion that a little trouncing of less thorough writers might be appropriately introduced. In his stories one always gets intimate with the sea in all her moods. No writer, surely, ever enjoyed her confidence so unreservedly. She whispers her secrets to him—tells him her very heart. He is no landsman afloat, confounding the jib-boom with the dolphin-striker, not knowing a yawl from a chasse-marée. He can generally be depended upon, too, to provide a love-sick mate and a beautiful girl. Then there is, or there was, W. H. G. Kingston, whose "From Powder Monkey to Admiral," was once, like Phyllis, "my only joy." That escape on the raft from the French prison will not easily fade from the memory. But one wonders if it would ever have been written if "Peter Simple" had not preceded it. No, Kingston is a light-weight compared with Marryat, and not exactly a champion at that. That is to say, to quote Mr. Barrie, one never thought—as one thinks, or used to think, of Marryat or Mayne Reid—that he ought to have been King of England, or

TO HAVE HAD A STAR NAMED AFTER HIM

by the Government.

Mayne Reid's name reminds me that I have not given him the place he deserves. The beginning, middle, and end of these remarks ought to be about him—"the bright, the brave, the beautiful Mayne Reid." Fenimore Cooper one had one's fill of, of course; and there is no need to speak disrespectfully of "Uncas," "The Pathfinder," or "The Deerslayer." But Fenimore Cooper's Indians—the Mohicans and the rest—had one fatal defect—they were foot Indians. Now foot Indians are well enough in their way, as a kind of second best or substitute, but nobody can reasonably be expected to look at a pedestrian Indian, or, at any rate, to take any serious interest in his goings-on, while there is an Arapaho, or a Comanché left alive, horse Indians to a man, and sitting their steeds as though part of them. There is a thoroughness about the Red Hand; an implacable cruelty that commends him. He is the villain, or one of the villains, if I remember aright, in "The Wild Huntress." It was clear enough, when his horse was shot under him by Sure-Shot, who knew better than most how to draw a bead on a Redskin, that somebody would have to pay for it. One felt it was

DEATH TO ALL PALE-FACES THEN.

Indeed, it was by the utterest miracle that the hero himself escaped. He was bound by thongs of hides, you remember, to a crucifix, after being taken prisoner, and Sure-Shot, by way of punishment, was made to shoot at him. This he appeared to do with great relish, pretending to his captors that he badly wanted to pay off an old score on his sometime chief, and that this would give him his chance. But they

reckoned without their Sure-Shot, game to his boots. What did he do? Why, he just aimed at the thongs, and, these being cut, it was the work of a moment for the hero to wriggle free, prod the sentry in the stomach with the butt of his own rifle, and then make a bee line for Moro, the coal-black stallion grazing hard by on the prairie. And once on his trusty Moro, everything was safe. Sure-Shot? Well, I don't think he died. They scalped him, I remember, but my impression is that he survived. You know it doesn't necessarily follow that a man dies just because he's scalped. There was old Rube, for instance, the trapper, who turns up both in "The War Trail," and "The Scalp Hunters." He had been scalped, suffered the loss of both ears, and was minus a finger or two. But there never was such a man for finding out things. Sherlock is a perfect fool to him. By kneeling down and closely scrutinising a hoof-print, Rube, after a silent conference with the shining barrel of his inseparable Tar-Guts (his rifle), could almost tell you what the rider of the horse was thinking about, and

WHAT HE HAD EATEN FOR DINNER.

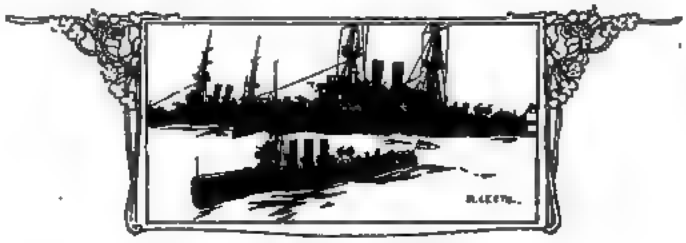
It was Rube, too, whose death was lamented by his friend Garey and the rest after a more than usually devastating prairie fire. They paced the prairie in search of Rube's charred remains. Instead, they heard the sound of stifled laughter, and the voice of Rube exclaiming, "No, this old critter ain't rubbed out yet." He had taken shelter from the "heat wave" inside the carcass of a disembowelled buffalo, staying there, after the fashion of Trinculo, till "the dregs of the storm" were overpast. The fire roasted the buffalo, but Rube's resource had saved him for the thousandth time.

I do not pretend to cover the whole domain of boys' literature. One can only record striking memories and personal prejudices. Yet, even so, nothing my fault could extenuate were I to omit to recommend such books as Judge Hughes's 'Tom Brown's School Days," "Tom Brown at Oxford," Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and most of the great Sir Walter Scott's, but more particularly "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," and "The Abbot." Ascott R. Hope can always be relied upon to present a true picture of school life, G. Manville Fenn to tell a tale of adventure which "holds" you, and D. H. Parry to stir your blood with his jingle of spurs and booming cannon.

MR. PARRY RIVALS MR. HENTY

in his knowledge of arms, uniforms, and military details of all kinds. R. M. Ballantyne, if he is just a suspicion over-disposed towards the obtrusively moral, did not sin in this way when he wrote "The Coral Island," which makes the reader incur an even heavier debt to the author than Jules Verne's "The Mysterious Island." But, beginning with "Robinson Crusoe," stories that involve a desert island have always a strange fascination—like pirates. Breathes there the boy who has not read "The Iron Pirate"? If ever you light upon a story, called "The Three Homes," read it. The author's name I forget.

H. H.



SPECIAL PAGES.

Contributed by Readers.

MR. R. C. HOWLDEN has carried off the Six Shillingsworth this month. His essay on "Cheap Photography," owing to its length, is printed in another part of the magazine.

How it Feels to go into Action.

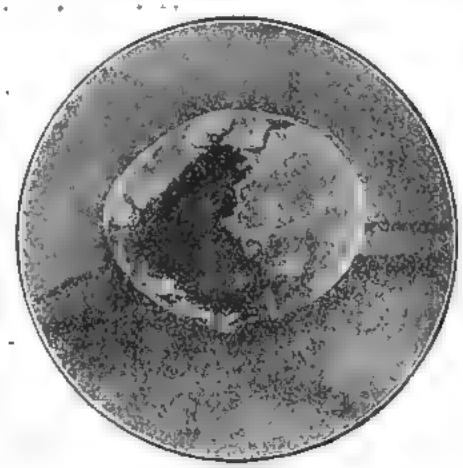
My brother, who is serving in the present campaign in South Africa, was asked by my younger brother what his sensations were upon first going into action. The following is my brother's reply. "You ask a very difficult question to answer, but it reminded me of when father used to say, 'Go up to your bedroom,' and you could hear him downstairs looking about for the strap, and I think you know what that feels like."

M. NEWTON.

We Shall See!

(Addressed to a fin de siècle "new" boy.)

So, my little friend, the time
  is drawing near
When you leave your home
  and family, I hear.
  Do you dread the step
  you're taking?
  Is your heart within you
  quaking,
At the prospect of a Public
  School career?
On the contrary, you're as
  certain as can be,
That the life will simply suit
  you to a "T,"
  That you'll occupy a station
  In your schoolmates' estimation,
Quite as high as in your own.
  Well, we shall see!



TWIN EGG.

This double event, or twin egg, was laid May 11th, 1900. The outer shell is white and not very thick, the measurement round is 6ins., and the length 9¼ins. The egg inside is perfect, and has a brown coloured shell. It was dropped from a low perch on to some moss litter and the small end was broken, displaying the twin egg. The fowls are crossed legborns.

Sent by Francis Hy. Agar.

You endeavour to be strictly up to date,
And the very latest slang to cultivate;
  But you're not enthusiastic,
  With regard to things scholastic—
You won't kill yourself with work, at any rate.
With your masters pray be careful to agree,
Recollecting they've a tendency to be
  Strictly just in all their dealings,
  Quite regardless of your feelings.
What? Who cares for any master? We shall see!

If you've heard this "rot" a million times before,
And have read it all in books, then I deplore
  That, despite such frequent caution,
  Your conceit's not in proportion
To your wisdom and your stature, all the more
You inform me with an air of conscious pride,
That "*it doesn't pay to put on any side*";
  'Tis experience that teaches
  One to practise what one preaches—
Your experience of boys is far from wide!

They won't roast you at a dormitory fire,
Or constrain you, much against your own desire,
  To experience the feeling
  Of colliding with the ceiling,
'Till you pine away and suddenly expire.
  Yet, with all your smart and
  saucy *repartee*,
Will you recollect this interview with me,
  (All the good effects remaining
  Of that period of training),
When you've been at school
  a fortnight? We shall
  see!

ARTHUR STANLEY.

My Walk to School.

My friend and myself, living in Lewisham, and our school, the Roan School for Boys, being situated in Greenwich, we have half-an-hour's walk to school. Leaving Lewisham Road, we go up a hill—Morden Hill—leading to Blackheath. This is an interesting spot; for instance, the notorious Charles Peace was captured on it, and, for another, situated on the top is a large house, the residence of the Bishop of Rochester. Turning sharply to the left, we find ourselves on Blackheath. Here, when Wat Tyler headed a rebellion in the time of Richard II., his men, after being paraded on this ground, marched to London and Smithfield. Here, when Charles II. was recalled to take the Crown of England, Cromwell's renowned "Ironsides" nursed their anger. Here, also, is a kopje railed round, where Wat Tyler and his confederates were buried after his and their deaths at Smithfield. Now the head-quarters of the West Kent Volunteers are built on it. Five more minutes

bring us to the country residence of Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of Britain's forces, while a few more take us to Greenwich Park. Here is the Royal Observatory, now being enlarged; and, standing on the hill whereon it is situated, we command a splendid view of the River Thames, the Royal Naval College, and the Royal Hospital—the *Dreadnought*—which was lately visited by H.R.H. the King of Sweden. Also, on fine days we see St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Tower Bridge.

J. S. Potts.

[Potts and his friend are lucky. It is seldom a walk to school is so interesting as their's. Has anybody else an equally interesting walk every day?—O.F.]

THE BOYS OF LAS PALMAS SCRAMBLING FOR COPPERS.
Sent by C. Medorington.

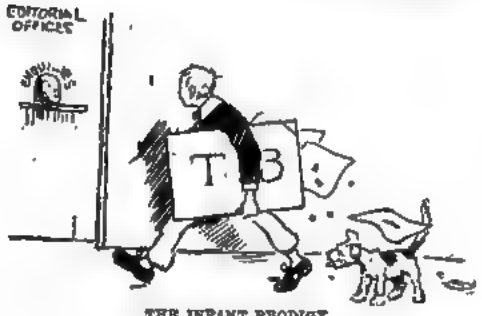
A Curious Epitaph.

The following curious epitaph I read on a tombstone in the graveyard of the parish church Folkestone:—

In Memory of
REBECCA ROGERS,
Who died August 22nd, 1688,
Aged 44 years.

A house she hath; it's made
Of such good fashion,
The tenant ne'er shall pay
For reparation.
Nor will her landlord ever
Raise her rent,
Or turn her out of doors
For non-payment.
From Chimney Money,
Too, this bell is free;
Of such a house who
Would not tenant be?

A. E. Sunnions.



THE INFANT PRODIGY
WITH "SPECIAL PAGE" CONTRIBUTIONS.

Another Hektograph Recipe.

As some of your correspondents seem puzzled as to the method of making a hektograph and ink for the same, I forward you a recipe I came across some years ago, by means of which I made one which has worked well ever since. I can take thirty copies from one impression.

Gelatine composition for the tray:—Best glue, 3ozs.; glycerine, 3 fl. ozs.; carbolic acid, 1drm. Soak the glue in cold water for twenty-four hours, then place it in a jam pot in a saucepan of water and place it on the fire. When the glue has melted, add the glycerine gradually, stirring all the time. Lastly, add the carbolic acid. Place the tray level, and then pour in the composition slowly at one corner. Any air bubbles must be drawn to one side with the edge of a card. Leave for some hours to set.

A GROUP OF FRENCH CHILDREN.
By B. M. Donald.

Ink:—Dissolve aniline violet in an equal quantity of spirits of wine. Then add the same amount of water, and a few drops of glycerine.

Use a clean steel pen on good writing paper.

R. H. B.

Hadn't Had It.

MASTER (to dull new boy): "Have you never had educational advantages?"
NEW BOY: "No, sir, not as I knows of; only alrys'plas so far."

By Wilson Fenning.

A Modern Witch.

Walking in the streets, I saw a tall lady, and was impressed by her peculiar features. Her hair was raven black, her face the colour of marble, her features perfect, her eyes a piercing black. Death, life and sadness were blended together, and, with the peculiar brightness of her eyes and the cruel firmness of her mouth, gave her an expression which is wholly undescribable. As we met she looked at me, and her face made such a deep impression upon my mind that it induced me to write the following lines:—

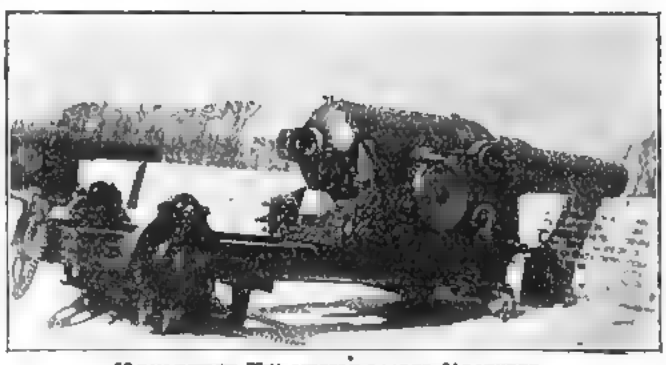
'Strange woman, though I know thee not,
Thy face is ever haunting me.
Undoubtedly 'tis fair;
But with that grim and deathlike fairness,
Though not admired by all, it hath enchanted me.
Thine eyes, that glitter like the cobra's,
Which draws its prey into its deadly folds,
Disturb my sleep, and prey upon my mind,
Like hunter's voice upon the startled hind.

"Hath any strange new irony of fate
Linked thou and I together?
Whene'er we meet, thine eyes are fixed on mine,
As if to read my inmost thoughts, and I do shiver,
For unto me thou lookest like a corpse
New risen from a dark, black tomb,
Condemned to walk the earth
Until the crack of doom.

'Tis but a vivid thought,
Created by a strange impression!
For aught I know, fair witch,
Thou mayest be free from all transgression.
So in my thoughts, farewell; I leave thee in possession
Of all thy charms."

LUCIFER.

[I hope our susceptible friend's sleep is no longer "disturbed" by his memories of this strange lady. A "fair witch" who "lookest like a corpse" must indeed be a fearsome object.—O.F.]



10-TON RIFLED 7½IN. MUZZLE LOADER 64-POUNDER.
Sent by "Shortfellow."

A Simple Barometer.

I submit to your approval, for publication in your "Special Pages," the following costless method of making a barometer: Take a transparent jam jar, and a transparent olive-oil flask, from which latter must be removed the wicker-work. Place such an amount of water in the jar that if the flask be put neck downwards into the jar the water will surmount about an inch of the flask's neck on the outside. Then take the flask and put such an amount of water in it that if placed again, neck downwards, with great quickness into the jar, the water in its neck will surmount the level of the water by half an inch. The water in the neck of the flask will go up and down, according as a real barometer is "high" or "low." Of course, the water in the neck rises or falls

LAZY? NOT HE! BORN TIRED.
By W. B. Tapys.

gradually, but the change can be seen in a short time.

R. H. Southern.

To Photograph Stamps.

May I suggest what seems to me an easier way of getting photographic illustrations of stamps than that mentioned in the June Captain?

My idea, which I tried a few weeks ago with success, is this:—

Take a quarter-plate printing frame, and fit into it an old negative, with the film cleaned off; then place the stamp or stamps with their faces to the glass, put on the wooden back of the frame, and expose to the daylight and print as usual. Then tone and fix, and that is all.

D. M. Strath.

The County Championship.

Some cricketers have advocated that drawn games in the county championship should be awarded to the side having the best percentage of runs per wicket. Under these conditions the championship table would read very differently. As an example I give last year's table.

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points	Percentage
Middlesex.....	18	13	5	0	8	44·44
Surrey	26	18	7	1	11	44·00
Yorkshire	28	19	9	0	10	35·71
Essex	20	13	7	0	6	30·00
Lancashire ...	25*	15	10	0	5	20·00
Notts	16	8	7	1	1	6·66
Kent	19*	9	10	0	—1	— 5·26
Sussex	22	10	12	0	—2	— 9·09
Worcestershire	12	5	6	1	—1	— 9·09
Gloucestershire	20	9	11	0	—2	—10·00
Warwickshire	22	8	11	1	—3	—15·78
Somerset	16	5	11	0	—6	—37·50
Hampshire ...	20	6	14	0	—8	—40·00
Derbyshire ...	18	5	13	0	—8	—44·44
Leicestershire	18	4	14	0	—10	—55·55

* Exclusive of Lancashire *v.* Kent, at Manchester, abandoned without a ball being bowled, owing to rain.

The matches, Surrey *v.* Notts, and Warwick *v.* Worcester are counted draws, as the first-named county in each case did not bat.

It will be noticed that Middlesex is champion county in the place of Surrey, and Leicestershire relieves Derbyshire of the wooden spoon. Middlesex, Essex, Notts, Kent, Worcester, Somerset, and Derbyshire, all take better positions on the lists; while Surrey, Lancashire, Sussex, Warwickshire, Hampshire, and Leicester go down; Yorkshire and Gloucestershire remaining in the same position.

W. J. Wilson.

They'd Had Enough.

I've read a good deal of jokes about Americans visiting England, and the way they stretch their descriptions of the sights to be seen across the herring-pond, but one I was told the other day beats the lot. It's a fairly good story, so I'll tell it you. It was related to me by a Bolton chap who has some relations in Yankee land. This last month two of them were in England, and, of course, came to Tottenham to see their relations. As the Boltonian was showing the Yankees round the town, they came to the new fire-station, which, by the way, is a really splendid building. They stepped inside to have a look round. Of course, the Yankee instinct for boasting came over one of them, and he could not resist opening his mind (and mouth too). Said he: "Do you know that, in New York we use a 9in. hose, not a paltry 3in., such as you have here." The attendant to whom this was addressed smiled, and looked at the Yankee from the corners of his eyes. "Um," he said, grimly. Then he went on, "But you are mistaken, sir; that small hose you see there is only for watering the station. Now this" (holding up a section of 12in. suction hose) "is what we use at fires. None of your 9in. paltry stuff. You're in Bolton now, sir, not in America, and in Bolton we do things quietly but perfectly."

"Guess you do," said the Yankee.

"But that isn't all, Mr. Yankee. This hose saves us the use of ladders, for when we want to send a man to the top of a building we just place him on the top of the hose, turn the water on, and he is up on the top in no time. When a man wants to descend to the ground he simply places his arms around the jet of water and slides down."

The Yankee looked at the man.

"Don't believe it?" he asked, "well come here, and sit on the top of this hose——"

But the Yankee had vanished.

Tom Clarke.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

John Dunn.—Lively and brisk, but you have not followed your model correctly: as you know, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" is not written in verses of four lines apiece. **Arthur Stanley.**—I have accepted two of your contributions; keep an eye on your spelling. **J. A. Hyslop** and "**Mij**"—Thanks, but we have had enough about hektographs now. **Mag.**—Consigned to "O. F. Blushes" locker. **Mr. H. Hyam.**—The office dog is now worrying your "little play," Mr. Hyam. **H. E. Inger.**—As you didn't know, I forgive you. **Tobias.**—Office dog. **S. T. H. and J.**—Yours the same; the puns don't seem to agree with his digestion, judging by his yapping. **Owen Parry.**—Send some more. "A Good-night to my Love" won't do. Try again, and again, and again! **J. O. J.**—Office dog. **K. F.**—Don't you think Kruger has been hammered to death by patriotic ballads? Your boy is clever; but I would rather see his pen inspired by a fresher subject than poor old Oom Paul. **Subscriber's Sister.**—Sorry I can't use your bright account of your band, my dear: it is not quite up to the mark. Send something else in. **James Hembrow.**—Touching little verses, carefully and thoughtfully

written in a manner that does you much credit. (N.B.—I cannot criticise MSS. by post.) **Eyed Awry.**—Thanks; but "Stale Cakes" is not up to your former work. **Claude E. D. Lowe.**—You write very fairly. Descriptive articles should be short, and full of information. **S.K.C.**—I meant Longfellow's delightfully *simple* poetry—in four and six-line verses—not his blank verse. **G. Betts** and **J. F. M.**—I don't want any poems in "coster" dialect, thanks. "Special Pagers" mutilate the Queen's English quite enough, unintentionally, as it is. **Will Lucas.**—"Stamp-ire" shows promise. Try something else. **Hubert M. Pigott.**—A thoughtful, manly programme is your "culture" scheme.

Contributions also received from Mabel Shepherd, E. A. McCallum, F. V. E. Woolley, A. M. Smith-Camming, T. L. B. Westerdale, N. R. Rawson, A. G. Hamilton Dyce, A. M'Millan, J. B. Edgar, "Short-fellow," Graeme, D. Williams, H. H. Palmer, Percy D. Modbury, N.A.P.

N.B.—*Those not mentioned will understand that their contributions arrived too late for consideration in this number. Some accepted contributions, crowded out of this number, will appear in future issues.*

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by September 12th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly *will be disqualified*.

No. 1.—**"Mixed Lines."** Put in their right order the following lines. Prizes will be THREE HALF SOVEREIGNS.

CITY RENTS.

about six per cent. The highest price ever paid
keeping the rooms tidy, and after rates, taxes,
twelve months, and £1,000 in Cornhill; whilst
the tenants have to pay the housekeeper for
£5,000 to £6,000 a year rent. Cheapside, the
splits them up into thirty or forty different
shipping-offices in Gracechurch Street and
a block of offices may be let to one man who
private property; a fair-sized bank means
£3,000 to £4,000 a year rent for the premises
in the City for a piece of land was £78 a foot.
thereon. Still, £600 would rent a shop here for
Leadenhall Street pay between £600 and £700.
street for City shops, has one little block which
brings £1,200 a year ground rent, and from
and ground-rent are paid, the landlord only clears
nearly all the banks in Lombard Street are
rooms, the rents of which vary from £25 to £75.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—**"Best Drawing of a Ship"** in pen, pencil, or colour; any sort of ship, sail or steam. Prizes will be THREE FULL SETS OF DRAWING MATERIALS.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—**"My Favourite Character in English History."** Write a short essay of 400 words on your favourite character. Write only on *one* side of each sheet of paper, and write very distinctly. Prizes will be THREE HALF SOVEREIGNS.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Nineteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 4.—**"Best Original Anecdote about an Animal."** THREE PHOTOGRAPH, AUTOGRAPH, or STAMP ALBUMS will be the prizes. Winners must send post-cards stating which kind of album they would like.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—**"Map of Siberia."** The prizes will be THREE HALF-GUINEA "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PENS.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Seventeen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Thirteen.

No. 6.—**"Foreign Readers' Competition."** (*a*) An essay on "Curious Customs" of your part of the world, not exceeding 400 words. (*b*) A photograph taken by yourself. (*c*) An original drawing. You may send in for one or all of these subjects, but you must put all your efforts—literary or pictorial—into one envelope and mark it "Foreign Readers' Competition." You may send photos illustrating curious customs, if you like. 10s. 6d. will be the prize in each class, making £1 10s. in all. All competitions to reach this office by *February 12th*, 1901. The Special Notice above does not apply to Foreign Readers.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

N.B.—These competitions are open to everybody—natives as well as "Britons abroad"—with the exception of Boers and Chinamen.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

Touching on summer holidays, I trust the members of my Crew give plenty of thought to other people's enjoyment. Some of you may have staying with you a man who is engaged in business, a man who gets one brief fortnight a year, whereas you—well, the average school-boy gets three months holiday out of the twelve. Well, now, this man with the brief fortnight—give him as good a fortnight as possible. Make the memory of his holiday with you come back to him all through the long year's work that will follow his summer vacation. Find out what he likes, and do that—don't make him do what *you* like. A boy, for the most part, prefers violent exercise to quieter amusements, and is apt to be impatient with those who are not so strong or so vigorous as he. A boy is often unduly hard on his womenkind because they can't cycle so fast, or cover such long distances as he can. Cycling nowadays is perhaps the most popular recreation with holiday-making families. I like to see a boy attentive to ladies who are cycling with him—blowing out slack tyres, screwing up loose nuts, adjusting here a pedal and there a seat, and in every way behaving himself as every gentleman should, no matter whether his age be fourteen or forty. Then again—but stay! this is reading like a lecture! However, I'll let what I've said stand. Perhaps it will sink in and possibly make some boy behave differently during the remaining few weeks of his holidays.

Volume IV. will begin in October, though it seems but yesterday that I issued No. 1, Vol. I. Time certainly does wing on apace. Now, as to this new volume. I think—and I think you will think—Vol. IV. will be the strongest yet published. Let us open the auction room and peep at Lot 1.

"A Roving Commission" is the title of the story—long promised and now completed—which Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N., has written for us. It is a tale of the Navy, which only a naval man could have written, and, as you have read in our interview with the Doctor, the author has put more time and labour into the writing of this tale than he has into any other yarn of his spinning. It starts right away with the Declaration of War. Here are the first four chapter headings:—

A ROVING COMMISSION.

Chapter I.—War!
Chapter II.—On the Ocean Wave.
Chapter III.—Condemned to Die!
Chapter IV.—In the Darkness of the Night.

I must not give away the plot of "A Roving Commission," but I may just mention that ——yes, come in! Telegram? "To Editor, 'Captain,' London. *Don't give my plot away in your Editorial Notes, for goodness' sake. Hot, isn't it?—Gordon Stables, 'Wanderer' Camp.*" Very well, Doctor, I won't. That finished, I will go on to

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Lot 2, *i.e.*, "Further Tales of Greyhouse." In almost every letter of criticism I receive I am asked to "Give us some more Greyhouse," and, by Kitchener! you shall have it this time. A new series is being prepared for your lordships' delectation, and in this series the tales will be longer and stronger than ever. So next month look out for—

FURTHER TALES OF GREYHOUSE.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

No. 1.—The Great Rebellion.

Lot 3 will keep you awake all night wondering whether "the King's secret" will be

discovered by his "people." Consulting my catalogue I find it marked up thus:

KING WATERBOTTLE THE FIRST.

By W. W Mayland. Illus by Tom Browne.

This story, I may add, is by the author of "The New Gulliver's Travels."

As to the rest, the wants of all will be well catered for. Mr. C. B. Fry will continue his series of athletic articles, and he will continue also to answer all sorts of enquiries on athletics; Mr. Gooch will continue to discourse of "Stamps;" Mr. Manning-Foster of "Employment"; Mr. Haydon Perry of "Cycling Matters" and last, but not least (I trust), the O. F. will endeavour to keep his end up as well as increasing years and twinges of gout will allow him.

Now, you fellows, just one word. I'm not for ever imploring you to "show this magazine to your friends," as some editors do, because I know most of you help me all you can. Still, I'll just say that I'll "take it kindly" of you to show our new programme to those of your friends who don't read us. Ask them to take us in, keep us, bind us, and join our circle for all time.

A. C. MILNE-HOME
Captain of Exeter School.

Long Jump Record.—The longest jump in the list we published in July was 21ft. 10ins., by C. L. Lockton, of Merchant Taylors'. I now hear that H. R. Palmer, of Bedford Grammar School, covered 22ft. in the 1895 sports. This appears to be *the* record jump.

Old Fag's Birthday.—Many thanks to all who sent cards and "Happy returns." They made the O.F. feel a Y.F. again. Particularly do I thank "Five Scotch Thistles" for their beautiful basket of "June roses."

Scotch Schools.—Andrew Baird complains that we publish photographs of Scotch schools in our series of "English Schools." I have already said that I will publish a page of Scotch schools if I can only get enough to make a page—also Irish; but if I do not receive enough pictures I have to run them in among the "English Schools."

Life is mostly smoke and bubble,
Two things stand like stone:
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

"Cliftonian" informs me that Clifton has "now over 300 sons fighting in South Africa, 19 of whom have already laid down their lives in carrying out their duty. This number includes, of course, 'old boys' in the volunteers, yeomanry, and militia, as well as a few working in the hospitals."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Unanswered Letters.—Owing to my absence abroad many letters have had to wait. Will all unanswered correspondents kindly accept this explanation?

Blusher (Evesham).—I have substituted this *nom de plume*, as yours was far too long. I don't consider you at all sanctimonious The people you speak of have no self-respect, and are no fit friends for you. As for your so-called timidity in the presence of ladies, you will grow out of that as you get older; a girl with any sense does not value a man merely for his small-talk, remember. Try and conquer your bashfulness by mixing in society as much as possible and *forgetting yourself* After all, it is better to blush than to have an absolutely brazen face. Nice girls will not laugh at you because you blush; indeed, I think they will rather like you for it. It merely indicates that you have a sensitive nature, and you're none the worse for that, you know.

Old Traffordian.—Your questions are fully answered in Mr. Harold Macfarlane's ingenious article on "The Cost of the County Cricket Season."

"Qakamba" writes from Cape Colony to correct Mr. Manning-Foster's answer to "Eager," a few months back, re Cape Mounted Rifles. "Qakamba" says that the headquarters of the C. M. R. are at Umtata, in Tembuland, but he does not advise "Eager" to join this corps. "The pay," says my correspondent, "is very poor and promotion is very slow. There are instances of public school boys who, after twelve years' service, have not got beyond a corporal's rank."

C. K. Brook wishes to know whether the Rev. T. S. Millington, author, is still living.

W. E. Pearce.—Write to Messrs. Hampson Bettridge, 35 and 37, Cloth Fair, West Smithfield, E.C., for the necessary materials to gild the edges of your bound CAPTAINS with.

Heavy Schoolboy.—S. J. Mackay, of the Rochester Mathematical School, is fifteen years' old, and weighs 13st. 2lbs.

P. F. C. L.—Will you suggest what sort of a badge we should have? Could you, or any other reader, submit a good design for one?

Arrow.—We go to press directly the results of the comps. come to hand, so we have no time to publish prize-winners' portraits, much as we should like to.

Another Carthusian writes: "I beg to inform you that some fellow who signed himself 'Carthusian,' and informed you that most houses here have a New Boys' Exam., was inaccurate in his statement. Only two houses have that . . . 300 Carthusians are at the front, among them being Baden-Powell and Col. Broadwood."

Pianist.—The best "Post Boy's Song" was a rare swinging melody. We hope to publish it as a song very soon. If you would like a copy, send post-card: it will do capitally for your school musical evenings.

Harold R. George (PERTH, AUSTRALIA).—Thanks for interesting letter. I did not know before that you call your capital your "square town."

J. E. Irvine (GRAHAMSTOWN, CAPE COLONY), sends the *St. Andrew's College Magazine*, in which it is stated that 246 O.A.'s are at the front. The O.F. raises his hat to so patriotic a school!

Well-wisher (MARLBOROUGH) writes: "Did you notice some time ago that Marlborough beat Harrow, at fives, at Pretoria? The prisoners picked teams, and had quite a decent game . . . Montmorency and Kekewich were at Marlborough. We have now 335 men out there."

Ladismith.—Put that idea about smoking out of your head at once. No fellow of sixteen should dream of smoking.

Timbres.—Go to a chemist for requisites for hektograph.

A. L.—Sorry you were honourably mentioned among the "kids of twelve." The kids of twelve didn't like it, either.

"Our Very Own Magazine."—I have received No. 14. But why don't you get a hektograph, Mr. Editor? It must take a terrible time writing out each copy with a pen!

Cabbage (ST. HELIERS).—Was much amused by your account of how Jersey celebrated the relief of Mafeking—especially about the policeman who was heard entreating the crowd "to be good boys and go home to bed."

Imperialist is at a school of 500 boys in Germany, and writes at some length about the anti-British feeling in that country. I regret I haven't space in which to print "Imperialist's" letter in full. I am glad to read such a plucky epistle, and hope he will "keep his end up," and continue to wear his Baden-Powell button in spite of the attempts of his German school-fellows to relieve him of it.

"The Royal Navy School, Sidcup," was by a mistake printed in our May number, instead of "The Royal Naval School, Eltham," its proper designation and address.

Historian.—You will find that many of the books by G. A. Henty, Edna Lyall, and Baring Gould, deal with historical matters.

Inquisitive.—(1) I beg to inform you that I am an old *fag*, not an old fossil. (2) Your writing, somewhat improved, will do for business. Get "Skerry's Shilling Civil Service Copy Book" and practise in that.

B. P. No. 2.—You are a young ass to think there is anything the matter with you, and still more of an ass to read books on "Consumption." Don't bother your head about your swallowing, which is perfectly natural, and not a sign that there is anything wrong with you.

"PRIMUS INTER PARES."
Sent by I. Kelsey.

Palma Non Sine Pulvere (JERSEY).—(1) If you think you have sufficient ability, by all means go on working for the examination. Don't be disheartened because it takes a long time and makes holes in your play hours. The greatest things are achieved this way. (2) As to swimming, the ordinary training will do. Read Mr. Fry's back articles.

Susannah.—To get into Christ's Hospital your brother must obtain a "presentation" from a governor. Write to the secretary for particulars; enclose a stamped envelope.

G. D. Harry sends me a photograph of Oswestry School, which, he tells me, was founded in 1407, thus being the second oldest school in the kingdom.

Moth.—A caterpillar breeding-cage would cost you from 2s. 6d. to 5s., according to size and quality. You could obtain it from Messrs. Watkins & Doncaster, 36, Strand, London, W.C.

John Mawson.—(1) You cannot do better than purchase "The Flags of the World," by F. Edward Hulme, published by Messrs. Day & Sons, 44, Barners Street, London, W., price 6s. It is an excellent book, and the author deals most exhaustively with his subject; and a chapter is devoted to the various naval and military signalling codes. (2) "The Naval Annual," price 5s. net, contains full statistics of all the navies of the world, and will give you all the information you require. Messrs. Denny, of 147, Strand, London, W.C., can supply you with it.

F. Watson writes: "You may be interested to hear that the number of Old Harrovians at the Front is 447. Another interesting fact is, that the first Englishman killed in the war was an Old Harrovian, *i.e.* Lieut. W. M. J. Hannah, who was killed at Glencoe."

Ex-Monitor.—You have acted foolishly, and the sooner you realise it the better. Your masters and tutor are probably quite right about you. You have no right, as you say, to be "always about with girls." It is bad for them and it is bad for you. Stick to your work, and you will soon become a favourite with your masters. I cannot commend your plan of buying THE CAPTAIN for 6d. and selling it to your schoolfellows for 9d., although you do say it is worth a shilling.

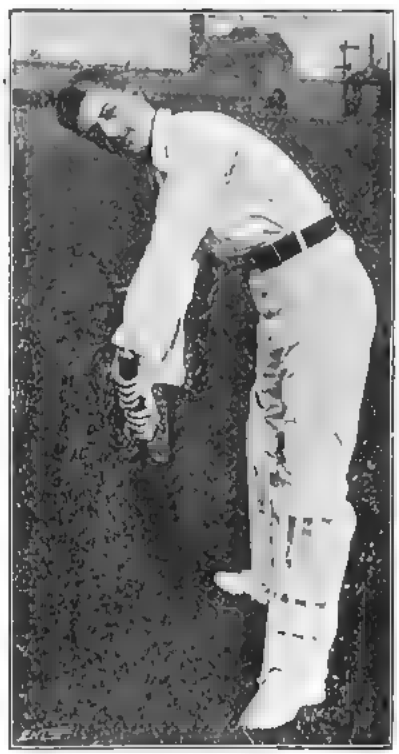
Young Fag.—(1) The circulation of THE CAPTAIN is so big that you probably would not believe the numbers if I told them to you, so I won't. You certainly have cheek—"Young Fag," indeed! (2) Mr. Rowland Hill, the great cricket caricaturist, was responsible for Oom Paul's picture. I am glad you stick up for your old school—we have not forgotten St. Paul's.

Evelyn R.—Yes, there is a training ship called the *Conway* in the Mersey. Tell your brother to write to the captain (of the ship!) for particulars.

G. R. (EDINBURGH).—(1) Yes; it is possible to have a motor attached to an ordinary bicycle, but it is not workable. The cost would be about £28—for which sum you could get a motor-cycle itself. (2) Fifty miles per day is a very good average when touring.

Bobs says he is rather a duffer at everything, which makes me suspect that he is a jolly good chap, inclined to be downhearted. Buck up, Bobs!

Graeme D. Williams sends me a few hints as to how the Magazine Club is conducted at his school. They take in the leading magazines and put a label on each. "During this term" he says "the total cost of running the club, including sixteen magazines for May, June, and July, sixteen cases for same, and fifty printed tables, has been 19s. 6d." This seems to me a useful club, run most economically. I trust G. D. Williams will consider himself official representative of THE CAPTAIN at Redland Grove College, Bristol.



E. VERE MONDAY.

Captain of Burton-on-Trent Grammar School.

C. Medrington.—Thanks for photos. As to a pet, why not get a fox terrier? But mind you look after him well. Ask a "doggy" friend to give you a few tips.

Cassius wants to know whether they play cricket in Switzerland. I have never heard that they do. Will some Swiss reader inform me on this point?

Second Mate.—(1) Certainly, you may act as official representative of THE CAPTAIN in Daniel Stewart's College. Do all you can to prevent the circulation in your school of trashy and vulgar papers. THE CAPTAIN is waging a war of extermination with all such "rags." (2) I am seriously thinking of getting out a CAPTAIN badge, and have noted your remarks on same.

A Reader.—The study was occupied by "Tom Brown" of "Tom Brown's School Days," and *not* by Tom Browne the artist.

Norman Webb.—See the article which appeared in our July number last year, entitled: "Simple Photography for Schoolboys." This will give you all the information you require.

Valkyrie.—"Model Yachts and Boats: their Designing, Making, and Sailing," by J. du V. Grosvenor, is the title of a book I would recommend you to obtain. It is published by L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C., and the price is 5s. 6d., post free.

Sportsman.—Take long walks, and why not do some running? "Biking" would do you good. Indoors, try dumb-bells and Indian clubs. Take a cold bath in the house if the swimming baths are not open.

Strive Aright.—(1) Send your tale in—with a stamped envelope. (2) Being "a male," you are certainly excluded from the "Pretty Cousin" Competition. That is to say, you may not send *your* photo in—only your pretty cousin's.

Musician.—I would advise you to learn on a second-hand banjo; then, when you can play at all well, you might get a zither banjo. Keep your eyes open, and you will perhaps obtain one for anything from 15s. upwards at a second-hand shop.

Special Page Contributor.—See answers in the back numbers of THE CAPTAIN, also our interview with Mr. Tom Browne. Yes, draw on white cardboard with Indian ink. Do not be afraid to make firm lines, and rub out the pencil marks when the drawing is dry.

A. H.—A Lieut.-General is higher in rank than a Major-General.

Student (ANTWERP) says he is studying twelve subjects in order to pass the College of Preceptors' Exam. in 1901. He does five hours daily before and after office work, and consults me as to the best method of study. Well, if I were he, I should only put in an hour's study before, and two hours' after, office work. If he studies five hours I don't see where his time for exercise comes in. Of course, on wet evenings, he might put in a bit of extra. As to the time he should devote to each subject, I should say he might take three subjects a day and devote an hour to each; or perhaps he might take one of the most difficult subjects for an hour each day, and study the others on alternate days. Probably, however, he has a tutor who can advise him on this matter, as I am not a school-master, and therefore not an expert in drawing up time tables.

Outside.—I don't see why a dog-cart, going at full speed round a corner, should fall at all. If it did fall, I should say it would fall on the *inside*.

E. T. (Bauxelles).—Your questions should be properly put to a doctor, because I do not give medical advice either by post or in the magazine. No doubt you should take gentle exercises such as you describe, with a cold bath in the morning if you can stand it, and dumb-bell exercises in moderation. Eat regular meals, go to bed early, do not touch alcohol, and write to me, enclosing a stamped envelope, at the end of a month, and tell me how you are. Meantime, if you are really weak, you might see a doctor.

W. M. Forbes.—(1) By "Poor men" the author referred, of course, to officers. (2) Yes, you must pass through Sandhurst or the Militia to get a commission in the West Indian Regiment.

Pedro.—Quite an all-round girl! Have handed question *re* stamps to "our Mr. G." **Red, White and Blue.**—Thanks. A jolly centenary to *you!* **William Gordon Carey.**—Carefully noted all your Majesty's suggestions. Your Majesty can get a binding case for Vol. I. by sending 1s. 9d. **Spanish Gipsy.**—(1) Capital handwriting. You can get a "decent camera for £1" from Kodak Co., Oxford Street, London. Mention us. (2) Yes, send autograph album, and don't forget stamps for return. **A. P.** (Dartmouth).—Thanks. Sorry no space to quote. **A. Lewis Innes** and **A. P. Daly** (Trinidad).—See "Editorial" for foreign readers' competition. **The Aldenham Institute Magazine** (June) gets a lot of news into a small space, and seems to be a well-conducted publication. **Zuly.**—Photos will be returned if stamps are enclosed. Your writing is "wobbly," but not unpleasant to read. **Diabo** (Lisbon).—Next year we will have Grace batting, *with his wicket intact*. **Sybil** (Dublin), writes a letter which I have consigned to "O. F. blushes" locker (Irish Department.) **Ernest L. Browne** (Victoria, Australia).—All right, white fellow! I won't forget you. **G. Laird.**—See our article on "Public School Cadet Corps," in Nov., 1899. **Dick** (India).—That's a funny baboo letter, but I've no space for it. Best wishes to you and all yours. **Dennis Broad.**—I don't think young ladies ought to smoke. **D. S.** is greatly troubled because his legs are very fat, and the fellows chaff him about them. He wants to know how to make them thinner. Well, D. S., plenty of vigorous exercise will turn that fat into *muscle*, and when the fellows see that your legs are all muscle they'll leave off chaffing you for fear you may begin to *kick*. **H. Crawford** (Jamaica).—Yes; Vols. I and II are still obtainable, price 6s. each (postage extra). **T. M.**—Well, don't cry any more, and instead of getting out at cricket, *stay in*. **V.** and **S.** (Dalston).—Yes, "hung" should have been "hanged"—quite right. Hope you are both well. **L. Shadbolt.**—I sympathise with you, I'm sure, and will remember your "big, big want." No publication of that sort, however, could be started while the war continues. **Henry S.**—If you have inflammation of the eyes, I would advise you to go to a local chemist, who will give you an "eye-wash." **M. T. A.**—The address of Messrs. Burns & Oates is 28, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, W. Yes; they are publishers. **Sydney L. Langlois** (Valparaiso).—Best wishes to all Members of my Crew out your way. I really will try to give you "foreigners" more competitions. **Kirkhouse.**—You might use a piece of ink-eraser to remove ink-written words from books; rub lightly, and always in one direction. **Scorcher.**—You will see in the August number all the information you require about cycle brakes. **An Enquirer.**—You are right. "C. B. F." stands for Charles Burgess Fry. **E. C. F.** (Dublin).—(1) If you can't hold your big retriever in when he wants to fight another dog, you had better not take him out unless one of your brothers accompanies you. A whip is always useful. (2) Go out of the room if her playing annoys you. **M. N. O.**—I should say it would not do you any harm to go on practising drawing. The sketch you send is not good enough for reproduction.

Also letters received from E. H. Ombler, "Napoleon," C. Harmer, "Harrovian," "Mercury," Cyril St. Lan-Dovis, "Dick," "Rustic," "A Queer Fellow," "A Lower-School Malvernian," "Trilby," "R. M." (Eltham), A. R. W., A. G. Pearson, "Bunny," S. E. R. Geant, "Mancunian," C. J. S. Williamson (Hamburg), G. V. Jackson, H. V. Fielding, Olavian, J. S. Lake, Ernest Legare, H. G. Normandale, George French Stebbing, "Critic," J. Hayes, "Faris," "A Friendly Critic," "Well-Wisher," J. A. Hanson, "An Admirer of C. J. B. Wood," "Middle-Ager," "B. T. W.," "Sloan-Duployan" (no space to quote letter), H. L. W. (with the "Radiator"), "Malvernian," Ladismith, Smilter (Brussels), K. C. M. G., A Scotch High School Boy, Mij, "Grumbler," "A Cheeky Kid," R. D. B. (photo of Blairlodge School), "Punch," G. T. P. Streeter (prize strawberry; too crushed to photograph), and many others.

THE OLD FAG.

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Results of July Competitions.

No. I.—"Mixed Lines."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: W. W. CLARKE PITTS, "Fernholm," Brixham, S. Devon.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: GEORGE HOLROYD, 47, Stranscre Place, Otley Road, Bradford, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Samuel J. Cornfield, E. H. Wareham, A. A. Elkin, Hilda, M. Harrison, R. V. Thomerson, M. E. Cock.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: WILLIAM CRUICKSHANK, 12, Montague Street, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: CLAUDE DREW, Trafalgar Square, Truro; and LOUIS RICHARDS, Malpas Road, Truro.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank Vigars, Fred Higgins, Sidney Posgate, James Merrick, Samuel Mitchell, W. Bylatt.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: ROBERT STEVENSON, Falconville, Stirling.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Annie Elliott, J. S. Lake, Hubert Mangin, W. Price, Horace Tubb.

No. II.—"Fags' Competition."

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT: VICTOR GLENMORE, 31, Southey Place, Bradford, Yorks.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: JAMES HARRISON, Hall of Ince Boys' School, Warrington Road, Lower Ince, Wigan, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. K. Wakerall, Alfred G. Goode, F. E. Mann, G. H. Craig.

No. III.—"Best Portrait of a British General."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: H. BURGUM ANDREWS, 100, Bowyer Road, Saltley, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James Wilson, George E. Bradbury, Grace Elspeth Robb, Winifred D. Ernaut, David C. Browne, D. McMillan Muir, Irene Martin, J. H. Parsonage, D. M. Strath, Bertha Boxall, Winifred M. Parish, S. W. Barwell, H. Cutner, L. B. Danley, A. G. Simmais, John L. Fallon, Julie P. Theophylactos, T. D. Lindsley, A. J Oakley, Bertha Young, Marion Dicken, T. A. Chaplin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: J. B. ASHFORD, 89, Marlow Road, Anerley, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Sydney F. Sweeting, Sybil Haines, Dorothy Hudson, David Loughman, Maud Centaro, Tillie Shephard, Janie Stockwell, Amy Goble, H. D. Courtenay, Henry Kitto, S. Smith, Grantley Ricketts, Lilian Westerdale, L. Harrington, Bessie W. Rankin, A. J. Judd, Sybil Emerson, Will Lendon, Gerald E. R. Smith, E. Beatrice Flynn, R. Fisk, G. Mitchell, A. C. Legard, W. Richardson, Lilie Shadbolt, F. Butler, Irene Wilson, Muriel Waugh, Frances L. Johnson, Percy Haines, C. F. Ashford, Eveline Vernon, H. Merridew, Ethel Miller, A. H. H. Browne, S. O'Neill, Maud Miller, J. Summers.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: EVELINE PEARSON, Tamerton House, Lee, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hilda Hechle, C. N. Jones, John Gould, P. Bishop, H. Lendon, W. B. Huntly, Ernest Legard, G. A. Watkins, George Whitelaw, O. T. Cornabé, Nellie Olley, Edward Bundy, Vera Nikolic, T. R. Davis, R. Fisk, S. Holt, James W. Johnson, E. F. Collinson, A. F. Abraham, P. H. Fennell, G. Goates, Eric Money, C. B. Maltby, Minnie L. Bosdet, B. Owen, F. P. English, E. Law, J. Henderson, Ethelreda Doyle, J. Harrold.

No. IV.—Best Essay on "My Father."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JOHN A. PATTEN, Rock, Alnwick, Northumberland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Achilles Van Swae, Lilian R. Ormiston, Hettie Ormiston, Belfrage Gilbertson, Dorothy Morris.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: G. W. HAWKINS, Beauval Road, E. Dulwich.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: I. W. Fry, 141, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alex. Laing, Ellice Chandler, A. G. Martin, Margaret Thompson, Natalie Lind.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JESSIE HUNTLEY, 55 South Clark Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eustace Alliott.

No. V.—Best "Description of Kruger."

CLASS I. (No Age limit.)

10s. divided between: D. JOHNSON, Bawtry, Yorkshire, and HERBERT JAMES KERTIN, 98, Mount View Road, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. E. Ball.

CLASS II. (Age limit: twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 10s.: SEYMOUR C. SMITH, Drew Memorial Parsonage, Botanic Avenue, Belfast.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: ALFRED R. GEE, 108, Freeman Street, Grimsby.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Roy Carmichael, Guido Centaro, A. Van Swae, Kate Thomerson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

10s. divided between: CHARLES REID, Lilymount, Kilmarnock; NORMAN WATSON, Chanctonbury, the Grove, Benton; and ADA CECILIA RANKIN, Minewood, Bridge of Allan, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Bernard Burke, John Brooke, H. G. Kennedy, Sam Bradshaw, J. Tyndale.

No. VI.—"Best Photographs."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF HANDSOME MOUNTING ALBUM; LEONARD THOMPSON, 16, Summerhill Road, Tottenham, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION; Lydia E. Booth, C. N. Woodhouse.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF HANDSOME MOUNTING ALBUM: BASIL CATION, "The House," London County Bank, Bedford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. S. Brown, Gordon Whitehead, H. H. Strange, F. L. Pickersgill, R. L. Bridgnell, A. W. Dicks, C. B. Veitch, D. O. Milledge, A. J. Dainty, H. L. Brydon, E. L. Lindley, Helen B. Lillie, A. M. Bosdet, W. T. Dobbs, Eveline Vernon.

CLASS III. (Age limit: sixteen.)

WINNER OF HANDSOME MOUNTING ALBUM: T. V. BRENAN, 10, The Terrace, St. Heliers.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. H. Sommons, G. R. Hamilton, T. J. Wilson, W. E. Robinson, Frank Rudge, T. R. Wilson, W. Grundy, J. J. Witcombe, J. D. Philips, Theodora B. Smith, F. Overton, H. S. Thompson, Edgar Baker, C. J. Fox, R. G. Dainty, Harry Abell, Maud Centaro, E. H. Eckes, J. G. Townsend, R. R. Ewald, R. E. Tanner, A. G. Schofield, G. Hunt, F. Winterbotham, J. C. Robinson.

No. IV. (May 1900).—"Gentlemen v. Players."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT: C. L. E. PEEL, St. Andrew's Road, Bedford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: R. EDGHILL, "The Green," Frant, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. L. Watson, W. Brough, F. A. Garratt, Lawson Duxbury.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT; E. A. PINTO, 63, Priory Road, West Hampstead.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. O. Wightman, Richard Butler, Edgar Smith, Stanley Rampling.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT: B. M. KILSON, Tyttenhagen Lodge, nr. St. Albans, Herts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold Hooper, H. Shefford, W. G. Wilson, S. E. Taylor, W. Bishop, Owen Coxon, T. King Parks, M. E. Carey, Maurice Frankenstein, H. B. Wrey, W. R. G. Kent.

"Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition."

(April, 1900.)

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: ALAN PERKINS, Lower Sandy Bay, Hobart, Tasmania.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. Allhusen, New Zealand.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.; G. ALLHUSEN, Kaponga, Taranaki, New Zealand.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold Owen, Zululand: J. H. McDermot, Jamaica; F. C. King, Cape Town; R. P. Barnes, Natal.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen).

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: HAROLD RICHARD GEORGE, 55, Aberdeen Street, Perth, West Australia.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. S. Goodbrand, Natal.

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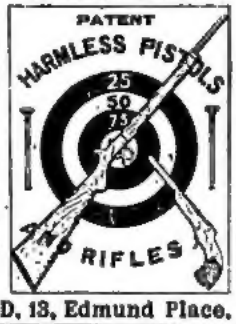

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